

MARVEL

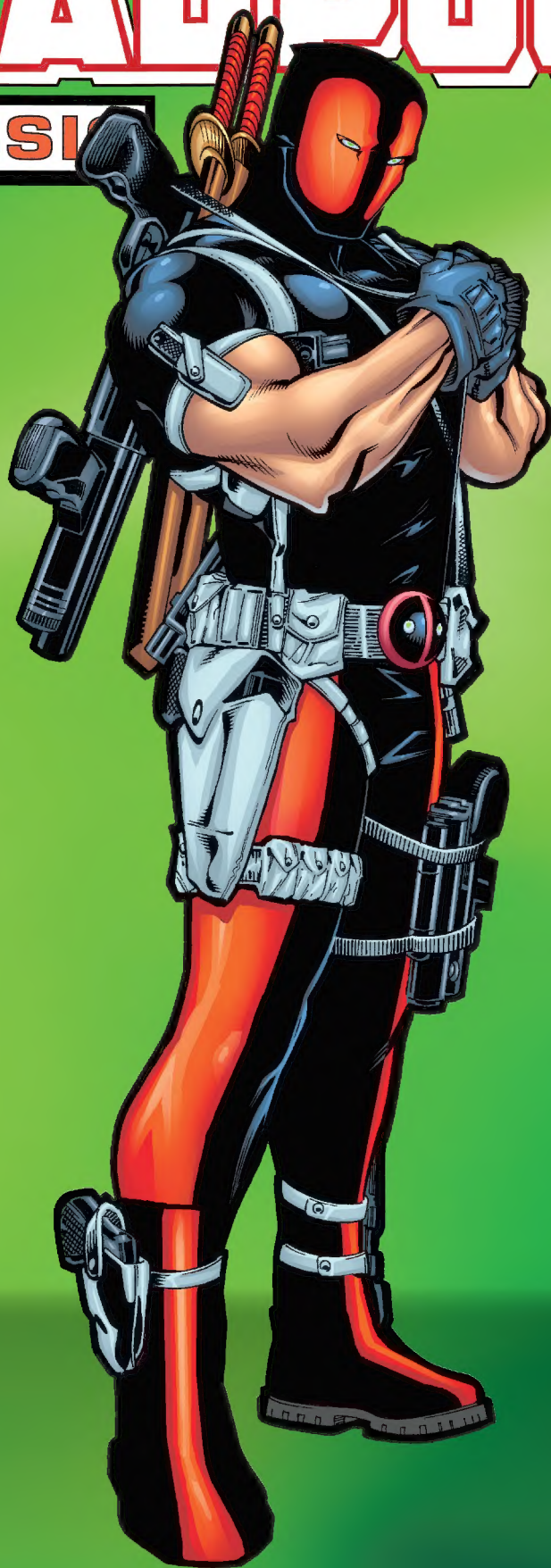
DEADPOOL

CLASSIC



DEADPOOL

CLASSIC



DEAD- POOL

CLASSIC



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MARVEL® COMICS

DEADPOOL®: AGENT OF WEAPONX™



#1
57



BWS

TIERI

JEANTY

HOLDREDGE

DEADPOOL: AGENT OF WEAPON X

PT 1: FACELIFT



Status report:
The Director...

After a minor setback
with the recruitment of
Experiment X--otherwise
known as the outlaw
mutant *Wolverine*--

--the *Weapon X Program* has
rebounded quite nicely,
and currently flourishes
far better than I
ever *dared* hope.

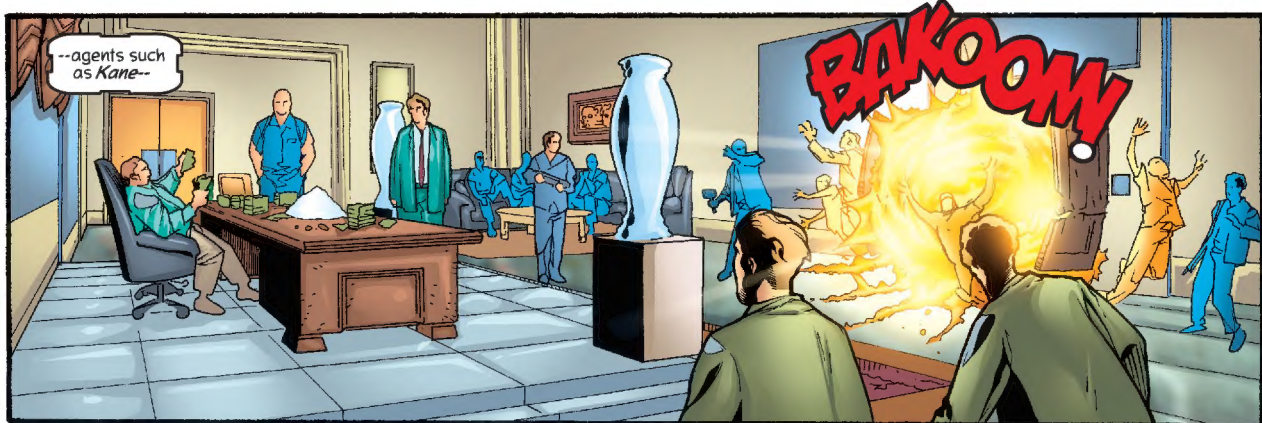
In truth, the project owes a great deal of
its success to *Victor Creed*, the one-time
criminal more commonly referred to as
Sabretooth.

Creed has proven
to be both a hound and
recruiter *without* peer--

--and his initial
recruits have
already *borne* fruit--

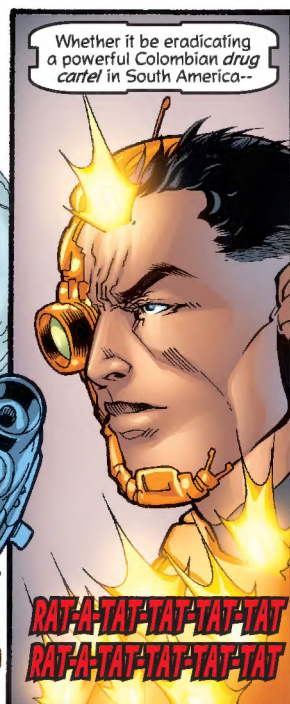
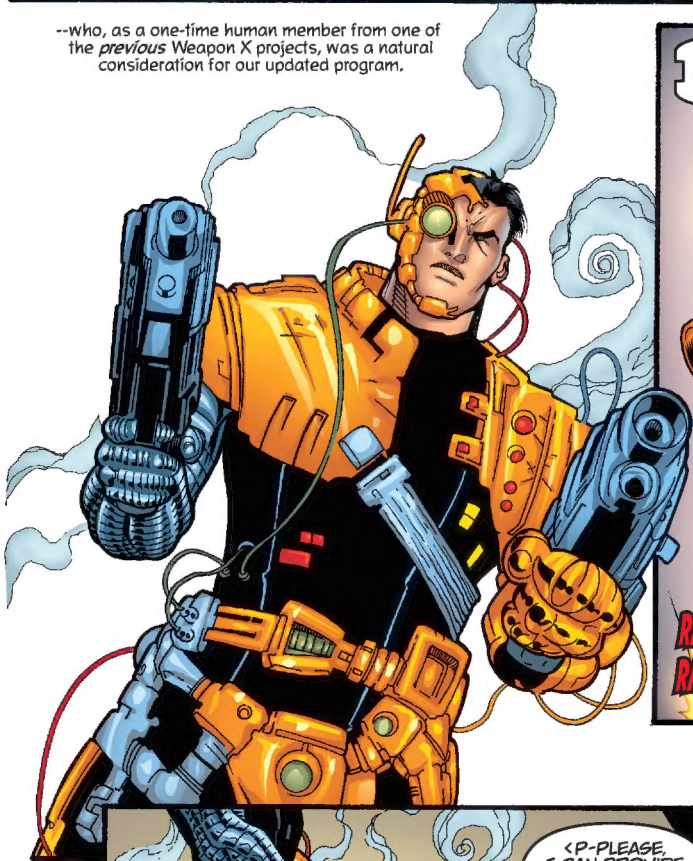
TAK
TAK TAK

FRANK TIERI : WRITER GEORGES JEANTY : PENCILER JON HOLDREDGE W/ VINES : INKER
BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH COVER TOM CHU : COLORIST SHARPEFONT'S DAVE : LETTERER
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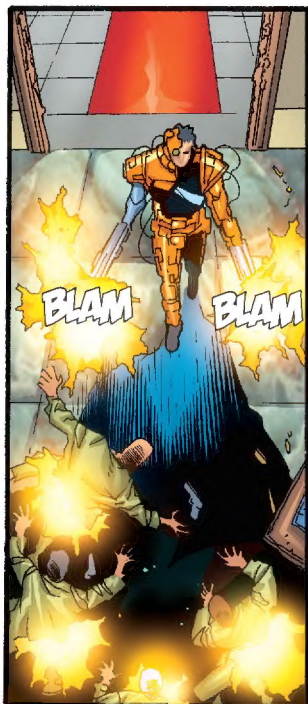
--agents such as Kane--

--who, as a one-time human member from one of the *previous* Weapon X projects, was a natural consideration for our updated program.



Whether it be eradicating a powerful Colombian *drug* cartel in South America--

RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT
RAT-A-TAT-TAT-TAT-TAT



<P-PLEASE, I CAN PROVIDE YOU WITH MONEY, DRUGS, POWER-- ANYTHING?> *

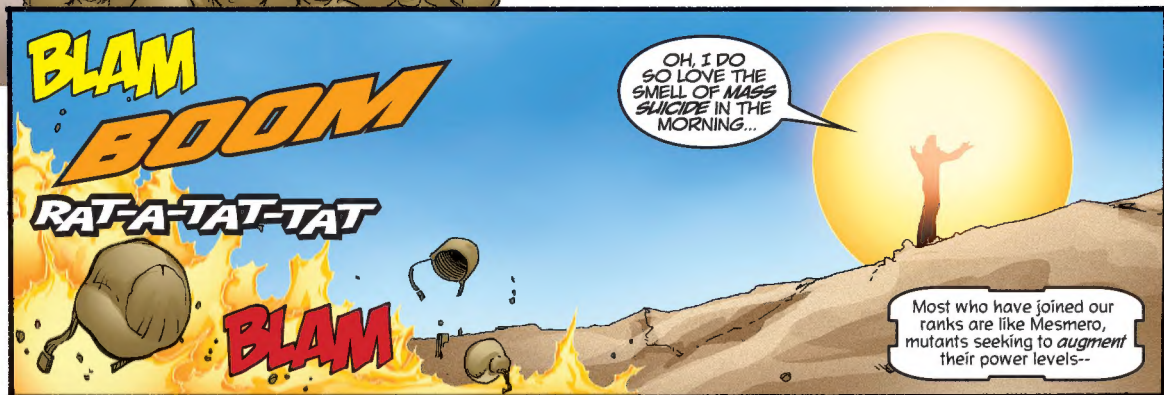
1 * TRANSLATED FROM COLOMBIAN.



--as Kane has currently been employed to do--

--or solving the situation in Bosnia as *Mesmero* now does--

--our agents have provided us with the means to *eliminate* problems without having to enlist *holier-than-thou* groups like the Avengers.

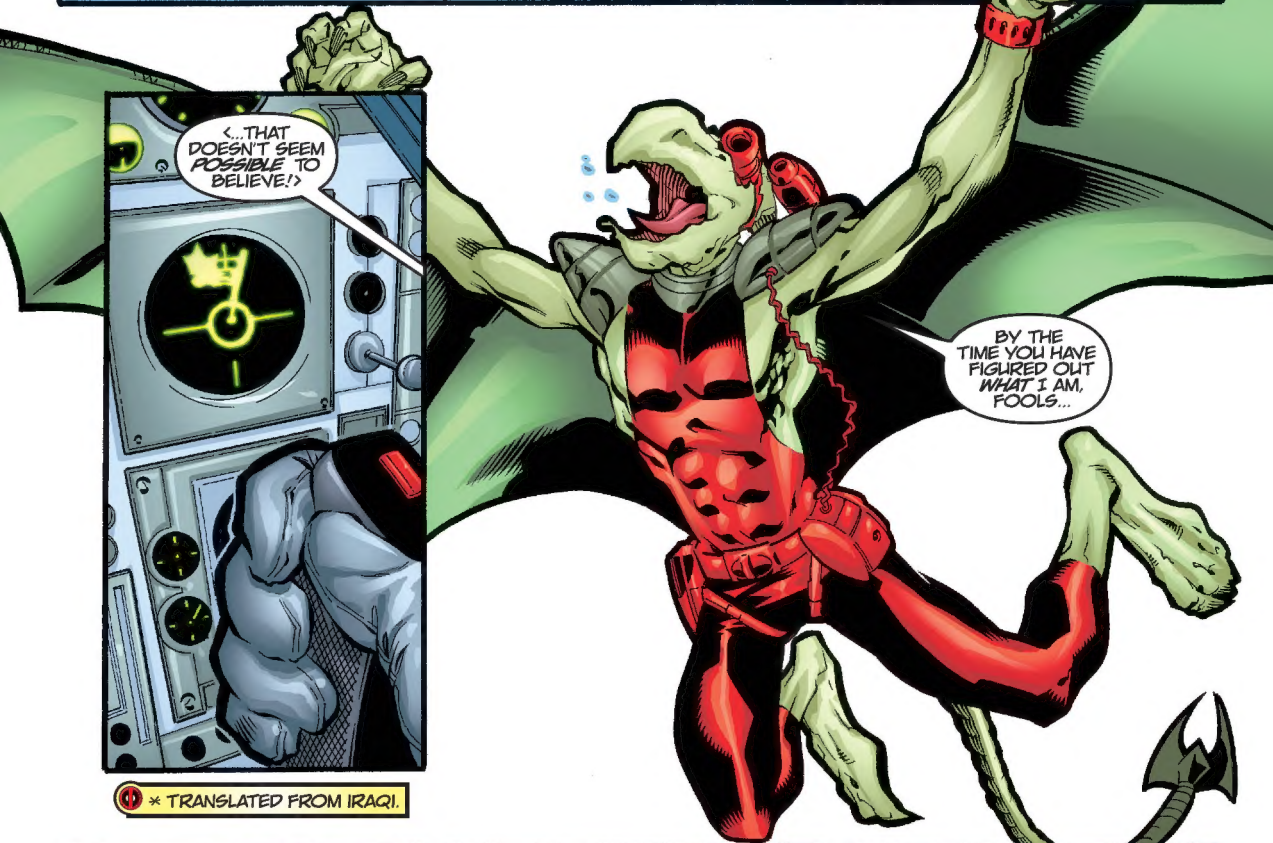




--or amplify them like *Sauron*.

But in the end, they have mostly come on board realizing it is better to be *with us--*

<SIR, I'M PICKING SOMETHING UP ON RADAR...> *



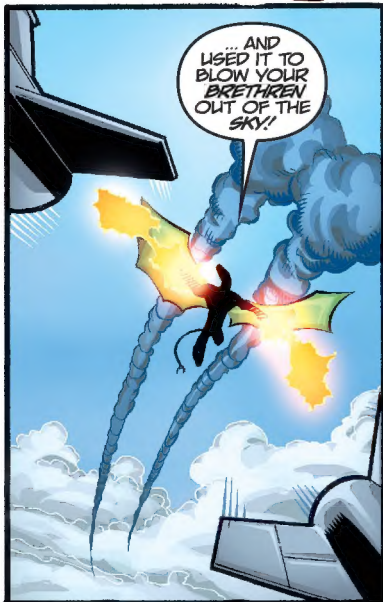
<...THAT DOESN'T SEEM POSSIBLE TO BELIEVE!>

BY THE TIME YOU HAVE FIGURED OUT WHAT I AM, FOOLS...

* TRANSLATED FROM IRAQI!



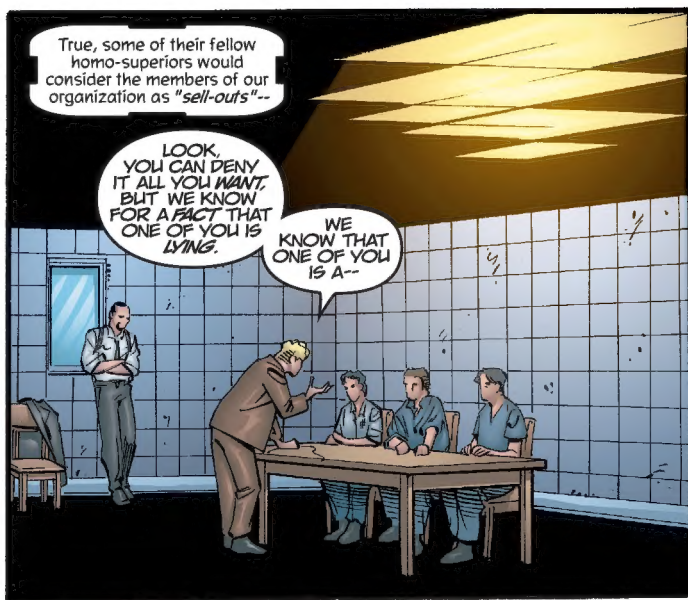
... I WILL HAVE DRAINED THE POWER FROM TWO OF YOUR PLANES...



... AND USED IT TO BLOW YOUR BRETHREN OUT OF THE SKY!



--than against us.



True, some of their fellow homo-supers would consider the members of our organization as "sell-outs"...

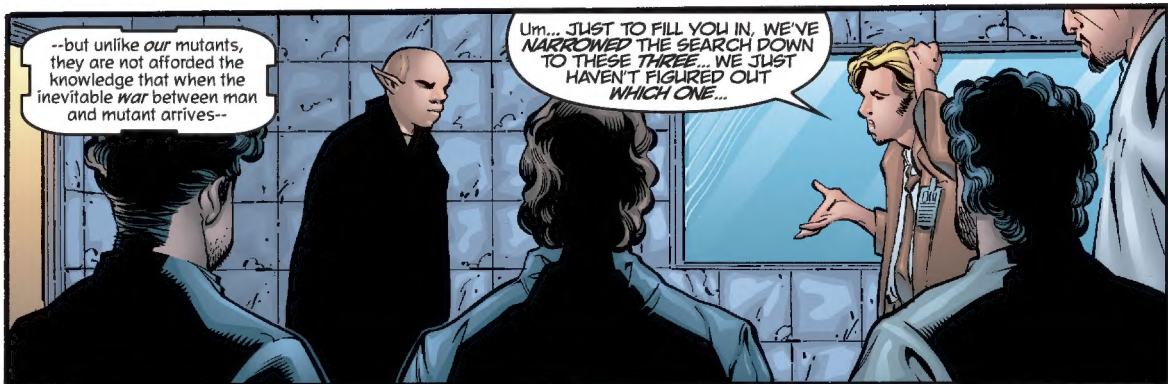
LOOK, YOU CAN DENY IT ALL YOU WANT, BUT WE KNOW FOR A FACT THAT ONE OF YOU IS LIVING.

WE KNOW THAT ONE OF YOU IS A--



--SPY?

Oh...Uh... YOU MUST BE THE SPECIALIST THEY SENT.

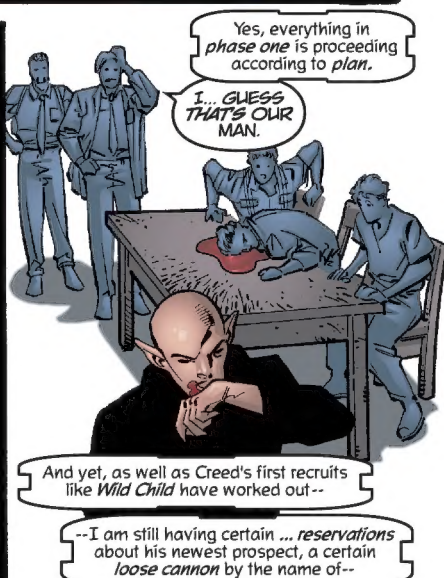
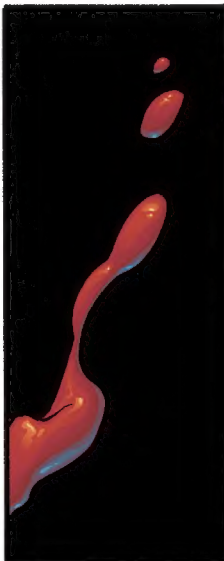


--but unlike our mutants, they are not afforded the knowledge that when the inevitable war between man and mutant arrives--

Um... JUST TO FILL YOU IN, WE'VE NARROWED THE SEARCH DOWN TO THESE THREE. WE JUST HAVEN'T FIGURED OUT WHICH ONE...



--they will be assured survival.



Yes, everything in phase one is proceeding according to plan.

I... GUESS THAT'S OUR MAN.

And yet, as well as Creed's first recruits like Wild Child have worked out--

--I am still having certain ... reservations about his newest prospect, a certain loose cannon by the name of--

--Wade Wilson, a.k.a.
DEADPOOL

I'M
A BARBIE
GIRL, IN A BARBIE
WORLD! LIFE IN
PLASTIC -- IT'S
FANTASTIC!

YEAH, I KNOW, THAT
SONG'S FRUITIER
THAN A SHOWING OF
"LIBERACE: BEHIND
THE MUSIC" ...

... BUT YA GOTTA
ADMIT-- IT'S CATCHY.

ACTUALLY YOU FIND
YOURSELF DOING A
LOT OF STUPID
THINGS WHEN YOU'RE
STAKING OUT A HIT ...

... LIKE TRYING TO
REMEMBER THE
LYRICS TO THE
"MAGILLA GORILLA"
THEME SONG ...

... OR WONDERING WHY
NO ONE HAS SLAPPED
THAT WITCH FROM THE
"WEAKEST LINK" YET ...

... BUT MOST OF ALL,
ATTEMPTING TO COPE
WITH THOSE RATHER
UNCOMFORTABLE
DREAMS YOU'VE BEEN
HAVING ABOUT
GILBERT GOTTFRIED.

BUT MAYBE
THAT'S JUST ME.

THE HIT DU JOUR
COMES COURTESY
OF MARIO "SHORTY"
LOCASIO, A LOW
LEVEL DIRTYBAG
WHO'S HIRED ME TO
WHACK OUT ...

... CHUBBY
McFAT-- BUTT
DOWN THERE.

OR IF YOU PREFER,
DON VINCENZO PARDO
OF THE CAVALEA FAMILY.

IT SEEMS SHORTY
OWES DON PARDO
A FEW FAZOLLS ...

... BUT DECIDED THE
MONEY WOULD BE
BETTER SPENT HAVING
YOURS TRULY MAKE
THE DON CATNAP
WITH THE FLOUNDERS.

MONEY WELL
SPENT, INDEED.

NOW ALL SHORTY
HAS TO DO IS KICK OVER
THE TABLE AND THAT'S MY
SIGNAL--ROOM! TO--eh?





YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO EXCUSE ME IF I AIN'T EXACTLY LOOKING FORWARD TO WHATEVER IT IS YOU'RE SELLING, SNAGGLEPUSS.

THERE'S NEVER BEEN ANY LOVE LOST BETWEEN YOU AND ME...

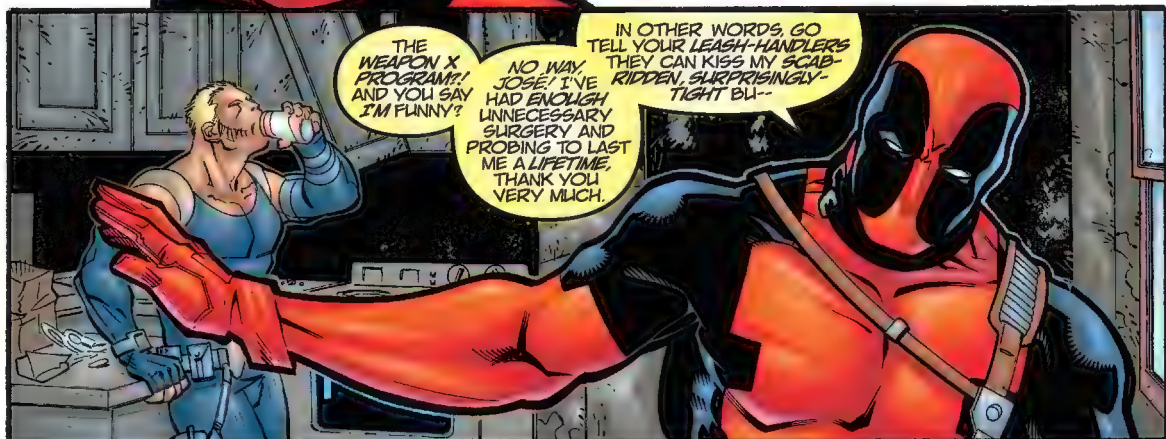


...HELL, THERE AIN'T EVER BEEN ANY LOVE FOUND FOR THAT MATTER.

NO ARGUMENT HERE, WILSON-- ALTHOUGH YA MIGHT WANNA LISTEN T' ME NOW.

THE WEAPON X PROGRAM'S BACK TOGETHER AGAIN...

...AN' THEY'VE SENT ME T' BRING YA BACK INTO THE FOLD.



THE WEAPON X PROGRAM! AND YOU SAY I'M FUNNY?

NO WAY, JOSE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH UNNECESSARY SURGERY AND PROBING TO LAST ME A LIFETIME, THANK YOU VERY MUCH.

IN OTHER WORDS, GO TELL YOUR LEASH-HANDLERS THEY CAN KISS MY SCAB-RIPPEN, SURPRISINGLY-TIGHT BLU--



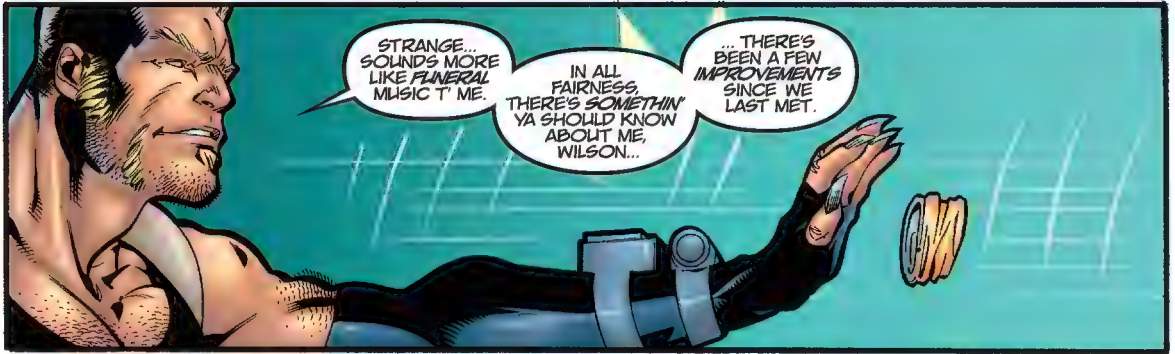
THAT'S ALL WELL AN' GOOD, WILSON, BUT WHAT YA DON'T UNDERSTAND IS THIS--

--NOW THAT YA KNOW WE'RE BACK IN BUSINESS AGAIN...

... I CAN'T TAKE NO FER AN ANSWER, IF YA CATCH MY DRIFT.



AN' I THINK THAT YA DO.



GREAT CESAR ROMERO'S
GHOST? THAT SLASH
ALMOST CUT ME IN TWO!

I KNOW
YA AIN'T A PLUNK,
WILSON...

... YOU'LL TAKE
YER SHOT AT
THE TITLE AN' WE'LL
SPEND THE NEXT HALF
HOUR PAINTIN' THE WALLS
WITH EACH OTHER'S
ENTRAILS...

HE SURE WASN'T JOSHING
ABOUT THE UPGRADES... AND
WITH MY HEALING FACTOR
NOT WHAT IT ONCE WAS...

... IT MIGHT BE TIME TO
WAKE UP AND SMELL THE
GUTS ON THE FLOOR.

SABES MAY HAVE ME
JUST A TEEENY BIT
OUTMATCHED HERE.



... OR YA CAN
SIMPLY COME WITH ME
AN' HEAR WHAT THEY HAVE
T' OFFER--EITHER WAY
SUITS ME FINE.

HATE TO SAY IT, BUT
LOOKS LIKE I HAVE
NO CHOICE IN THE
MATTER... ANOTHER
SHOT LIKE THAT
AND I'M A DONUT.

WELL,
WHEN YOU PUT IT
THAT WAY VICKIE-
POO...

... BUT
FIRST I'VE
GOT A
LITTLE
BUSINESS
TO WRAP
UP.



NOW,
WILSON.

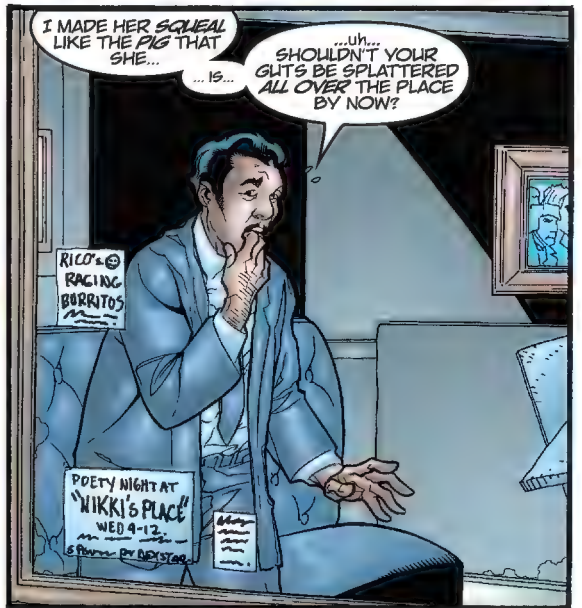
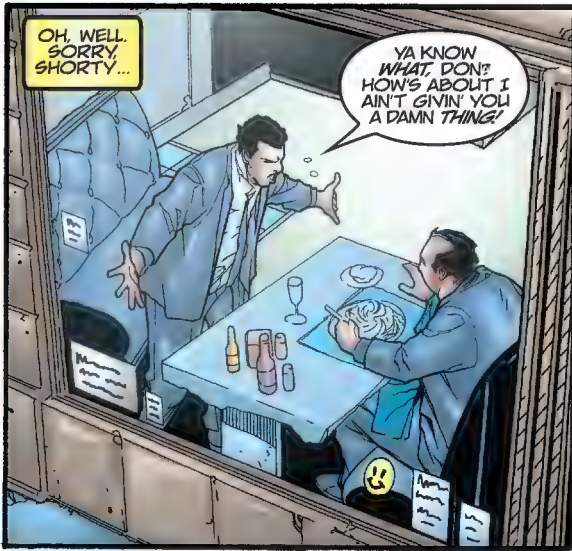
BUT--

YA
GET PAID
ALREADY?

YEAH,
BUT--

THEN
WHAT DO
YOU CARE?
LET'S GO.





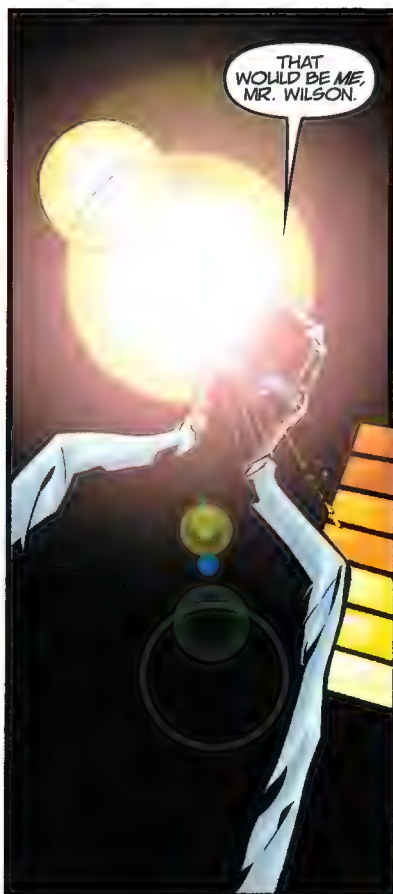


YOU USE *OUTDATED* EXPRESSIONS, YOU'VE GOT THE *PLAYED-OUT* GOATEE MOTIF GOING...

...YOU'RE THE WEAPON X VERSION OF *ROOCHIE*! *BWAHAHAHA*... WHAT A *STOOGE*.

I-I...

OKAY, DOWN TO *CASES* KIDS--WHICH ONE OF YOU *QUACKS* IS IN CHARGE OF THIS *LITTLE SHINDIG*?

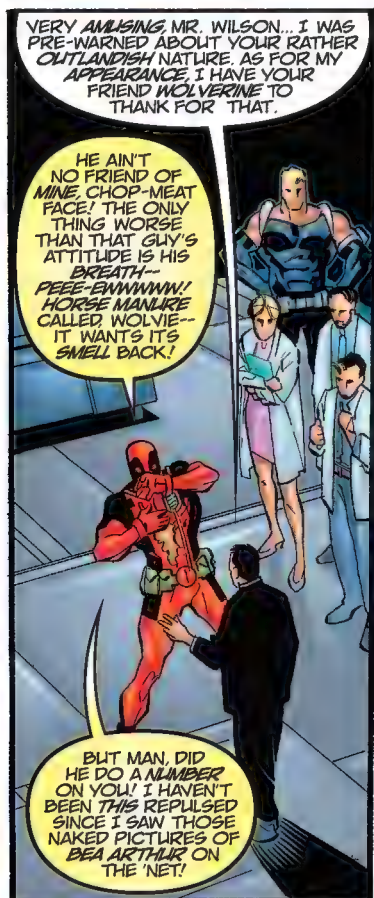


THAT WOULD BE ME, MR. WILSON.



HOLY MOTHER OF *MEDUSA*! DUDE--WHAT'S UP WITH YOUR FACE?!

LOOKS LIKE SOMEBODY FORGOT TO *FLUSH*!



VERY *AMUSING* MR. WILSON... I WAS PRE-WARNED ABOUT YOUR RATHER *OUTLANDISH* NATURE. AS FOR MY *APPEARANCE*, I HAVE YOUR FRIEND *WOLVERINE* TO THANK FOR THAT.

HE AIN'T NO FRIEND OF *MINE*, *CHOP-MEAT* FACE! THE ONLY THING WORSE THAN THAT GUY'S ATTITUDE IS HIS *BREATH*--*PEEE-BAAAAWWN!* HORSE MAN! HE CALLED *WOLVIE*--IT WANTS ITS *SMELL* BACK!

BUT MAN, DID HE DO A *NUMBER* ON YOU? I HAVEN'T BEEN THIS *REPULSED* SINCE I SAW THOSE *NAKED* PICTURES OF *BEA ARTHUR* ON THE 'NET!



I BELIEVE THAT WILL *SUFFICE* MR. WILSON--OR NEED I REMIND YOU OF THE *GROTESQUENESS* YOU SPORT UNDER THAT MASK, AS WELL?

TOUCHÉ, FLUGLY... TOUCHÉ.

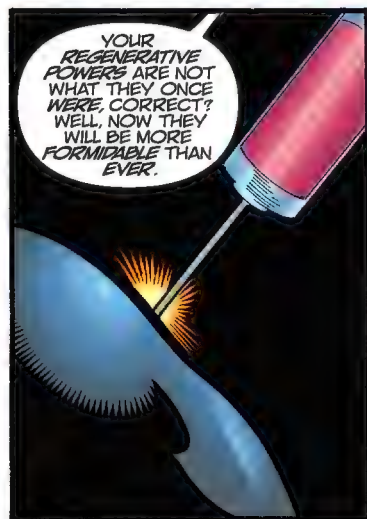
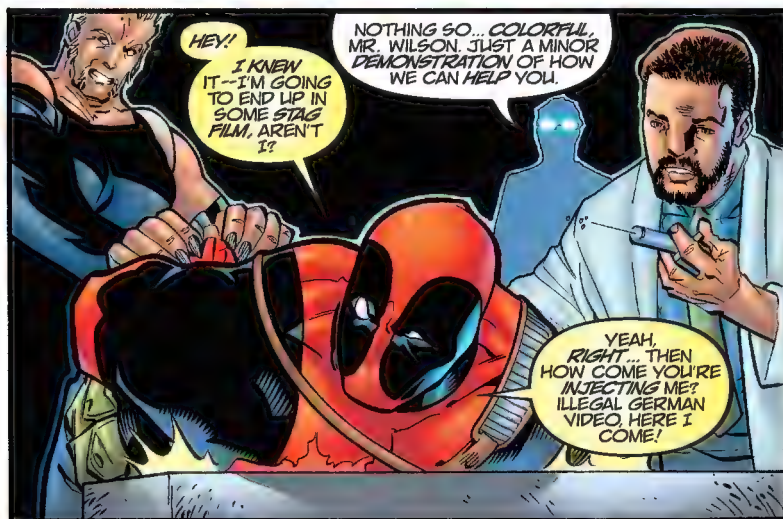
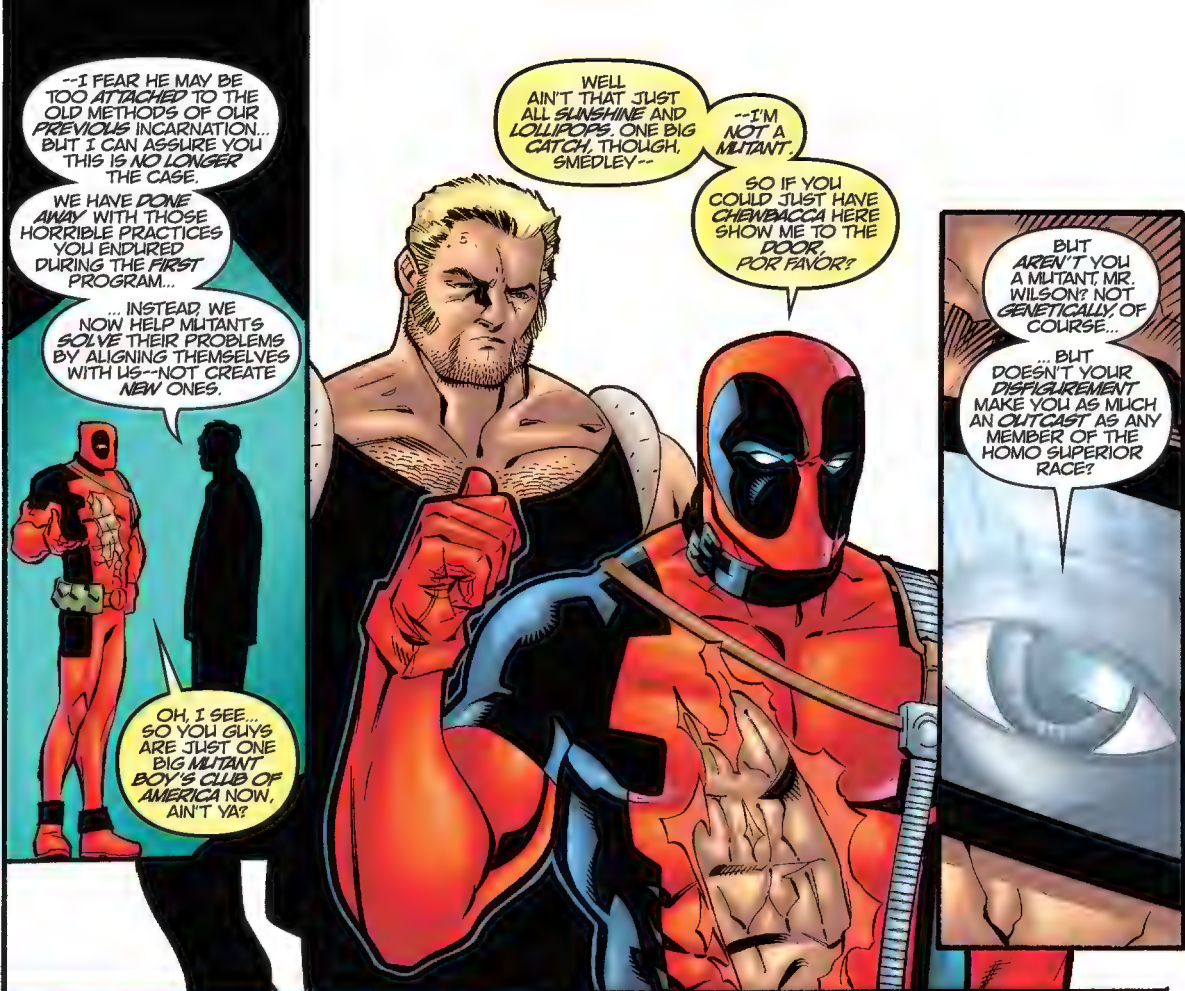
BUT BEFORE THIS SPILLS OVER INTO A "YO' MAMA'S SO FAT" RANK SESSION, HOW'S ABOUT WE CUT TO THE CHASE INSTEAD?

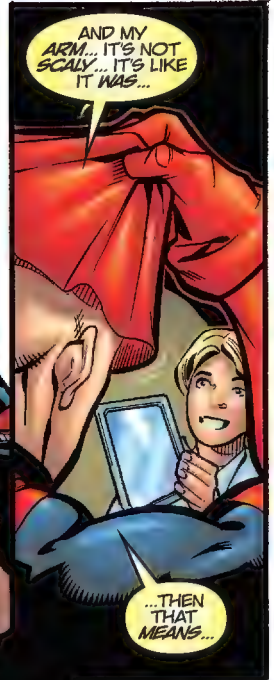
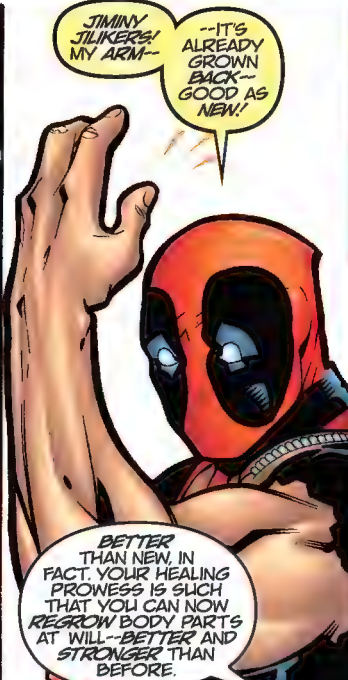


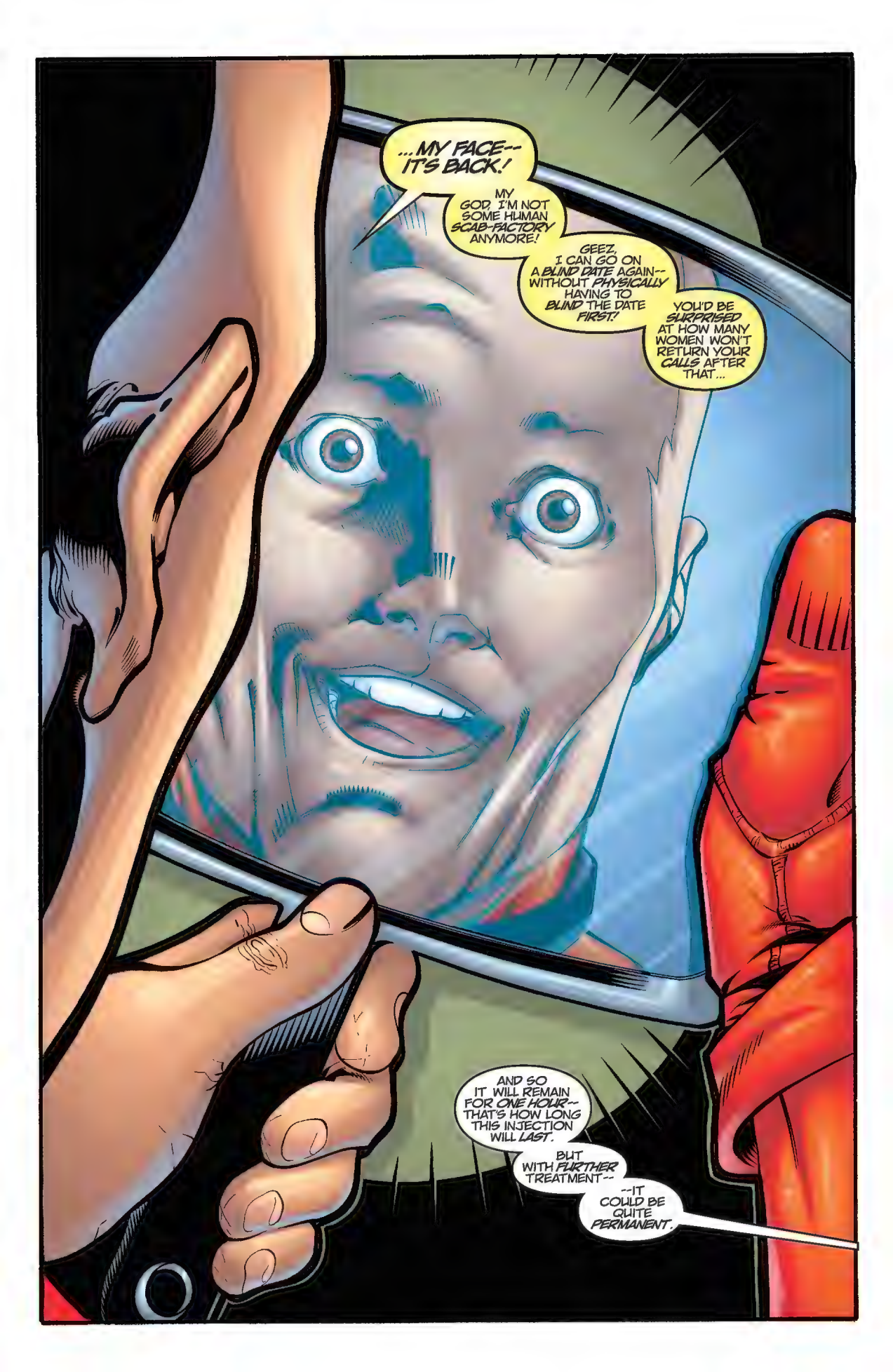
BUT JUST SO YOU KNOW IN *ADVANCE*, I'D RATHER PULL A *HAMLET* THAN SIGN UP WITH YOU *FLUBBAGE* AGAIN...

...NOT TO MENTION HAVING THE *SABRETOOTH-FAIRY* BRING ME HERE AGAINST MY WILL CERTAINLY DIDN'T SCORE YOU ANY POINTS.

I'M AFRAID I MUST *APOLOGIZE* IF *VICTOR* WAS A BIT *OVERZEALOUS*, MR. WILSON--







...MY FACE--
IT'S BACK!

MY
GOD, I'M NOT
SOME HUMAN
SCAB-FACTORY
ANYMORE!

GEEZ,
I CAN GO ON
A BLIND DATE AGAIN--
WITHOUT PHYSICALLY
HAVING TO
BLIND THE DATE
FIRST!

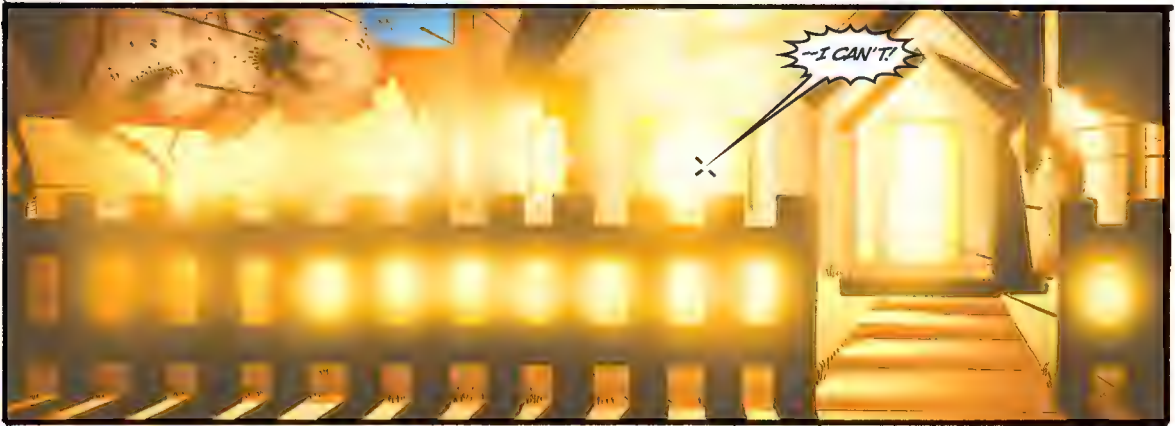
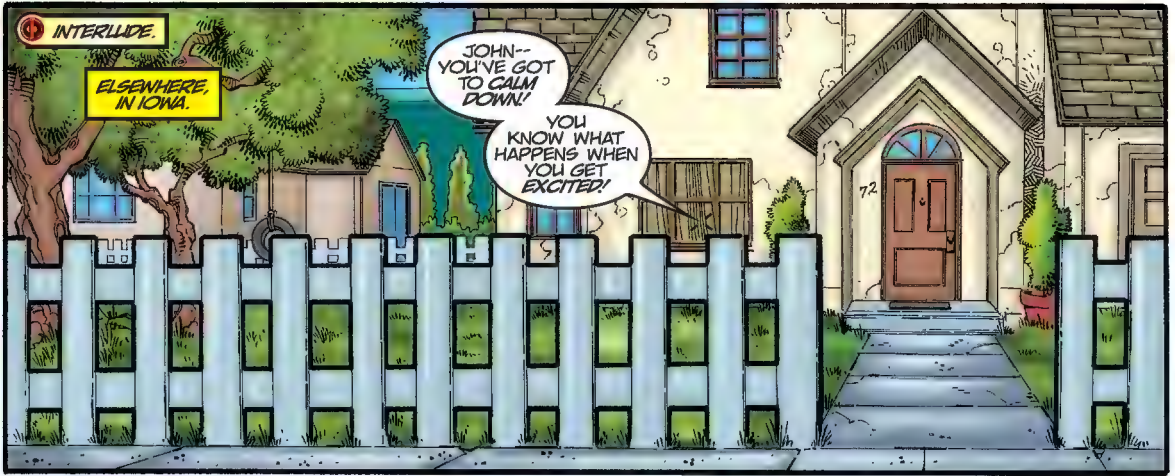
YOU'D BE
SURPRISED
AT HOW MANY
WOMEN WON'T
RETURN YOUR
CALLS AFTER
THAT...

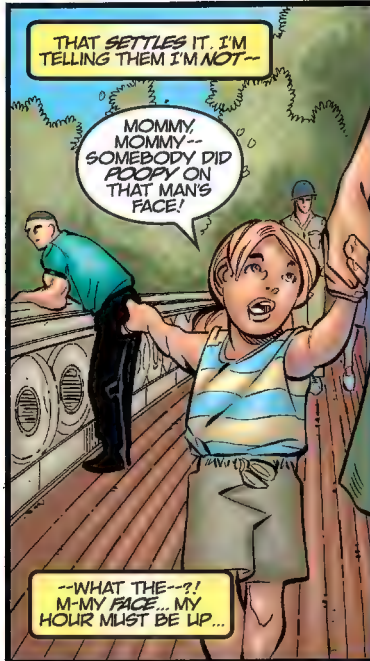
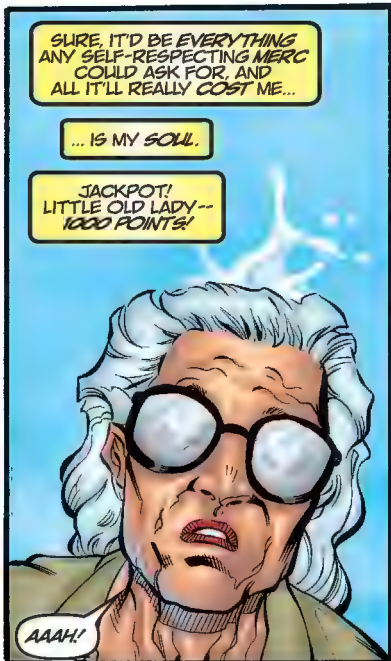
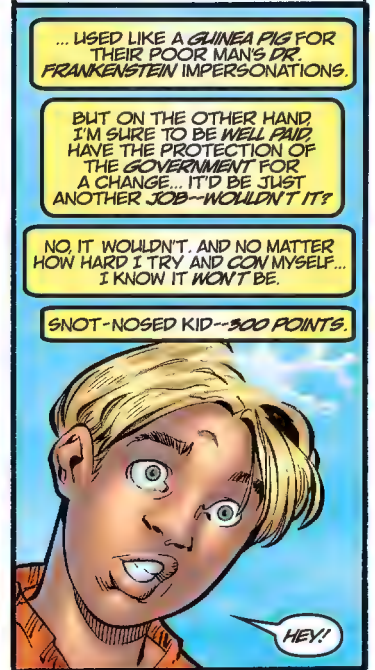
AND SO
IT WILL REMAIN
FOR ONE HOUR--
THAT'S HOW LONG
THIS INJECTION
WILL LAST.

BUT
WITH FURTHER
TREATMENT--

--IT
COULD BE
QUITE
PERMANENT.









OKAY, FOLKS...

...I'M IN.

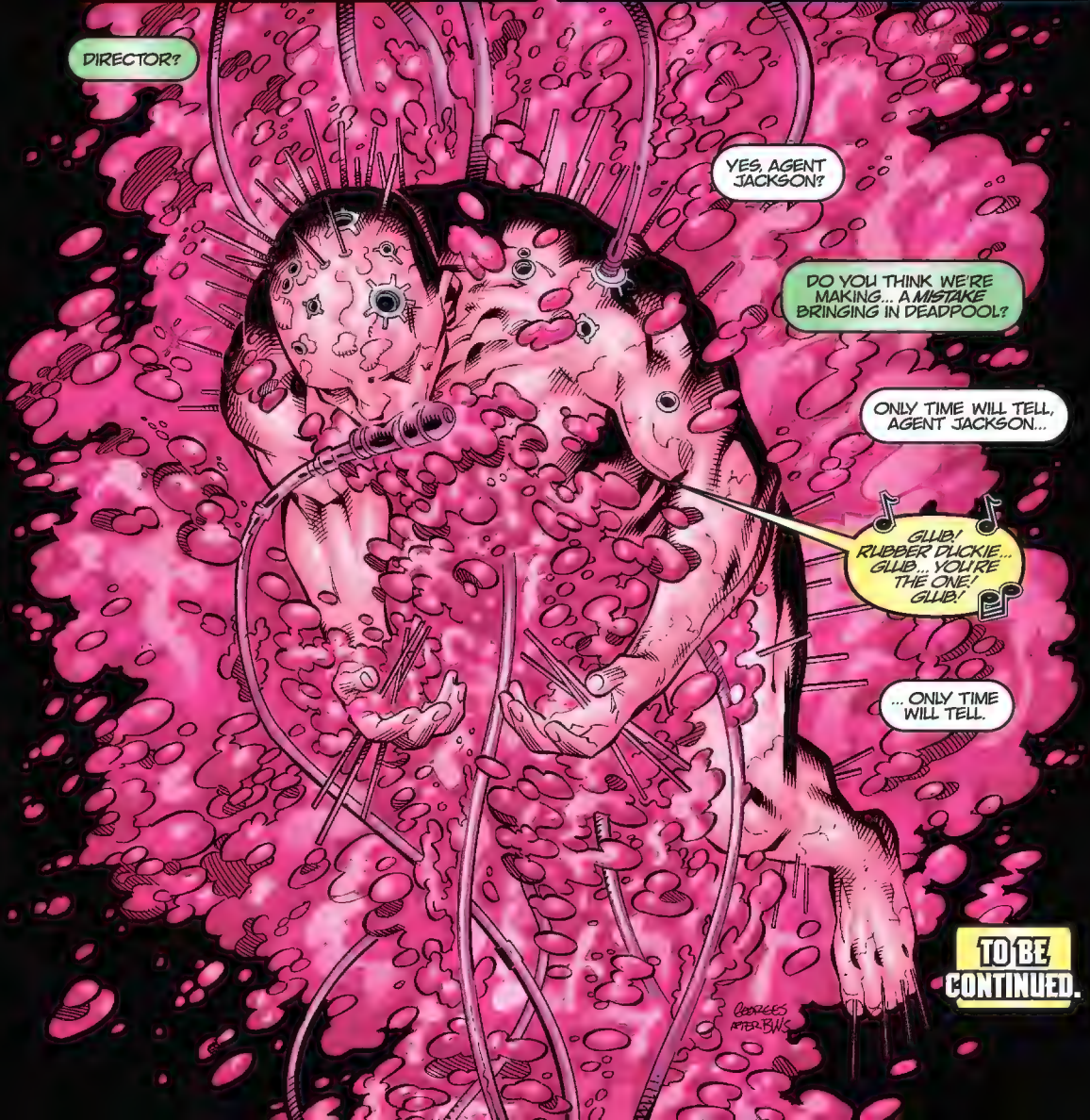


WELCOME ABOARD MR. WILSON-- YOU WON'T REGRET THIS!

YEAH... I, UH--

--HEY! DON'T BE SO QUICK TO WELCOME ME WITH OPEN ARMS. TOOTS -- YA HAVEN'T HEARD MY LIST OF DEMANDS YET!

Y'KNOW... LIKE A WINE CELLAR, A SPEEDBOAT, THE HAND OF THE BLACK WIDOW IN MARRIAGE...



DIRECTOR?

YES, AGENT JACKSON?

DO YOU THINK WE'RE MAKING... A MISTAKE BRINGING IN DEADPOOL?

ONLY TIME WILL TELL, AGENT JACKSON...

GLUB! RUBBER DUCKIE... GLUB... YOU'RE THE ONE! GLUB!

... ONLY TIME WILL TELL.

**TO BE
CONTINUED.**

COVERED
AFTER BANS

SABRETOOTH character design by Paul Tutrone

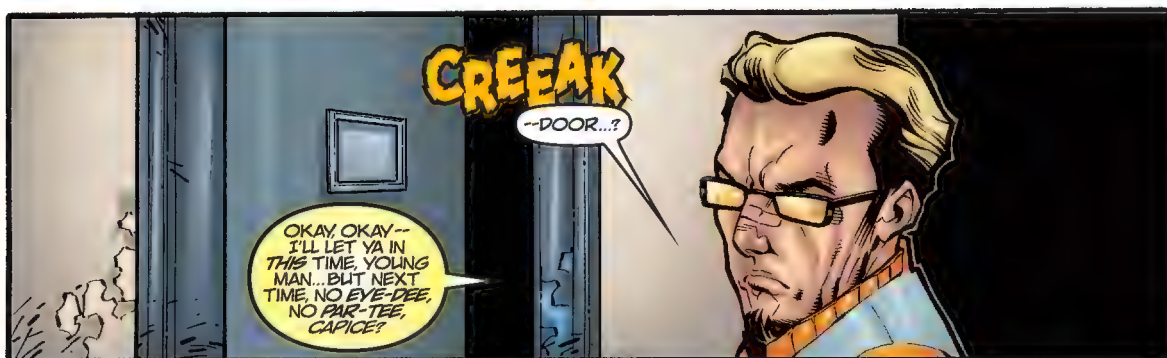
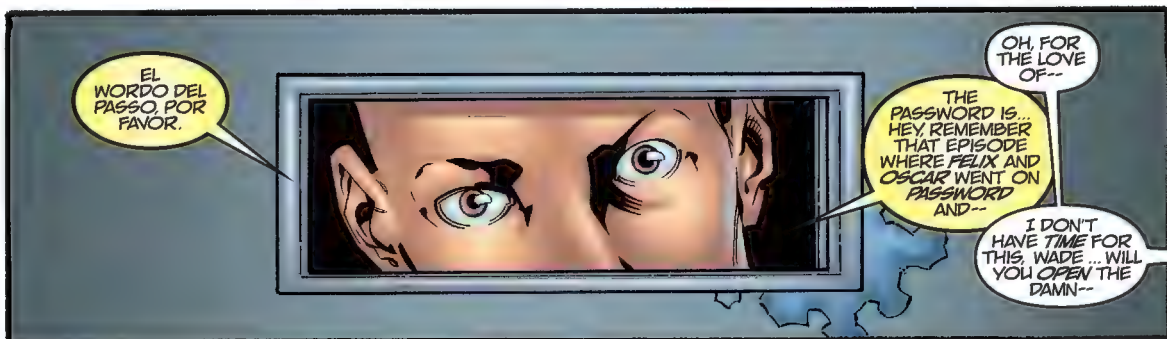
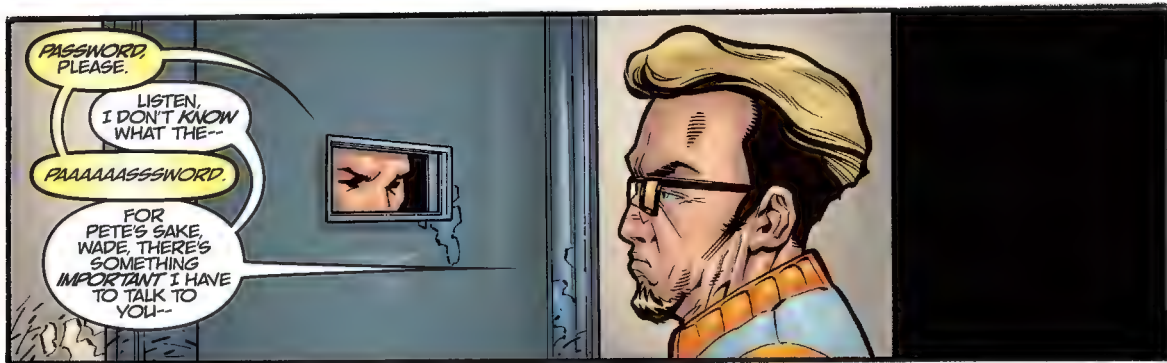
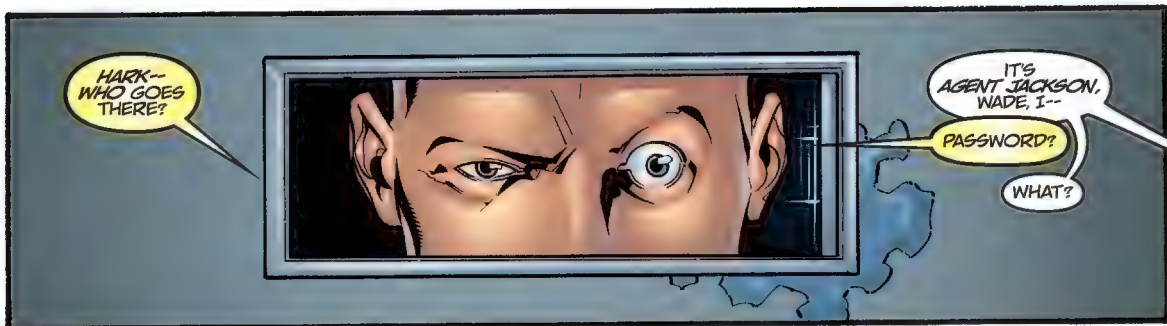
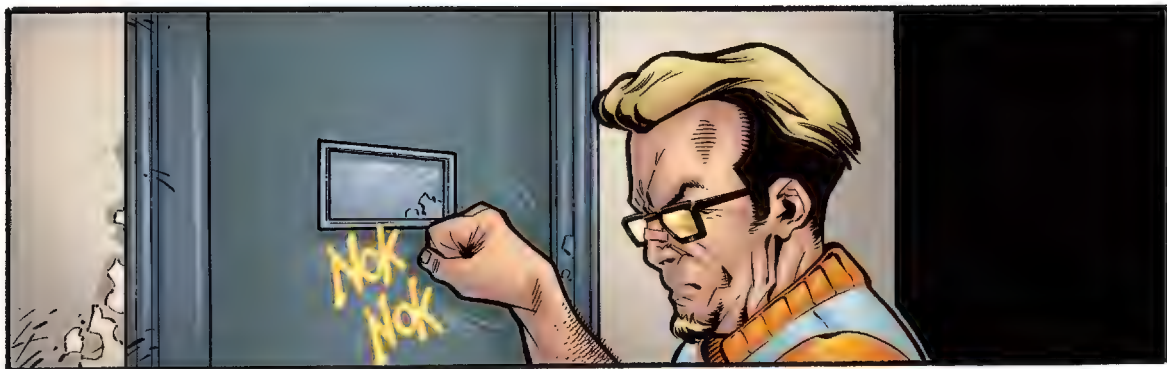


MARVEL® COMICS

DEADPOOL: AGENT OF WEAPONRY



TIERI JEANTY HOLDREDGE



SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? **DEADPOOL** MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

A large, stylized graphic featuring the text "DEADPOOL: WEAPON X" in a bold, white, blocky font with black outlines. Below it, "PT 2: MAKEOVER" is written in a smaller, yellow, blocky font with black outlines. The background is a collage of comic book panels showing Deadpool in various poses and settings.

PT 2: MAKEOVER

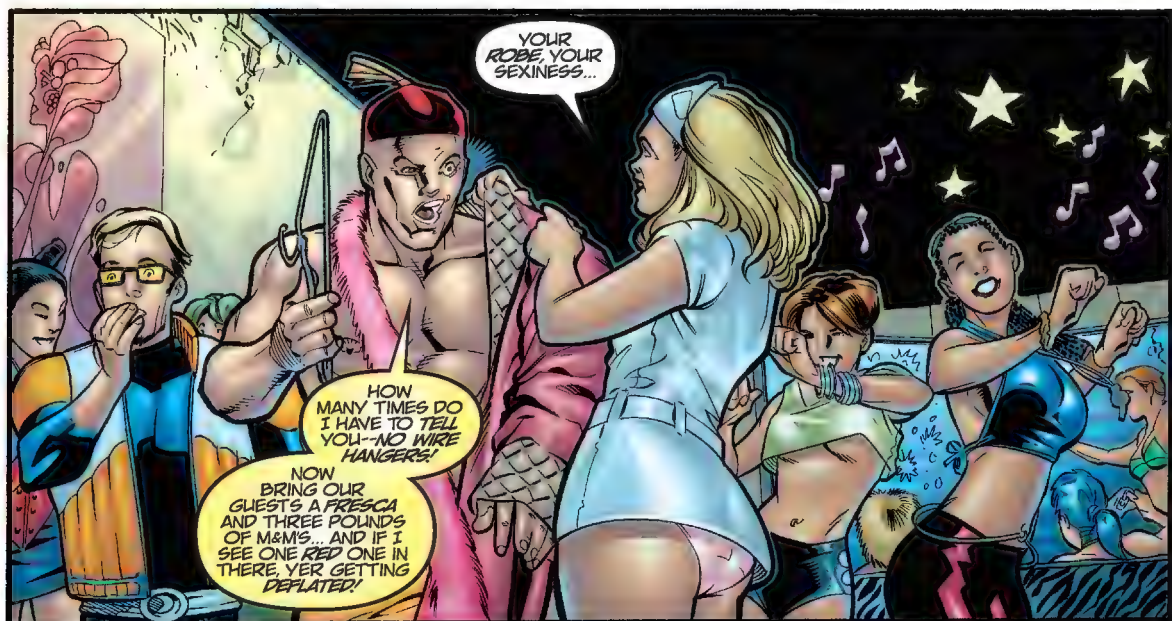
**WELCOME,
WAYWARD
TRAVELER.**

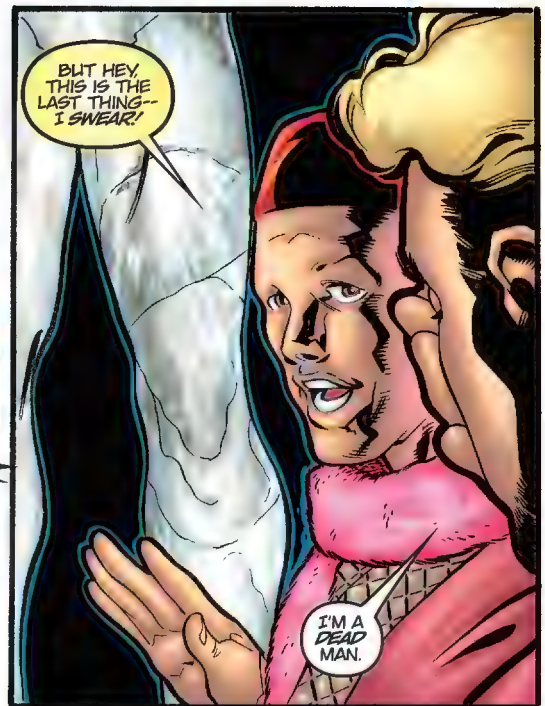
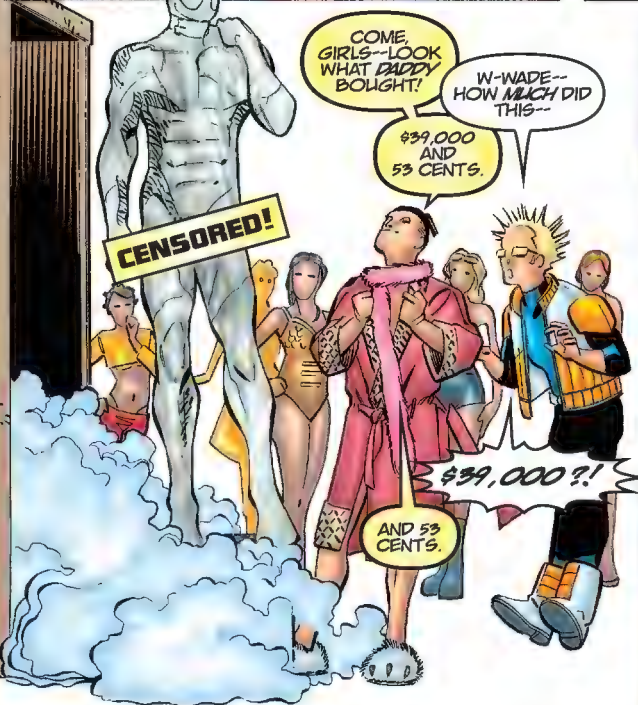
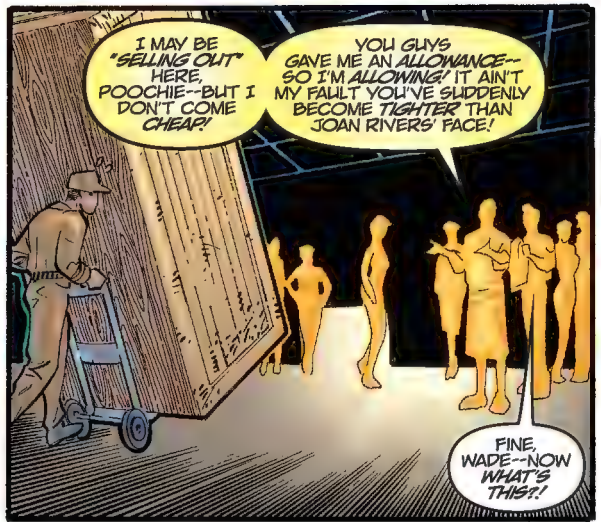
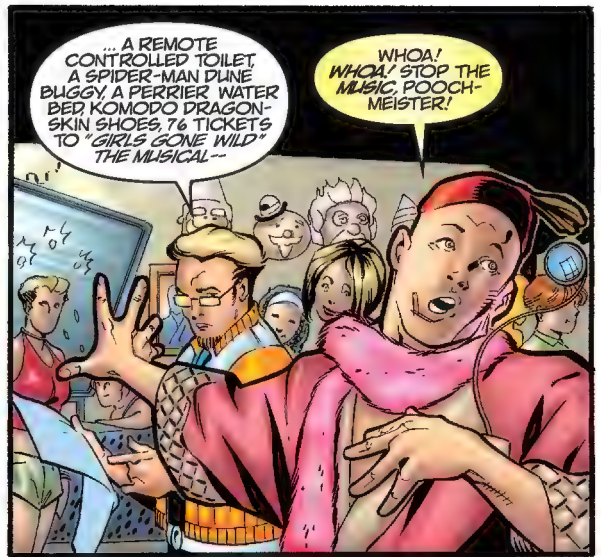
...TO CASA DE DEADPOOL!

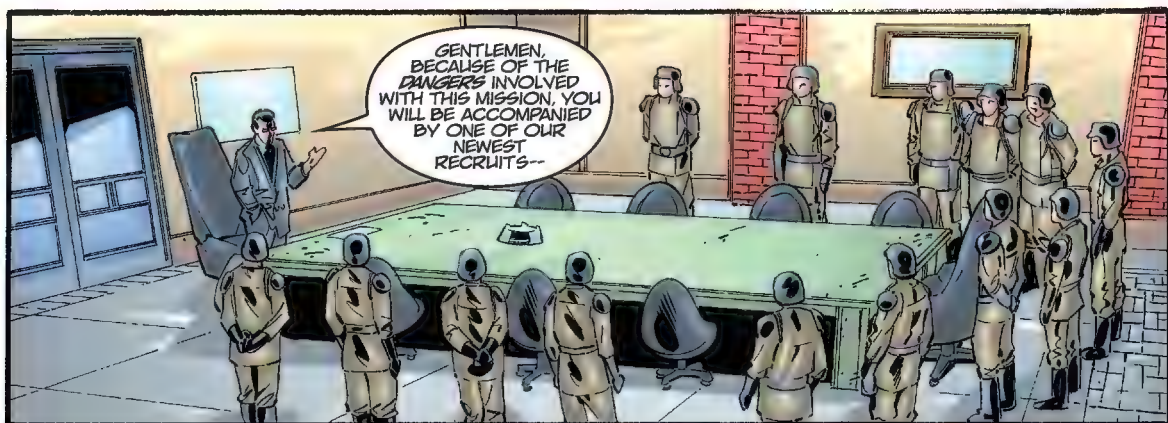
MY GOD,
WADE...

... IT LOOKS
LIKE A *RUSS MEYER*
MOVIE IN HERE!

FRANK TIERI : WRITER GEORGES JEANTY : PENCILER JON HOLDREDGE : INKER
BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH COVER COLOR DOJO : COLORIST SHARPEFONT'S DAVE : LETTERER
MIKE RAICHT : ASSISTANT EDITOR MIKE MARTS : EDITOR JOE QUESADA : CHIEF BILL JEMAS : PRESIDENT





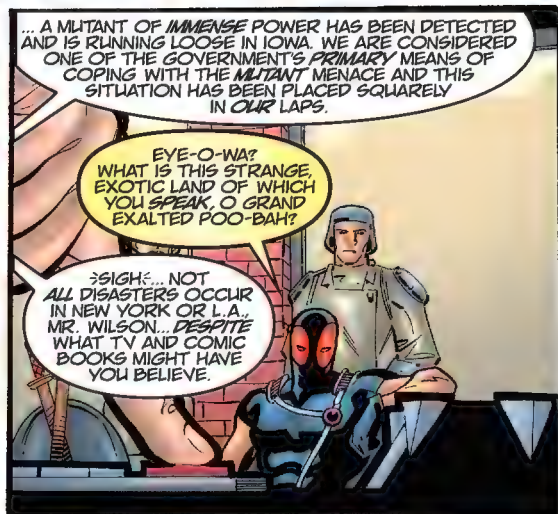


GENTLEMEN, BECAUSE OF THE DANGERS INVOLVED WITH THIS MISSION, YOU WILL BE ACCOMPANIED BY ONE OF OUR NEWEST RECRUITS--

--SPECIAL AGENT DEADPOOL.

SPORTING HIS NEW "WEAPON X" LOOK TO BOOT, KIDS! COMING SOON--ARCTIC ACTION DEADPOOL AND COMMANDO DEADPOOL WITH THE KLING FU GRIP!

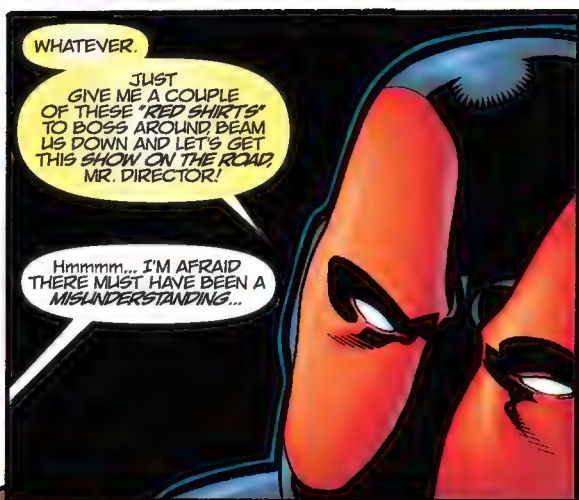
HAHEM... YES, AS I WAS SAYING...



... A MUTANT OF IMMENSE POWER HAS BEEN DETECTED AND IS RUNNING LOOSE IN IOWA. WE ARE CONSIDERED ONE OF THE GOVERNMENT'S PRIMARY MEANS OF COPING WITH THE MUTANT MENACE AND THIS SITUATION HAS BEEN PLACED SQUARELY IN OUR LAPS.

EYE-O-WA? WHAT IS THIS STRANGE, EXOTIC LAND OF WHICH YOU SPEAK, O GRAND EXALTED POO-BAH?

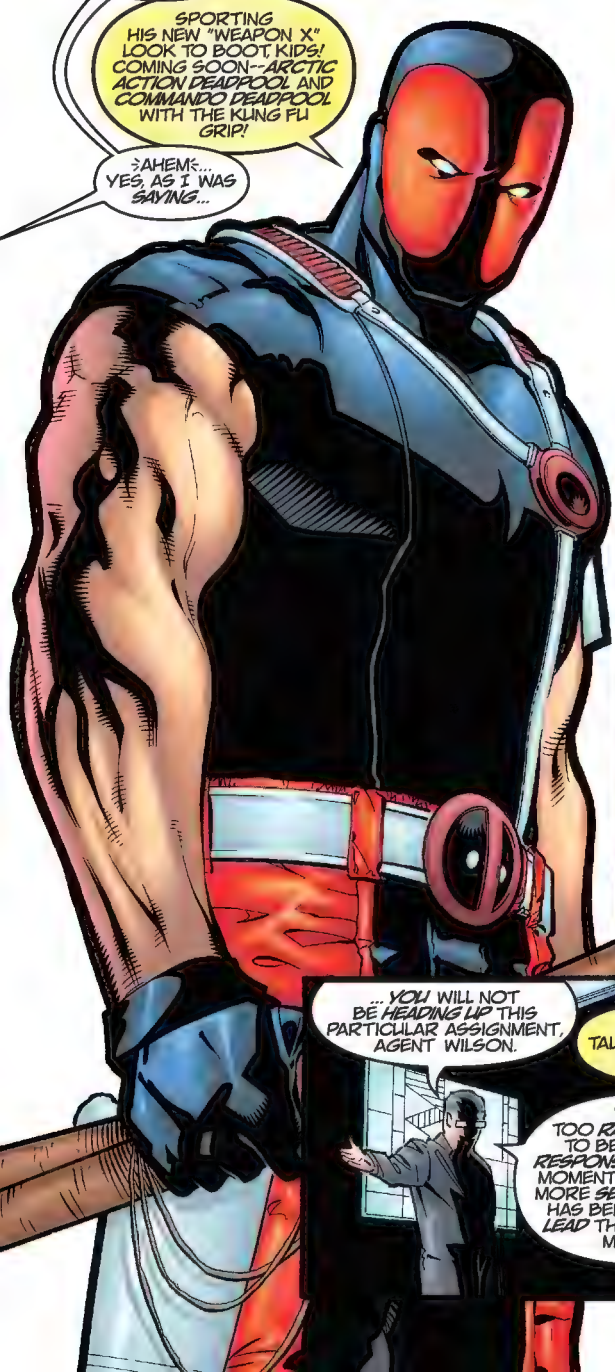
SIGH... NOT ALL DISASTERS OCCUR IN NEW YORK OR L.A., MR. WILSON... DESPITE WHAT TV AND COMIC BOOKS MIGHT HAVE YOU BELIEVE.



WHATEVER.

JUST GIVE ME A COUPLE OF THESE "RED SHIRTS" TO BOSS AROUND BEAM US DOWN AND LET'S GET THIS SHOW ON THE ROAD, MR. DIRECTOR!

Hmmmm... I'M AFRAID THERE MUST HAVE BEEN A MISUNDERSTANDING...



... YOU WILL NOT BE HEADING UP THIS PARTICULAR ASSIGNMENT, AGENT WILSON.

WHA'CHOO TALKIN' 'BOUT, MR. DIRECTOR?

YOU'RE TOO RAW A RECRUIT TO BE GIVEN THAT RESPONSIBILITY AT THIS MOMENT. THEREFORE, A MORE SEASONED AGENT HAS BEEN CHOSEN TO LEAD THIS PARTICULAR MISSION--

AND IF YOU THINK I'M GOING TO PUT UP WITH YOUR USUAL BRAND OF NONSENSE--



--YOU'VE GOT
ANOTHER THING
COMING.

ALLOW ME
TO INTRODUCE
SPECIAL AGENT
KANE.

WE'VE
MET.

YEAH, WE'VE
MET ALL RIGHT--
AND TRIED TO
RIP EACH OTHER'S
THROATS OUT JUST
ABOUT EVERY
TIME WE DID.

YIKES.
NICE CLAW
THERE. GUESS
YOU'VE HAD
YOUR 3,000 MILE
TUNE-UP.

OKAY,
MR. ROBOTO,
CAN'T HANDLE MY
UNUSUAL BRAND
OF NONSENSE?

I'LL
JUST HAVE TO
BLIST OUT MY
UNUSUAL BRAND
THEN ...



1 IDA GROVE, IOWA, LATER...

IT APPEARS WEAPON X PORTED US IN A LITTLE OFF COURSE

MY INTERNAL READINGS INDICATE THE MUTANTS JUST BEYOND THIS FIELD.

YOU MEN SCOUT AHEAD.



C'MON JUST ONCE, PLEASE-- FOR ME?

¿SIGH¿... FOR THE LAST TIME--

--I AM NOT SAYING "DANGER", WILL ROBINSON", AND IF YOU ASK ME AGAIN, I'M GOING TO SHOOT YOU.

HOW ABOUT A BOUNCY REVISION OF "IF I ONLY HAD A HEART", THEN? I'LL EVEN GET MY OIL CAN READY!



HEY, DO YOU GET ESPN IN THERE? THE YANKS ARE PLAYING--

--HEY, WAITASEC... THIS AIN'T A DIAL I'M TWISTING... IT'S A NIPPLE!



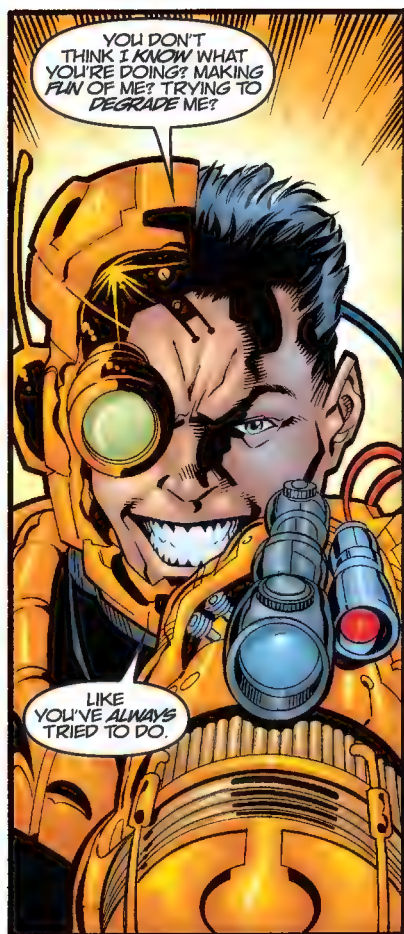
GEE, HOW EMBARRASSING-- ME VIOLATING YOU LIKE THAT.

'COURSE MAYBE YA DON'T MIND IT SO MUCH NOW... MAYBE THEY TURNED YOU INTO A C-3PO WHILE THEY WERE AT IT IF YA KNOW WHAT I'M SAVIN'.



CLIK

GEEZ LOUISE! NOT EXACTLY USER FRIENDLY, IS YA?



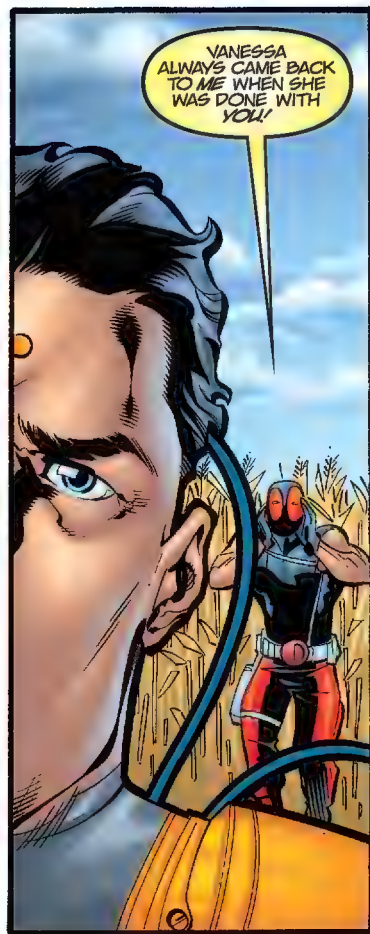
YOU DON'T THINK I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING? MAKING FUN OF ME? TRYING TO DEGRADE ME?

LIKE YOU'VE ALWAYS TRIED TO DO.

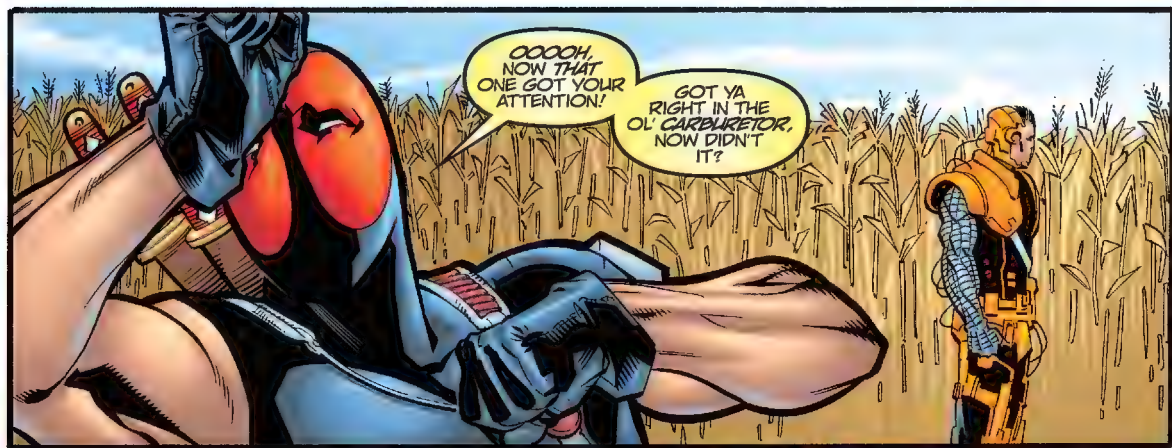


WELL, IT WON'T WORK, DEADPOOL--THE DAYS OF YOU GETTING TO ME ARE OVER.

OH YEAH? THEN HOW DOES THIS GRAB YA?



VANESSA ALWAYS CAME BACK TO ME WHEN SHE WAS DONE WITH YOU!



OOOOH, NOW THAT ONE GOT YOUR ATTENTION!

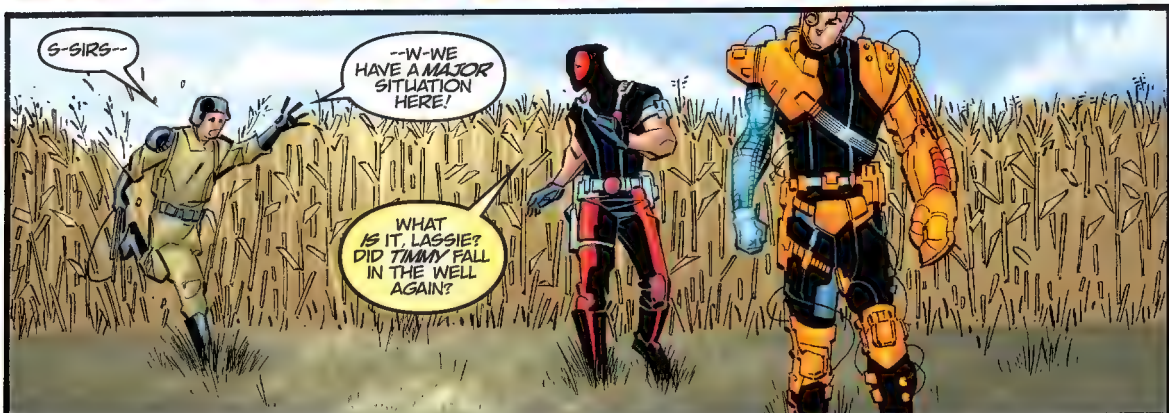
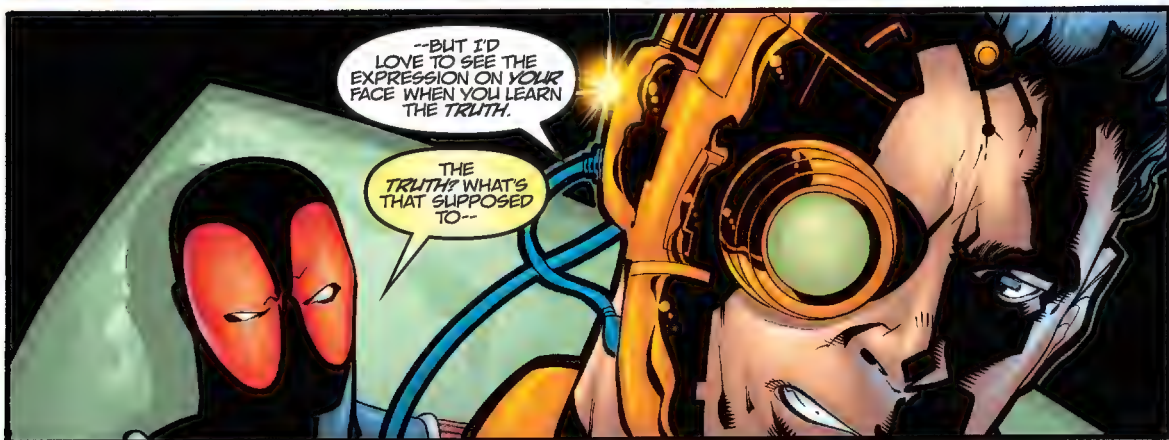
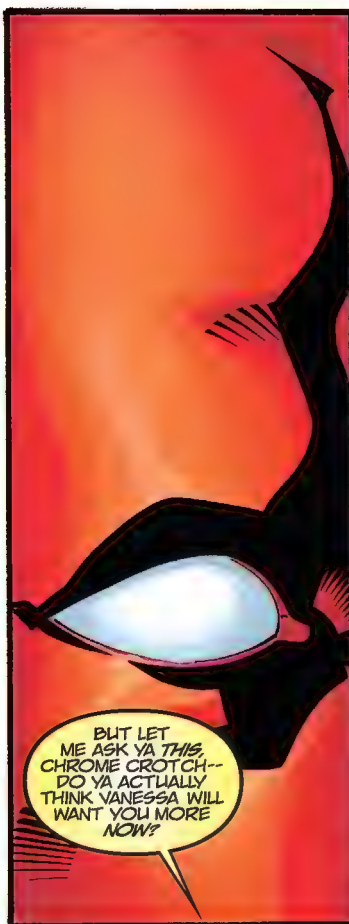
GOT YA RIGHT IN THE OL' CARBURETOR, NOW DIDN'T IT?

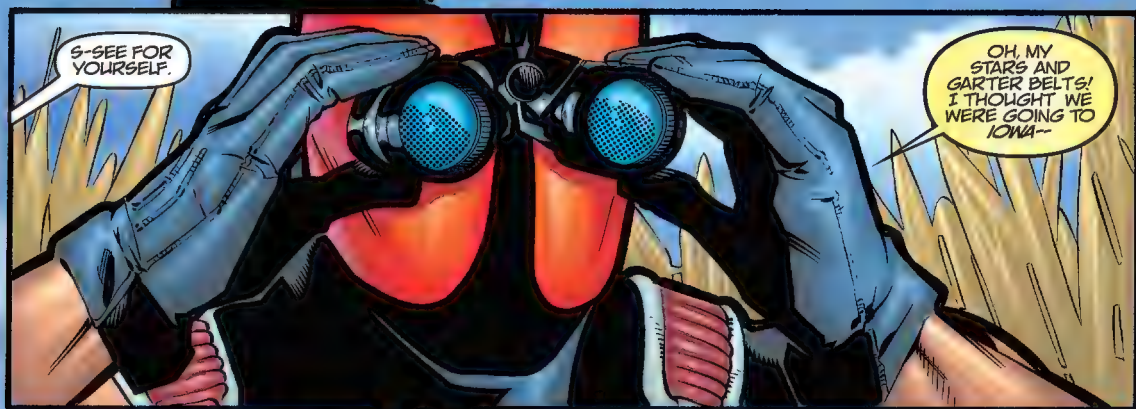


THAT'S RIGHT--NO MATTER HOW MUCH I MISTREATED HER SHAPE-CHANGING LITTLE HEART, AND NO MATTER HOW MUCH YOU DIDN'T--

--SHE ALWAYS CAME BACK TO THE GUY WITH THE GUN WHO WAS FUN AT PARTIES...

... AND THAT KILLS YOU.





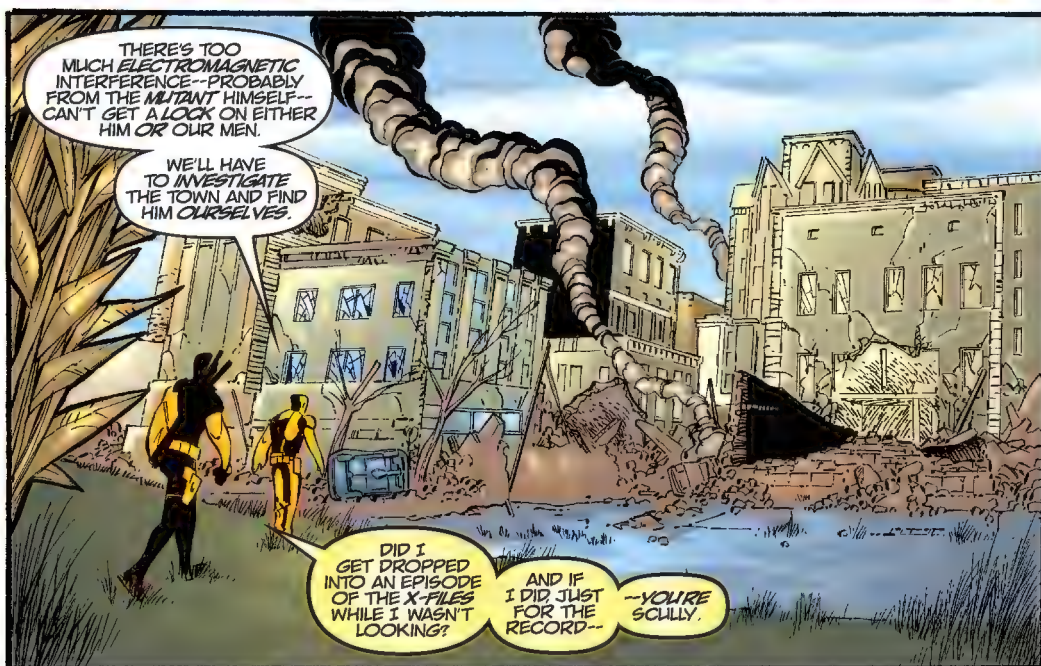
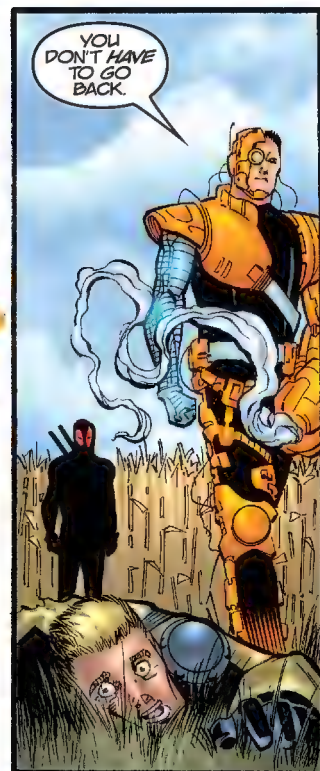
S-SEE FOR YOURSELF.

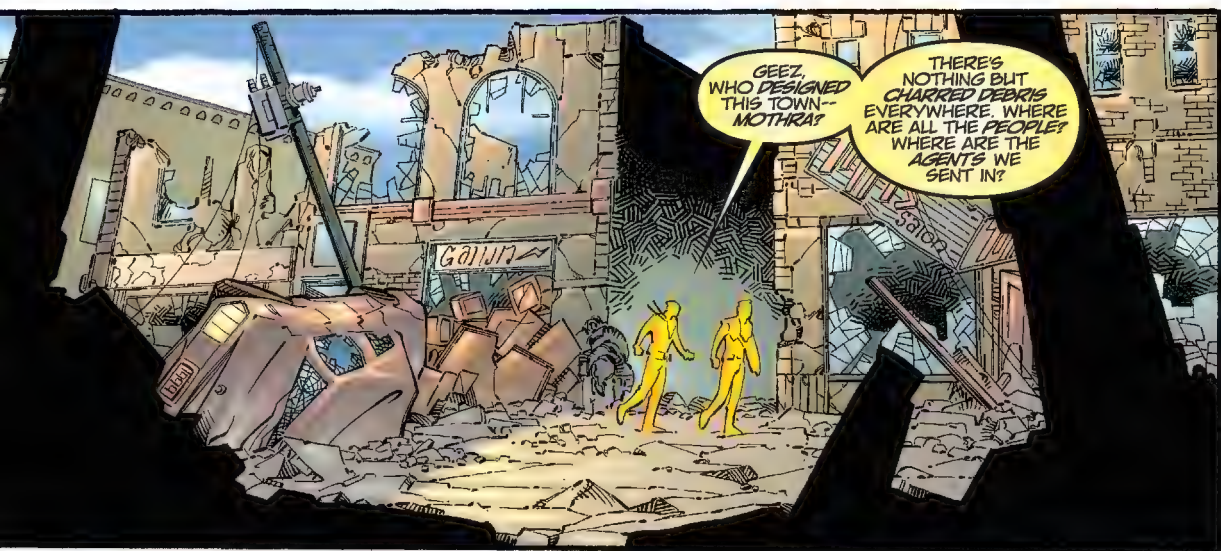
OH, MY STARS AND GARTER BELTS! I THOUGHT WE WERE GOING TO IOWA--

--NOT DETROIT!

WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED HERE?







GEEZ,
WHO DESIGNED
THIS TOWN--
MOTHRAS?

THERE'S
NOTHING BUT
CHARRKED DEBRIS
EVERYWHERE. WHERE
ARE ALL THE PEOPLE?
WHERE ARE THE
AGENTS WE
SENT IN?



YOU'RE
STANDING IN
THEM.

I'M
STANDING
IN--?!
ewwww!



WADE...

...MY
PATIENCE FOR YOUR
SILLY OUTBURSTS
HAS ALREADY WORN
THIN--I SUGGEST WE
SPLIT UP. MORE GROUND
CAN BE COVERED THAT
WAY AND--

OH,
NO YOU
DON'T!

I'VE SEEN THIS
MOVIE BEFORE--THE
FUNNY GUY ALWAYS
GETS IT!

RIGHT
AFTER THE
CRIPPLED GUY, THE
BLACK GUY AND
THE TEENAGERS
HAVING SEX...



I'M
STICKING
WITH YOU,
R2D2.

JUST
STAY OUT
OF MY WAY,
THEN.

Hmmmm...
THERE AREN'T MANY
MUTANTS THAT CAN DO
THIS TYPE OF DAMAGE...
UTTERLY DISINTEGRATE
OBJECTS THIS
LARGE...

HEY...
WHAT'S THAT
COMING
THIS--



CLICK

HEY, SLOW
DOWN THERE,
TZ--THIS GUY'S
STUTTERING LIKE
JIMMY STEWART! I
THINK HE'S MORE
SCARED THAN
ANYTHING--

RATATAT
TATATAT
RATATAT

I'LL GIVE
HIM SOMETHING
TO BE SCARED
ABOUT!

L-LEAVE ME
ALONE!

T-THIS
IS NOT MY
FAULT? N-NOT
MY FAULT?

DAMN, BULLETS
DISINTEGRATE ON
IMPACT--!

I'M
TELLING
YA, DUDE--
THIS MIGHT
NOT BE THE
BEST WAY
TO GO
ABOUT
THIS!

DON'T YOU
HAVE SOME FART
JOKES TO TELL
OR AN OLD LADY TO
PUSH DOWN THE
STAIRS OR
SOMETHING?

GET LOST
IF YOU'RE NOT GOING
TO HELP--AND LEAVE
ME TO THE BUSINESS
AT--

RRRRZZZZZZ

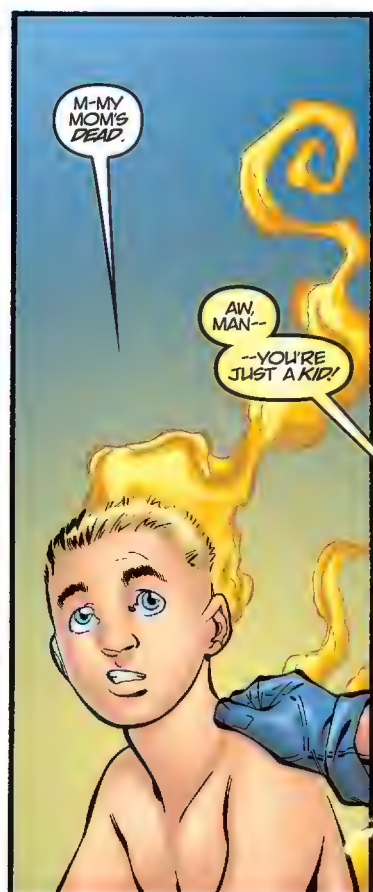
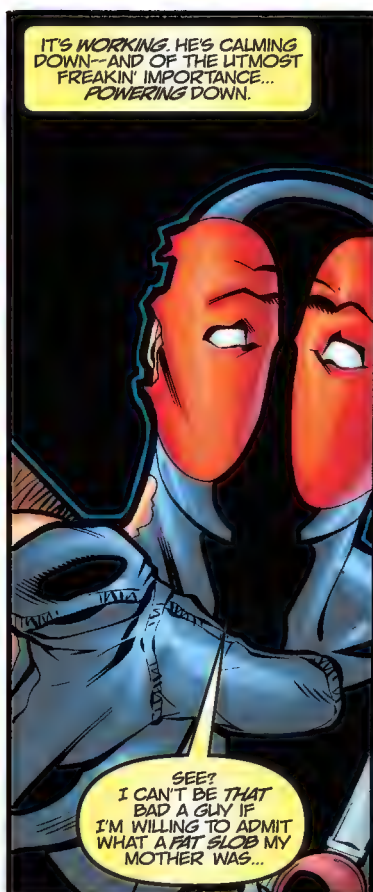
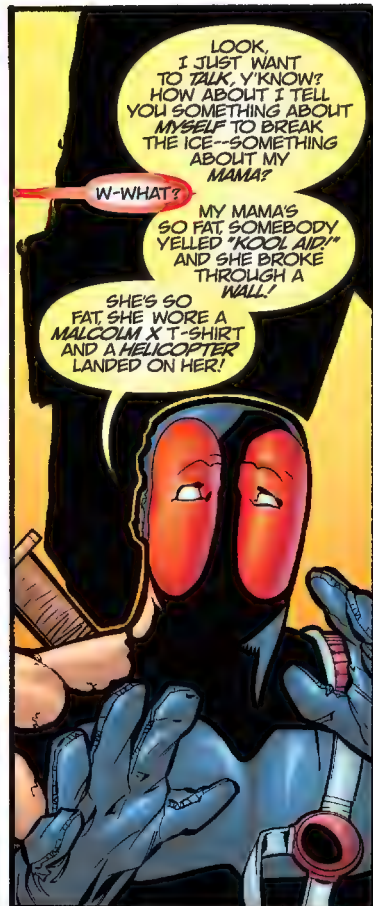
P-PLEASE--
I CAN'T CONTROL
MYSELF!

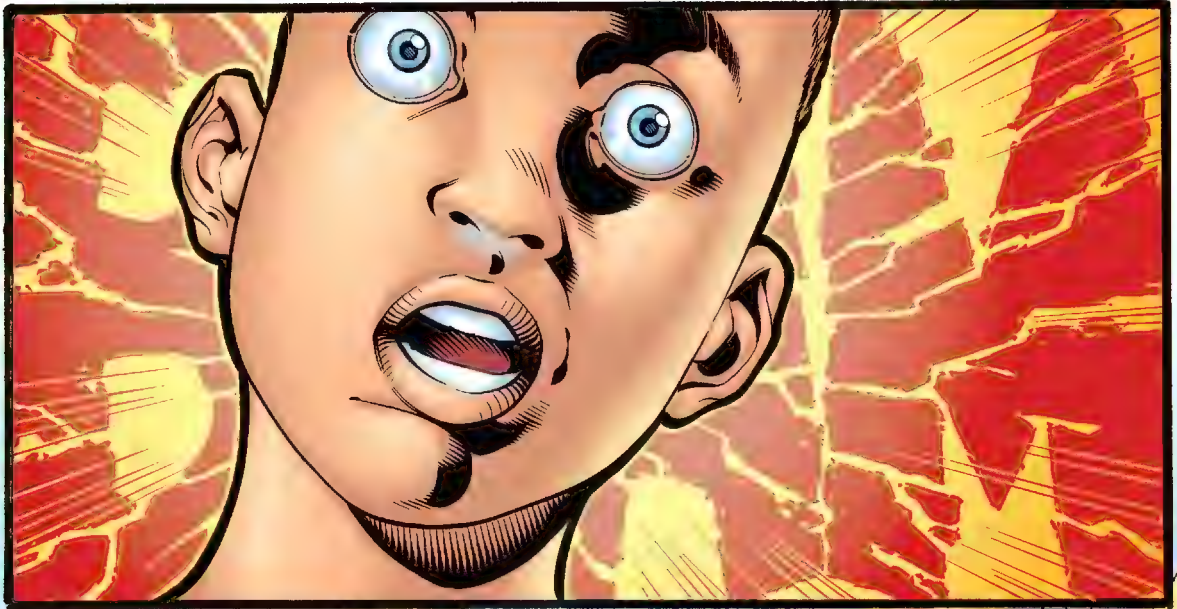
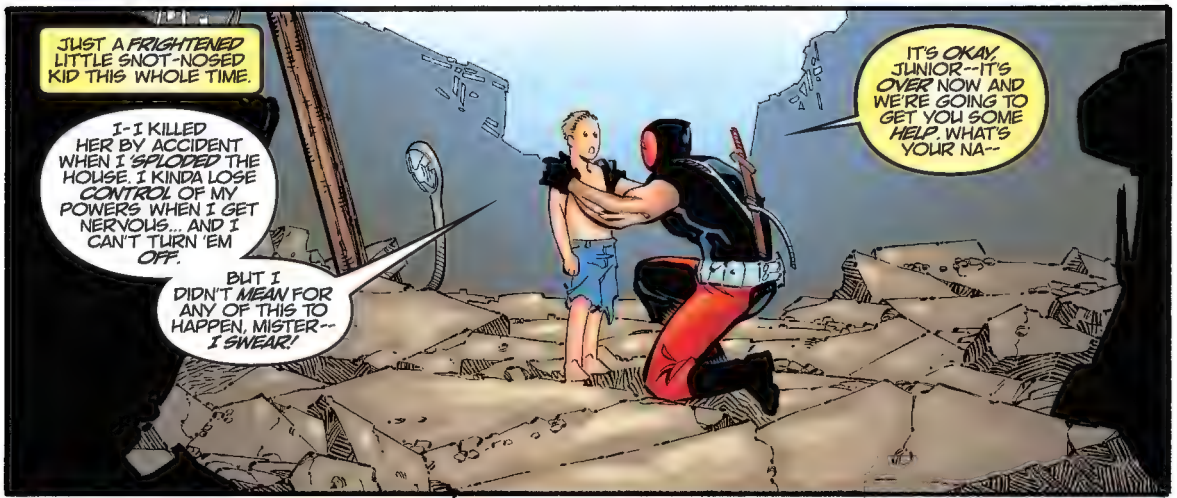
HARRRRHHH!

Y'KNOW,
KANE...

...THE ONLY THING
THAT'S STOPPING ME FROM
INSANELY MOCKING YOU WITH
COUNTLESS CHORUSES OF
"LOOOSSERRR"--

--IS THAT I
JUST SOILED MY
UNDEROOS.







WHO KNOWS?
THERE JUST MIGHT BE
A FUTURE FOR YOU
WITH WEAPON X
AFTER ALL.



YOU
DIRTY, SCUM-
RIDDEN--!



HE WAS
JUST A KID YOU
PUSSYBAG! I HAD IT
UNDER CONTROL,
YOU PSYCHO!

WHAT
DID THEY
TURN YOU
INTO?

HE WAS
TOO MUCH OF
A RISK--TOO MUCH
POWER AND TOO
LITTLE CONTROL
OVER IT--



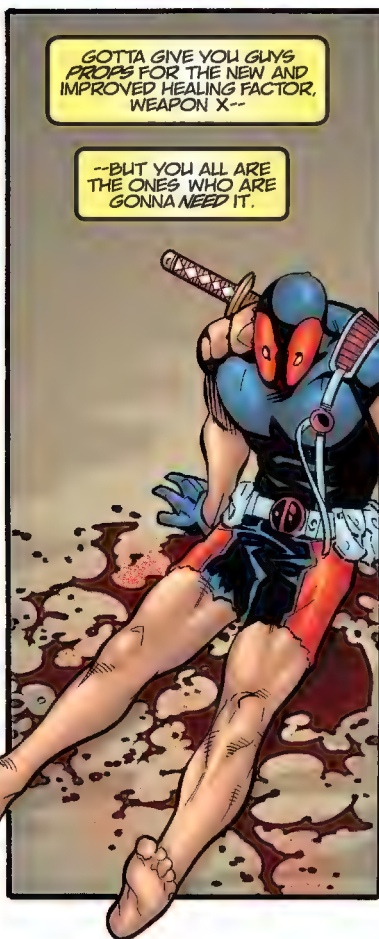
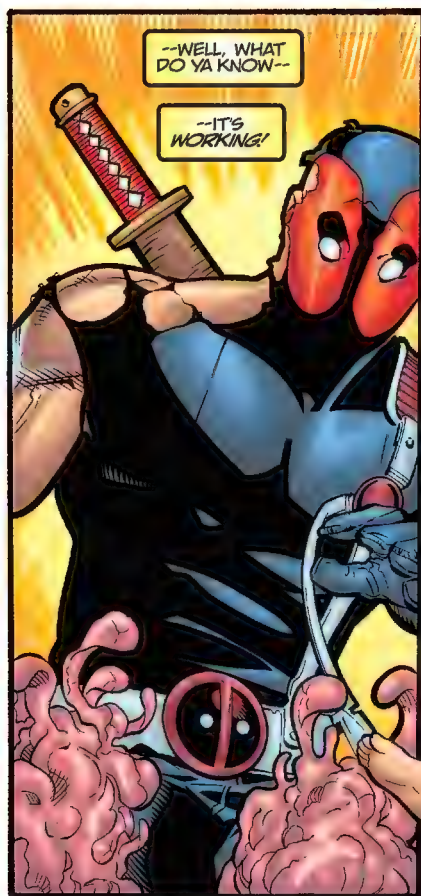
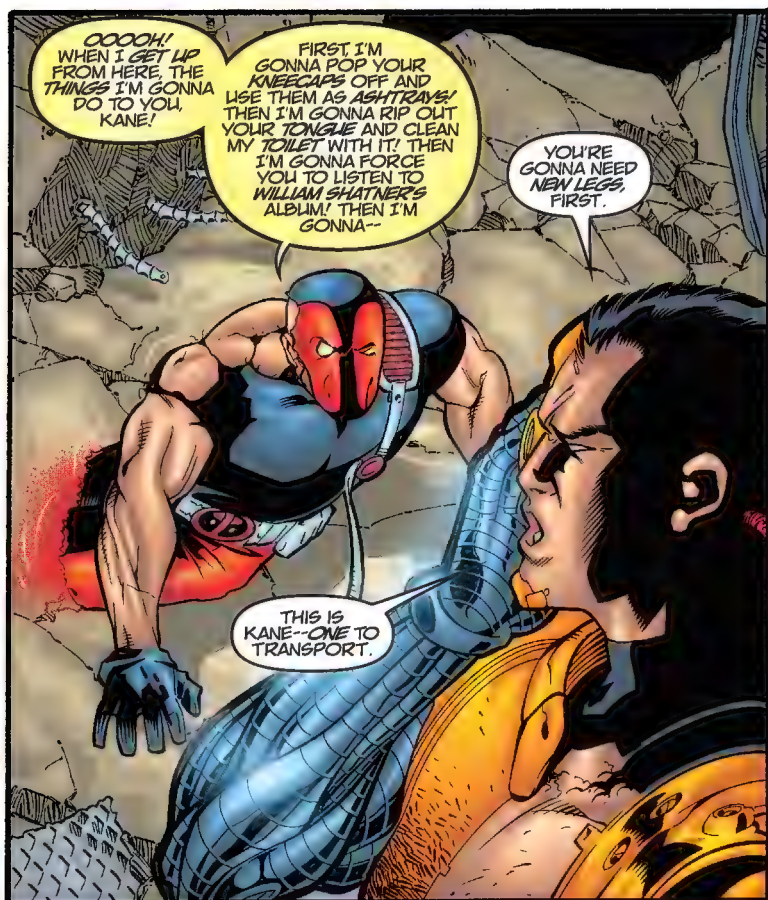
--THERE'S
NO PLACE IN THE
PROGRAM FOR
"DISASTERS" WAITING
TO HAPPEN" LIKE
THAT.

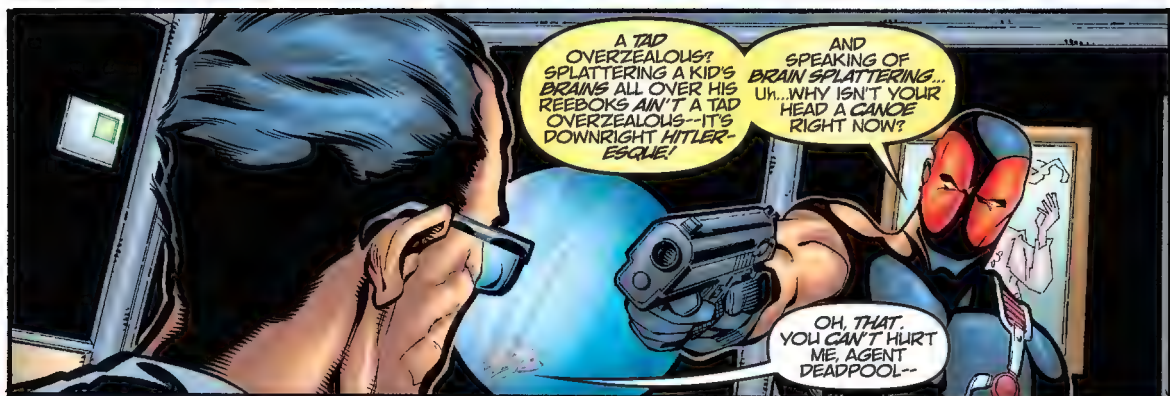
AND IF
YOU'RE GOING TO
GET SQUEAMISH
EVERY TIME WE
HAVE TO ELIMINATE
A TARGET--

--THERE'S NO
PLACE FOR YOU,
EITHER!



SLASH







YOU'RE **NUTTIER** THAN MR. SINISTER IF YA THINK I'M GOING ANYWHERE FOR YOU MOOKS. I'M OUTTA HERE.

ALL RIGHT IF THAT'S THE WAY YOU WANT IT. BUT I THOUGHT YOU'D BE INTERESTED IN **THIS** ONE--WHAT WITH THE **PERSONAL** NATURE OF IT ...



PERSONAL?

YES, YOU SEE, SABRETOOTH WASN'T THE **FIRST** AGENT SENT TO RECRUIT YOU...



...THERE WAS A **GIRL** WHO WAS **ORIGINALLY** ENLISTED--BROUGHT INTO THE PROGRAM AT THE **SAME TIME** AS KANE, I SEEM TO RECALL...

... SHE WAS THE PERFECT CHOICE YOU UNDERSTAND FOR AMONG **OTHER THINGS** SHE WAS A--

SHAPESHIFTER...

YES-- YES, SHE WAS AT THAT.



HOWEVER, UNLIKE KANE, WHO MERELY WANTED HIS POWERS **AMPLIFIED**, THIS GIRL'S POWERS HAD GROWN **UNSTABLE**.

NATURALLY, WE WERE ABLE TO HELP HER--IN FACT AFTER SOME **TREATMENT**, SHE HAD **GREATER** USAGE OF HER POWERS THAN EVER BEFORE.

BUT SOMETHING WENT **WRONG**--BEING ABLE TO CHANGE **IDENTITIES** SO READILY LEFT THE GIRL QUITE... **CONFUSED** I'M AFRAID.

SOON, SHE DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHO SHE WAS ANYMORE.



AND NEITHER DID **WE**--WE EVENTUALLY LOST **TRACK** OF HER.

SHAME, REALLY--SUCH A **LOVELY** GIRL AS A MATTER OF FACT-- I HAVE A **PICTURE** OF HER RIGHT HERE.

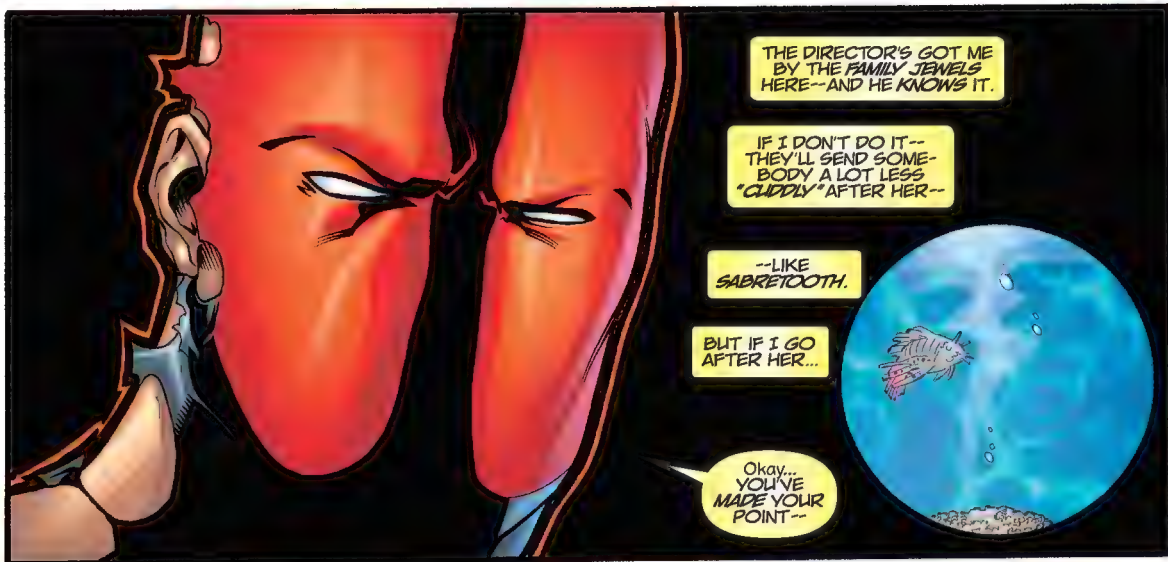
YOU DON'T EVEN NEED TO SHOW IT TO ME, **LOWLIFE**--



--I ALREADY KNOW
IT'S VANESSA.

THAT'S WHAT KANE WAS
HINTING ABOUT. ALL THE
TIME I'VE SPENT WITH
VANESSA LATELY...

...SHE WAS NUTS.
THAT EXPLAINS ALL
THE FUN TIMES WE
HAD TOGETHER.



THE DIRECTOR'S GOT ME
BY THE FAMILY JEWELS
HERE--AND HE KNOWS IT.

IF I DON'T DO IT--
THEY'LL SEND SOME-
BODY A LOT LESS
"CUTTY" AFTER HER--

--LIKE
SABRETOOTH.

BUT IF I GO
AFTER HER...

Okay...
YOU'VE
MADE YOUR
POINT--



--I'LL
BRING HER
IN.

BRING HER
IN? OH NO, SHE'S
TOO FAR GONE
FOR THAT.

WE
WANT YOU TO
KILL HER.

NEXT:
DEADPOOL'S
CHOICE!

DEADPOOL character design by Paul Tutrone



MARVEL® COMICS

DEADPOOL®:

AGENT OF

WEAPON X®

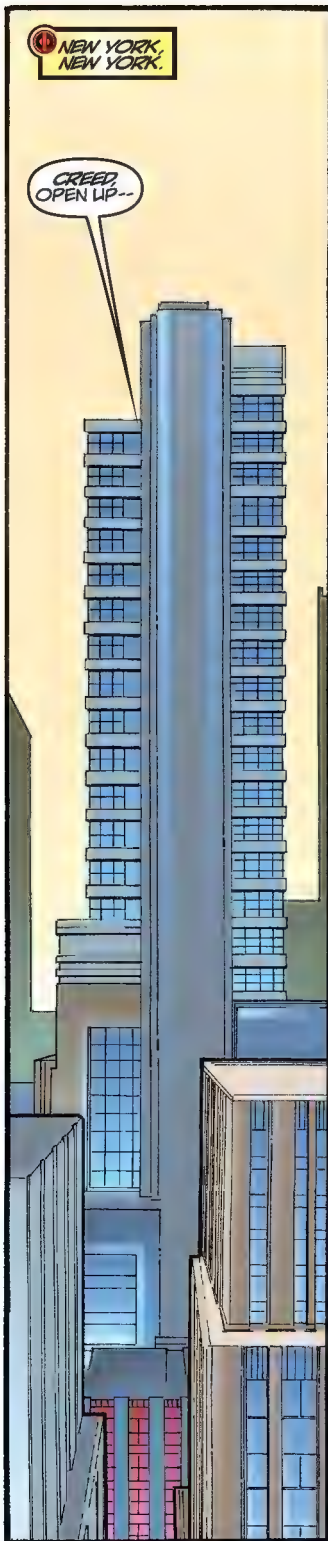
TIERI

JEANTY

HOLDREDGE

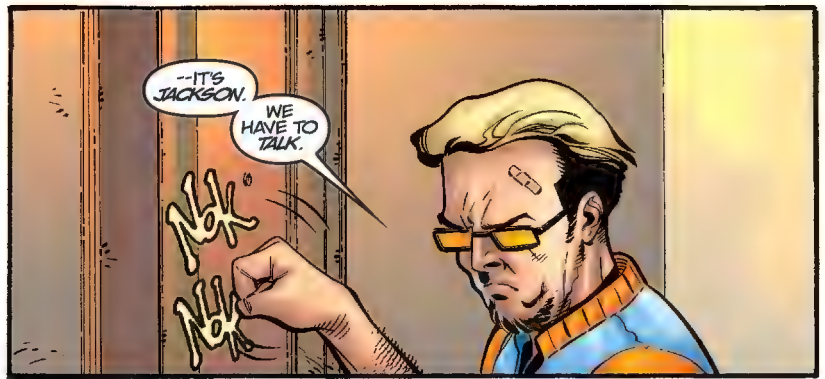
MARVEL
PG M #3
59





NEW YORK,
NEW YORK.

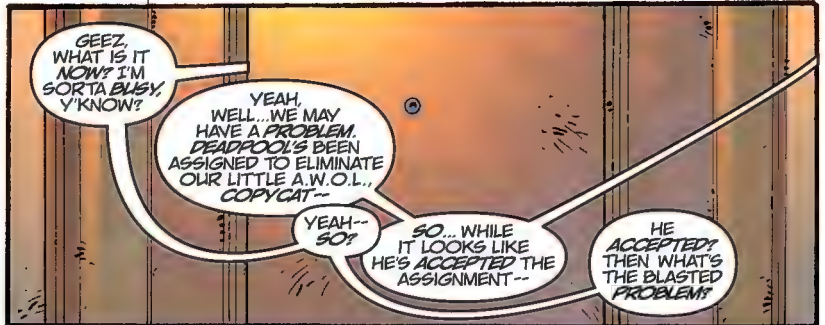
CREED
OPEN UP--



--IT'S
JACKSON.

WE
HAVE TO
TALK.

Nk
Nk



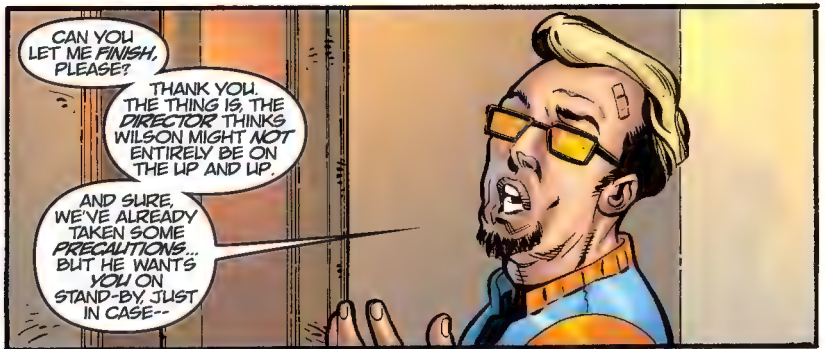
GEEZ,
WHAT IS IT
NOW? I'M
SORTA BUSY,
Y'KNOW?

YEAH.
WELL... WE MAY
HAVE A PROBLEM.
DEADPOOL'S BEEN
ASSIGNED TO ELIMINATE
OUR LITTLE A.W.O.L.,
COPYCAT--

YEAH--
SO?

SO... WHILE
IT LOOKS LIKE
HE'S ACCEPTED THE
ASSIGNMENT--

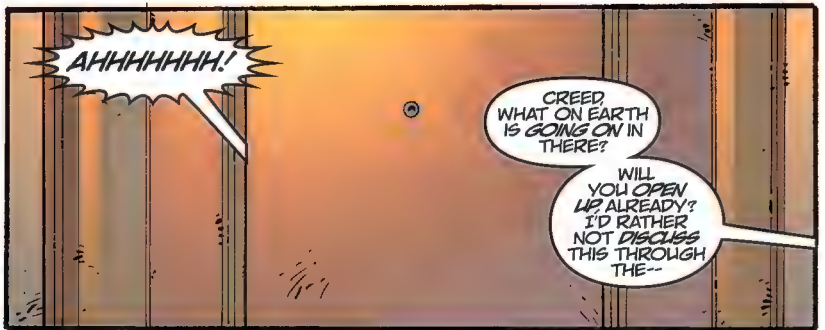
HE
ACCEPTED?
THEN WHAT'S
THE BLASTED
PROBLEM?



CAN YOU
LET ME FINISH,
PLEASE?

THANK YOU.
THE THING IS, THE
DIRECTOR THINKS
WILSON MIGHT NOT
ENTIRELY BE ON
THE UP AND UP.

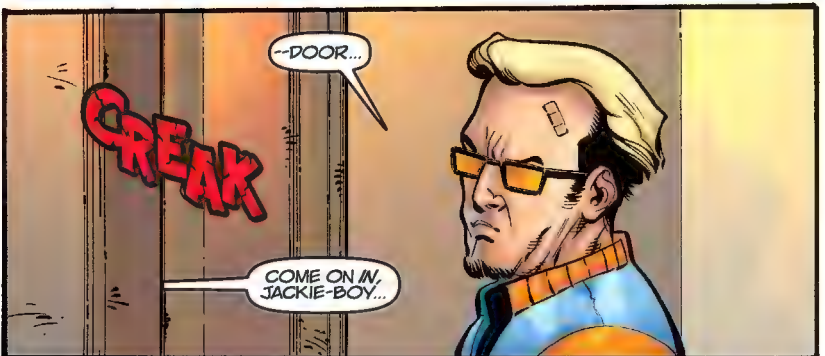
AND SURE,
WE'VE ALREADY
TAKEN SOME
PRECAUTIONS...
BUT HE WANTS
YOU ON
STAND-BY, JUST
IN CASE--



AHHHHHHH!

CREED
WHAT ON EARTH
IS GOING ON IN
THERE?

WILL
YOU OPEN
UP ALREADY?
I'D RATHER
NOT DISCUSS
THIS THROUGH
THE--



--DOOR...

CREAK

COME ON IN,
JACKIE-BOY...

SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEADPOOL WEAPON X

PT. THREE: INTENSIVE CARE

FRANK TIERI: WRITER
GEORGES JEANTY: PENCILER
JON HOLDREDGE: INKER
BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH: COVER
COLOR DOJO: COLORIST
SHARPEFONT'S DAVE: LETTERER
MIKE RAICHT: ASSISTANT EDITOR
MIKE MARTS: EDITOR
JOE QUESADA: CHIEF
BILL JEMAS: PRESIDENT



...COURSE
YA MIGHT
WANNA
WATCH YER
STEP!

OH
SWEET
LORD!



CREED--
WHAT IN GOD'S
NAME HAVE YOU
BEEN DOING
HERE?

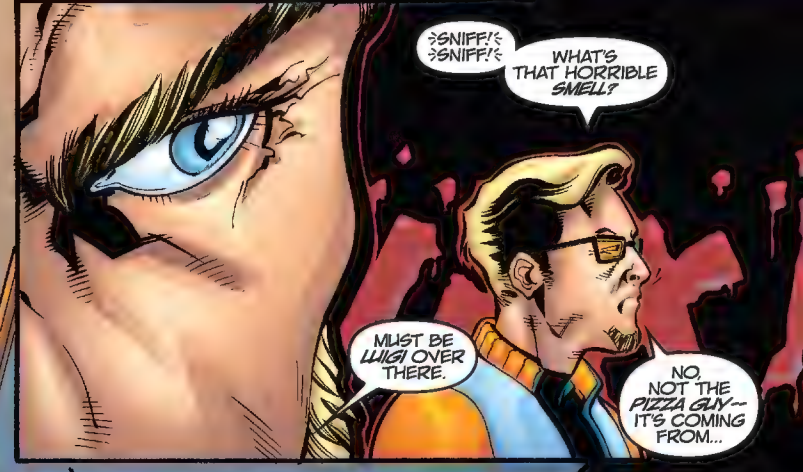
PAYIN'
THE PIZZA
MAN, WHAT
ELSE? HERE,
YA WANNA
SLICE?



CREED
YOU JUST
CAN'T--

CAN'T
WHAT?

DON'T
BE--



SNIFF!
SNIFF!

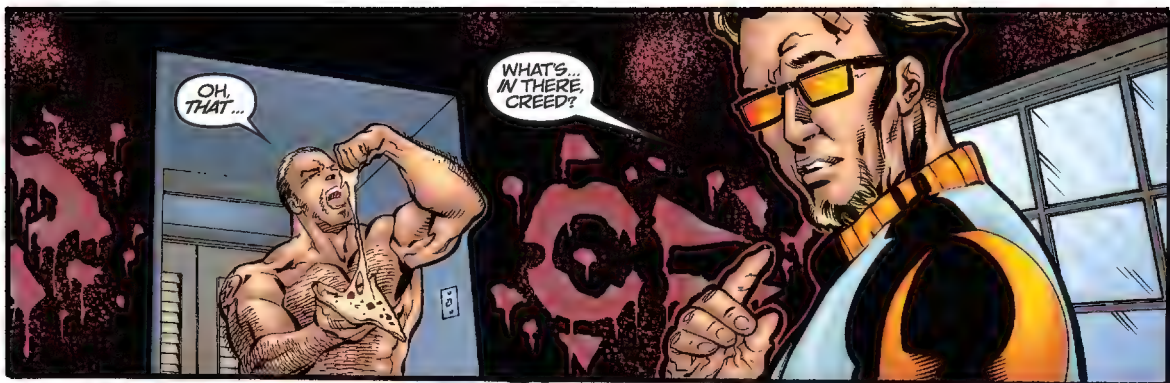
WHAT'S
THAT HORRIBLE
SMELL?

MUST BE
LUCKY OVER
THERE.

NO,
NOT THE
PIZZA GUY--
IT'S COMING
FROM...



...THE
BEDROOM.



NOW THIS ONE
I SHOULD'VE
SEEN COMING.

LET'S FACE IT,
THIS WASN'T LIKE
"OH, SO IT WAS THE
CRIPPLED GOOF
WHO WAS KAISER
SOSE ALL ALONG!"--

--THIS WAS MORE
LIKE "OH YEAH, SO
THAT DWEEB FROM
ALLY McBEAL'S IN
REHAB AGAIN, HUH?"

HELL, IF I'M GONNA BE
HONEST WITH MYSELF,
PART OF ME DID FIGURE THE
NEW WEAPON X PROGRAM
WASN'T TOTALLY KOSHER--

--BUT C'MON, THEY
GAVE ME MY FACE BACK--
I WOULD'VE SIGNED MY
SOUL OVER TO KATHIE LEE
HERSELF FOR THAT
TO HAPPEN AGAIN!

PLUS, TO BE FAIR,
I DIDN'T KNOW HOW OUT
AND OUT 90210-LEVEL EVIL
THEY REALLY WERE-- DIDN'T
KNOW THEY'D KILL KIDS
FOR ONE THING.

OR HOW THEY
TRICKED MY EX-GAL
PAL VANESSA TO RECRUIT
ME, SCREWING HER UP
IN THE PROCESS.

AND NOW THEY THINK
I'M GONNA WHACK HER. YEAH,
SURE, AND THE WB PROVIDES
GOOD, QUALITY
PROGRAMMING, RIGHT.

'NESSA,
OPEN UP--
WE'VE GOTTA
GET YOU
OUTTA
HERE!

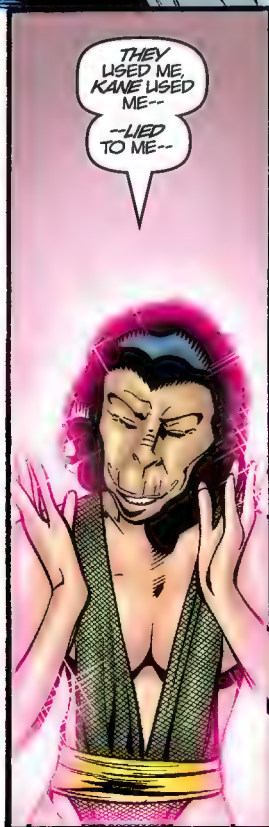
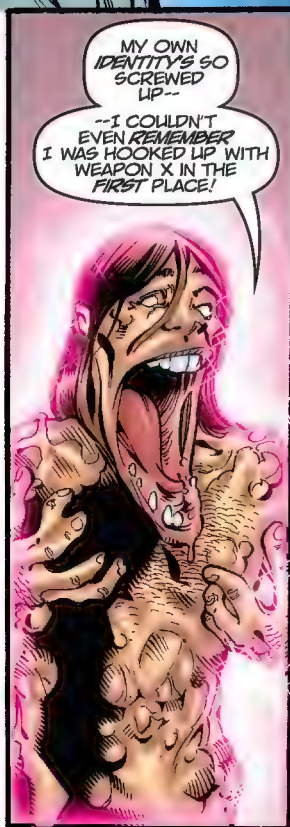
Bam
Bam
Bam

IS
THAT YOU,
WADE?

NO, IT'S
DICK CLARK AND
THAT FAT DICK
WITH AN EVEN
BIGGER, FATTER
CHECK!

OF
COURSE
IT'S ME!
OPEN--

--UP...







WELL, YA
WANTED A TOUR
A' THE MASTER
BEDROOM--

--AN'
NOW YA
GOT IT.

PROBABLY
BETTER THIS
WAY--LESS
EXPLAININ' I
GOTTA DO
LATER...

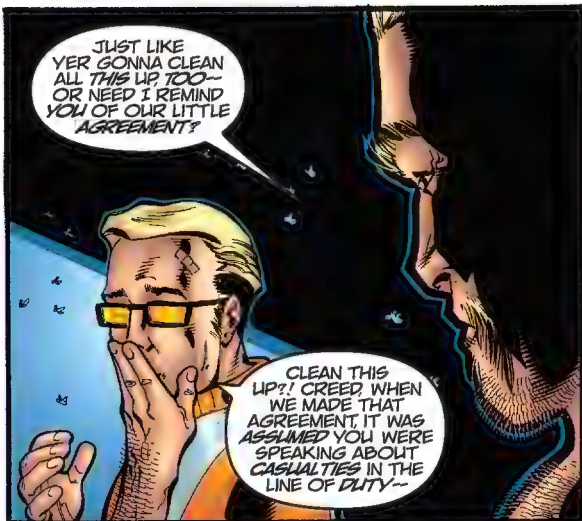
I-I-I...



BLECK!

OF ALL
THE--THIS
LOOK LIKE
A PIGSTY
T'YOU?

YA BETTER
BELIEVE YER
CLEANIN' THAT UP,
JACKIE-BOY.



JUST LIKE
YER GONNA CLEAN
ALL THIS UP TOO--
OR NEED I REMIND
YOU OF OUR LITTLE
AGREEMENT?

CLEAN THIS
UP?! CREED WHEN
WE MADE THAT
AGREEMENT IT WAS
ASSUMED YOU WERE
SPEAKING ABOUT
CASUALTIES IN THE
LINE OF DUTY--



--NOT FREE
REIN TO COMMIT
COLD-BLOODED
MURDER!

WHAT DID
MOM ALWAYS
TELL YA 'BOUT
ASSUMIN',
JACKIE-BOY?



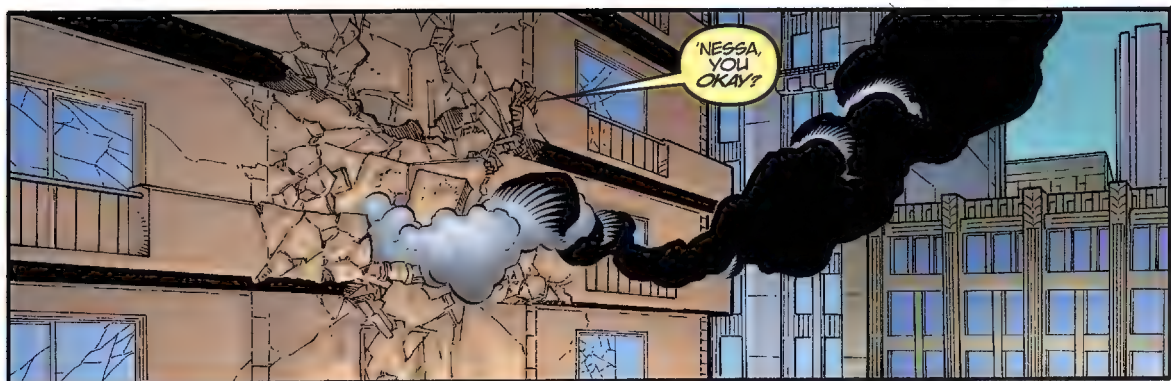
THIS...THIS IS
UNACCEPTABLE.

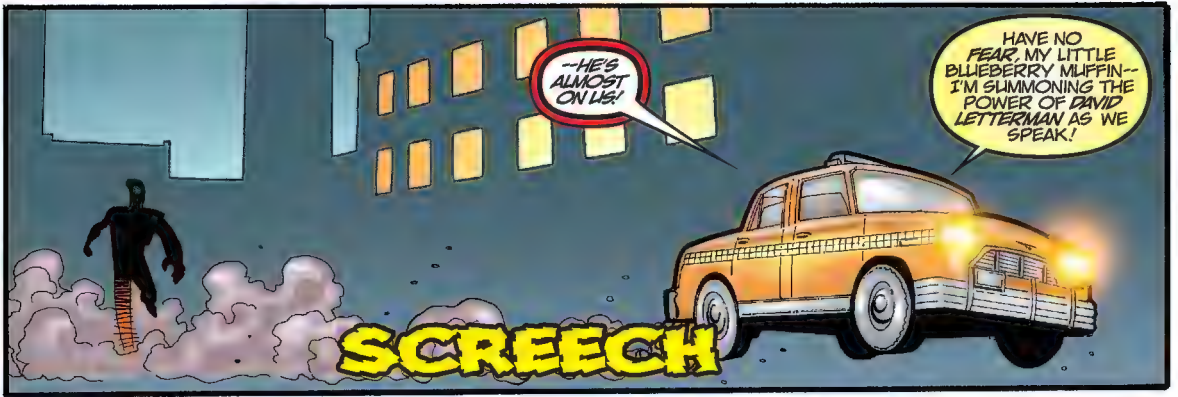
I MEAN,
LOOK AT THIS
GIRL, FOR CRYING
OUT LOUD--WHAT
IS SHE, 18...20,
TOPS?



GEE, IF YER
PANTIES'RE IN A
BUNCH OVER
HER...

...THEN
I GUESS YA
BETTER NOT
LOOK IN THE
CLOSET...





--HE'S
ALMOST
ON US!

HAVE NO
FEAR, MY LITTLE
BLUEBERRY MUFFIN--
I'M SUMMONING THE
POWER OF DAVID
LETTERMAN AS WE
SPEAK!

SCREECH



OH, YOU'RE
NOT GETTING
AWAY FROM ME
THAT EASILY,
WILSON!

Hmmmm...
NOW WHY DO
I SUDDENLY
FEEL LIKE LINDA
HAMILTON?



MAKE ALL THE
JOKES YOU LIKE
WISEGUY--THE
BOTTOM LINE IS, THIS
WHOLE ASSIGNMENT
WAS ALL JUST A
TEST--

--AND AS
USUAL--YOU
FAILED!

FAILED?
AW, SHUCKS--
DOES THAT MEAN
I GET LEFT BACK
NOW?

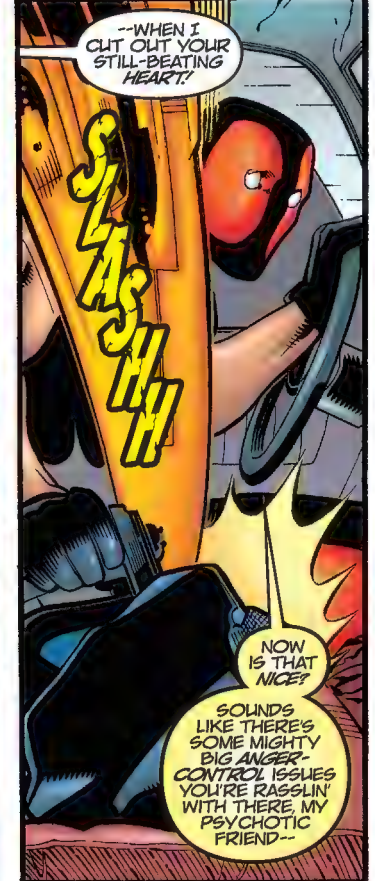


AND AFTER I
SPENT ALL THAT
MONEY ON MY TLX
FOR THE WEAPON X
FROM, TOO...

KEEP IT
UP, WILSON.
I WANT YOU
LAUGHING--

--I WANT
THAT STUPID
EXPRESSION
OF YOURS STILL
ON YOUR
FACE--

RRRIIPPP

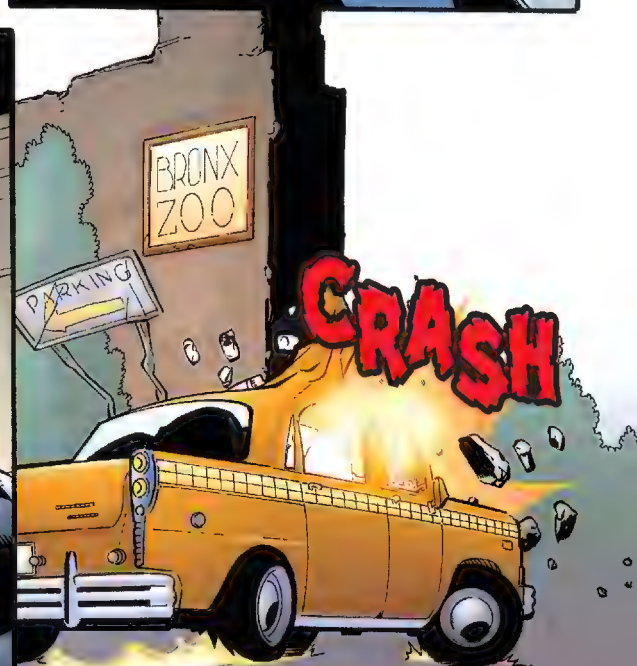
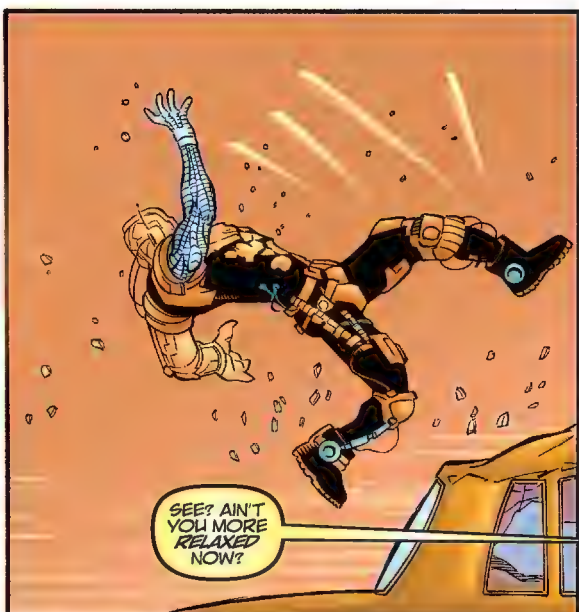


--WHEN I
CUT OUT YOUR
STILL-BEATING
HEART!

SLASH

NOW
IS THAT
NICE?

SOUNDS
LIKE THERE'S
SOME MIGHTY
BIG ANGER
CONTROL ISSUES
YOU'RE RAGGLIN'
WITH THERE, MY
PSYCHOTIC
FRIEND--



I-I DON'T
EVEN WANT TO
LOOK... W-WHAT'S
IN THE CLOSET,
CREED?

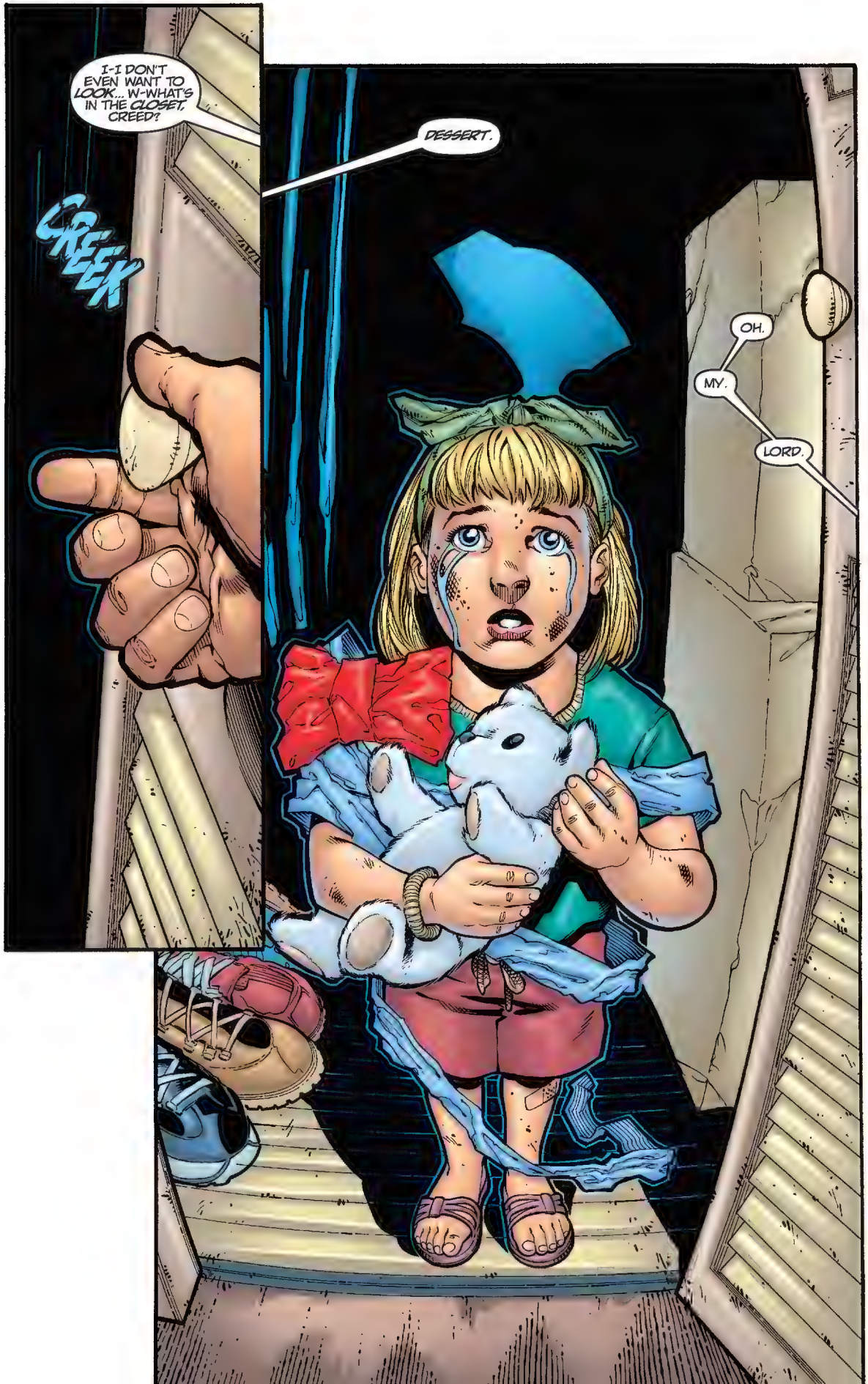
CREEK

DESSERT.

OH.

MY.

LORD.







THAT'LL BE \$570, MA'AM-- AND YA BETTER NOT CHINCH ME ON MY TIP NEITHER!

WADE...



... I... I CAN'T HOLD MY SHAPE MUCH LONGER...

HEY-- --WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU ALL STARING AT?

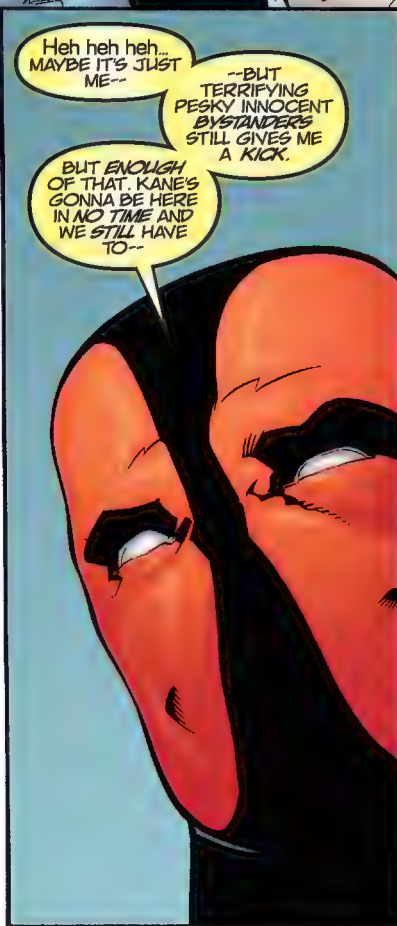
LIKE YA NEVER SEEN A MASKED MAN AND A BLUE GIRL CRASH A STOLEN CAB INTO THE BRONX ZOO BEFORE? SHEESH!



GO ON NOW--SCRAM! NOTHING TO SEE HERE, PEOPLE!

RATA RATAT!

WELL, OTHER THAN A NUTBALL SHOOTING A MACHINE GUN INTO THE SKY, OF COURSE!



Heh heh heh... MAYBE IT'S JUST ME--

--BUT TERRIFYING PESKY INNOCENT BYSTANDERS STILL GIVES ME A KICK.

BUT ENOUGH OF THAT. KANE'S GONNA BE HERE IN NO TIME AND WE STILL HAVE TO--



--HOLY AXEL FOLEY! I'VE GOT'S ME AN IDEA!

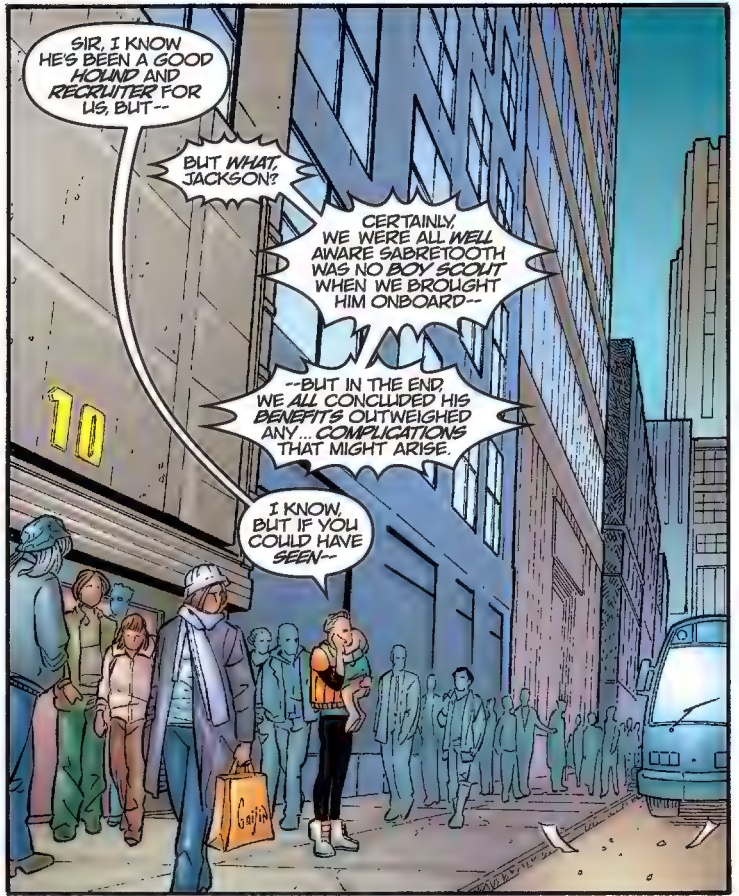




SIR, I'M NOW EXITING AGENT CREED'S APARTMENT AND...AND...

GO ON, JACKSON-- SPIT IT OUT ALREADY.

...THE THINGS I FOUND THERE, SIR...IT'S LITERALLY A HORROR SHOW.



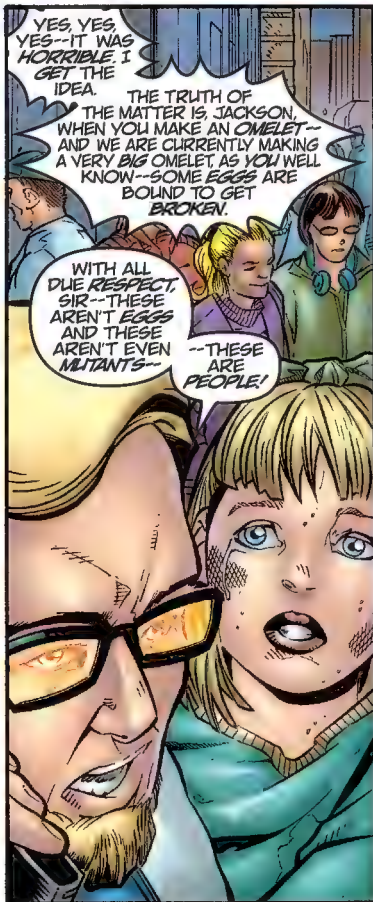
SIR, I KNOW HE'S BEEN A GOOD HOUND AND RECRUITER FOR US, BUT--

BUT WHAT, JACKSON?

CERTAINLY, WE WERE ALL WELL AWARE SABRETOOTH WAS NO BOY SCOUT WHEN WE BROUGHT HIM ONBOARD--

--BUT IN THE END WE ALL CONCLUDED HIS BENEFITS OUTWEIGHED ANY...COMPLICATIONS THAT MIGHT ARISE.

I KNOW, BUT IF YOU COULD HAVE SEEN--



YES, YES, YES--IT WAS HORRIBLE. I GET THE IDEA.

THE TRUTH OF THE MATTER IS JACKSON WHEN YOU MAKE AN OMELET-- AND WE ARE CURRENTLY MAKING A VERY BIG OMELET AS YOU WELL KNOW--SOME EGGS ARE BOUND TO GET BROKEN.

WITH ALL DUE RESPECT, SIR--THESE AREN'T EGGS AND THESE AREN'T EVEN MUTANTS--

--THESE ARE PEOPLE!



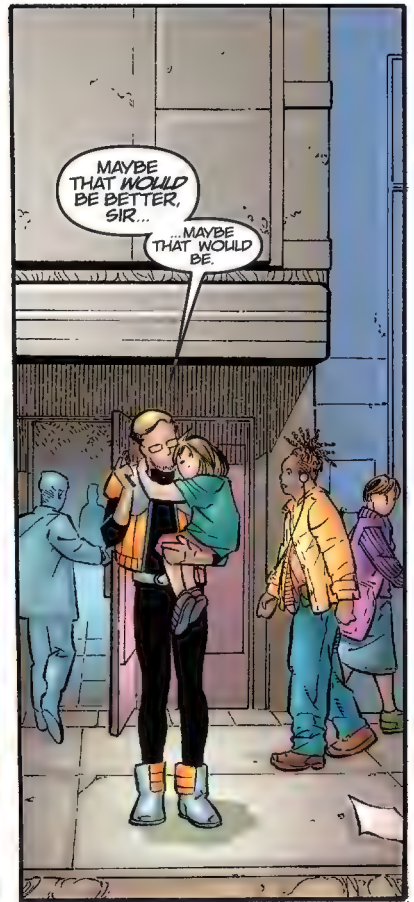
AND WHILE IT'S TRUE CREED DID BACK OFF WHEN I CONFRONTED HIM--

HE DID WHAT?

BACKED OFF--THAT WAS THE STRANGEST PART. I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT.

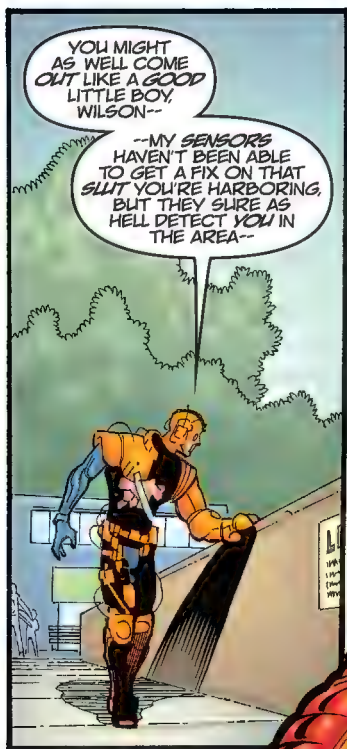
WHAT'S THE PROBLEM, THEN?

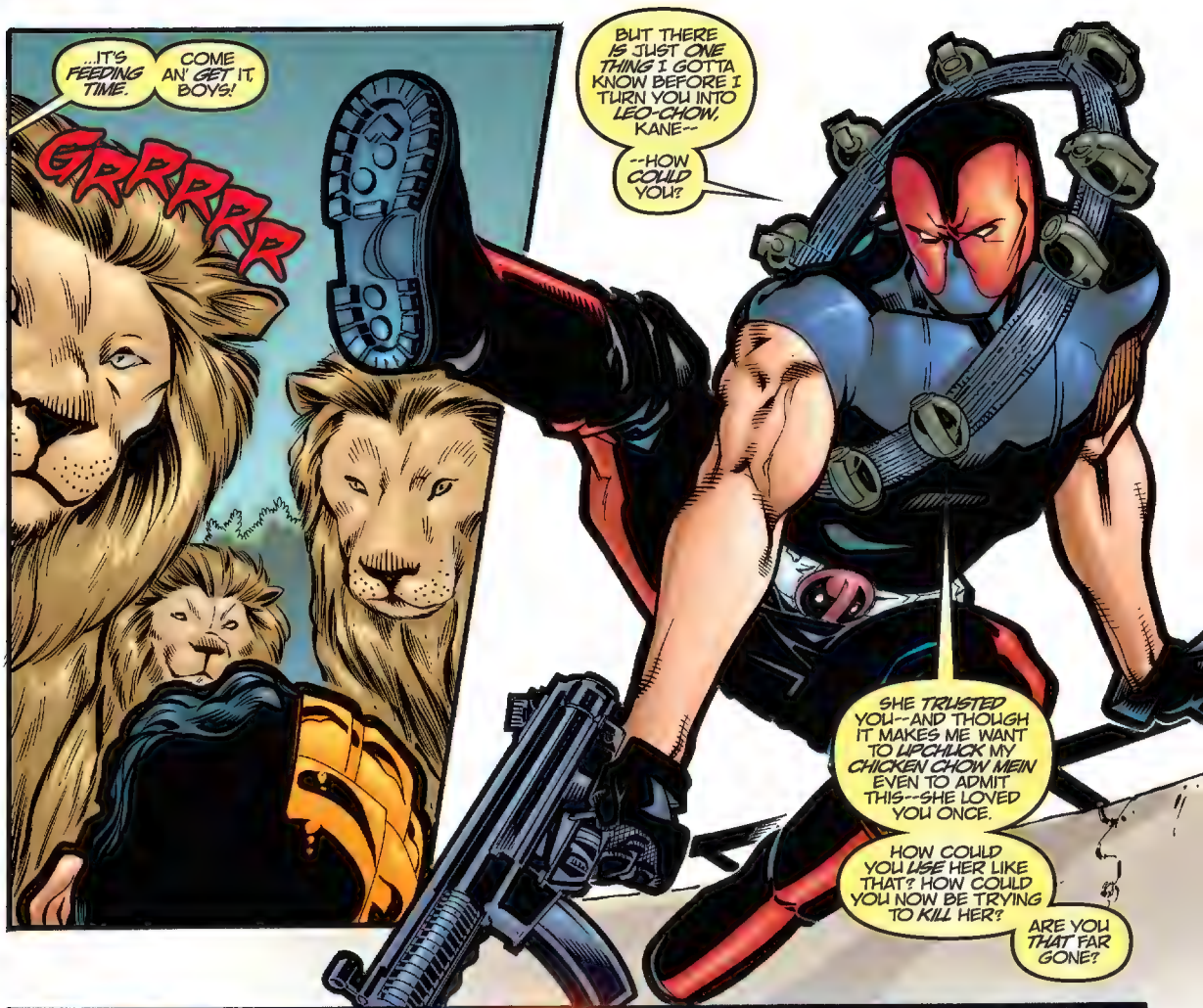
SIGH: PERHAPS, AGENT JACKSON, IT WOULD BE BETTER IF I DEALT WITH MR. CREED MYSELF FROM NOW ON.



MAYBE THAT WOULD BE BETTER, SIR...

...MAYBE THAT WOULD BE.





...IT'S
FEEDING
TIME.

COME
AN' GET IT,
BOYS!

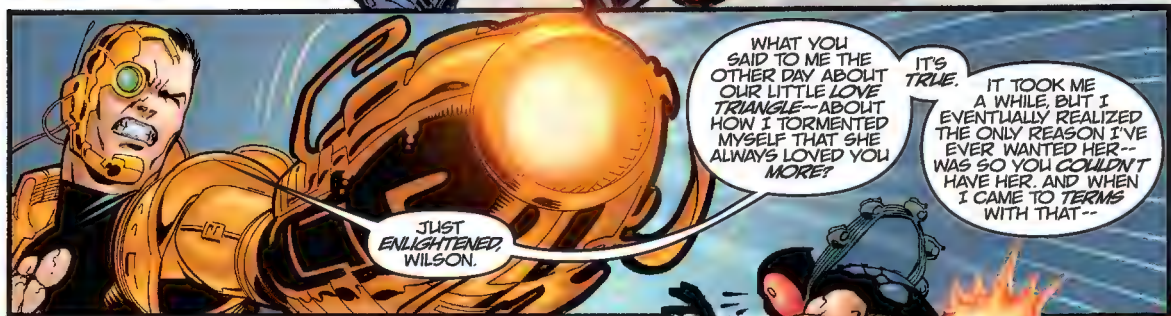
BUT THERE
IS JUST ONE
THING I GOTTA
KNOW BEFORE I
TURN YOU INTO
LEO-CHOW,
KANE--

--HOW
COULD
YOU?

SHE TRUSTED
YOU--AND THOUGH
IT MAKES ME WANT
TO LIP-CLICK MY
CHICKEN CHOW MEIN
EVEN TO ADMIT
THIS--SHE LOVED
YOU ONCE.

HOW COULD
YOU USE HER LIKE
THAT? HOW COULD
YOU NOW BE TRYING
TO KILL HER?

ARE YOU
THAT FAR
GONE?



JUST
ENLIGHTENED,
WILSON.

WHAT YOU
SAID TO ME THE
OTHER DAY ABOUT
OUR LITTLE LOVE
TRIANGLE--ABOUT
HOW I TORMENTED
MYSELF THAT SHE
ALWAYS LOVED YOU
MORE?

IT'S
TRUE.

IT TOOK ME
A WHILE, BUT I
EVENTUALLY REALIZED
THE ONLY REASON I'VE
EVER WANTED HER--
WAS SO YOU COULDN'T
HAVE HER, AND WHEN
I CAME TO TERMS
WITH THAT--

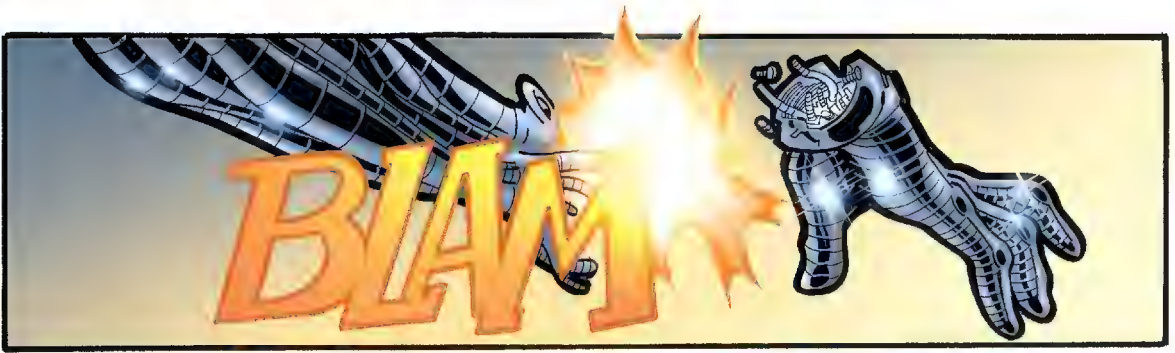
--I FINALLY
KNEW HOW
EXPENSIBLE
SHE WAS.



SIMILAR
TO HOW OUR
LARGE FELINE
FRIENDS PRESENTLY
FIND YOU, DON'T
YOU THINK?

Um... YOU
FELLAS WOULDN'T
HAPPEN TO BE OF THE
"CONARDLY" VARIETY
NOW, WOULD YA?

BLAM



NOW LOOK
WHAT YOU MADE
ME DO--I KILLED
SIMBA'S FATHER ALL
OVER AGAIN!

NOT TO
MENTION HIS
AUNT, HIS NEPHEW,
HIS THIRD
COUSIN TWICE
REMOVED...



I MUST
ADMIT THAT WAS
IMPRESSIVE.

FEW MEN
WOULD HAVE
BEEN ABLE TO
SIMULTANEOUSLY
SLAY THE LIONS
AND BLOW MY
HAND OFF...



...BUT NOW,
I'M AFRAID TO
TELL YOU--

SNIKT!

--IT'S MY
TURN TO
IMPRESS.

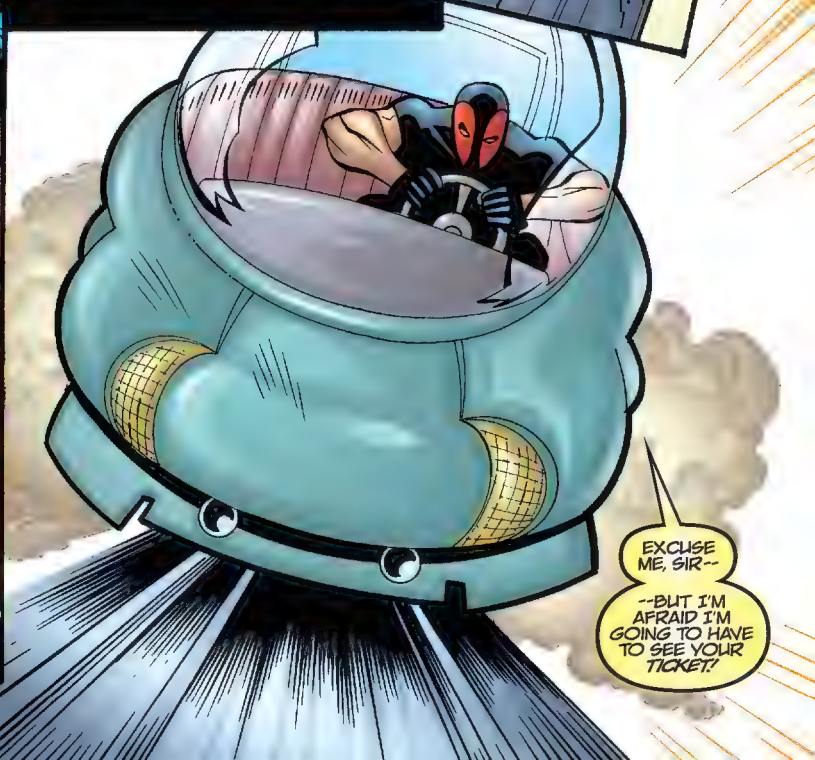
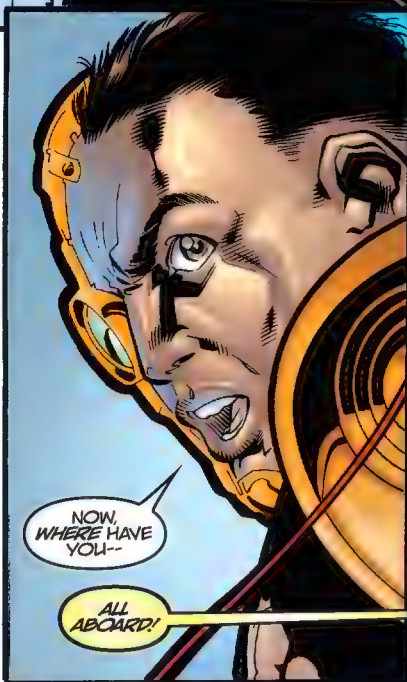
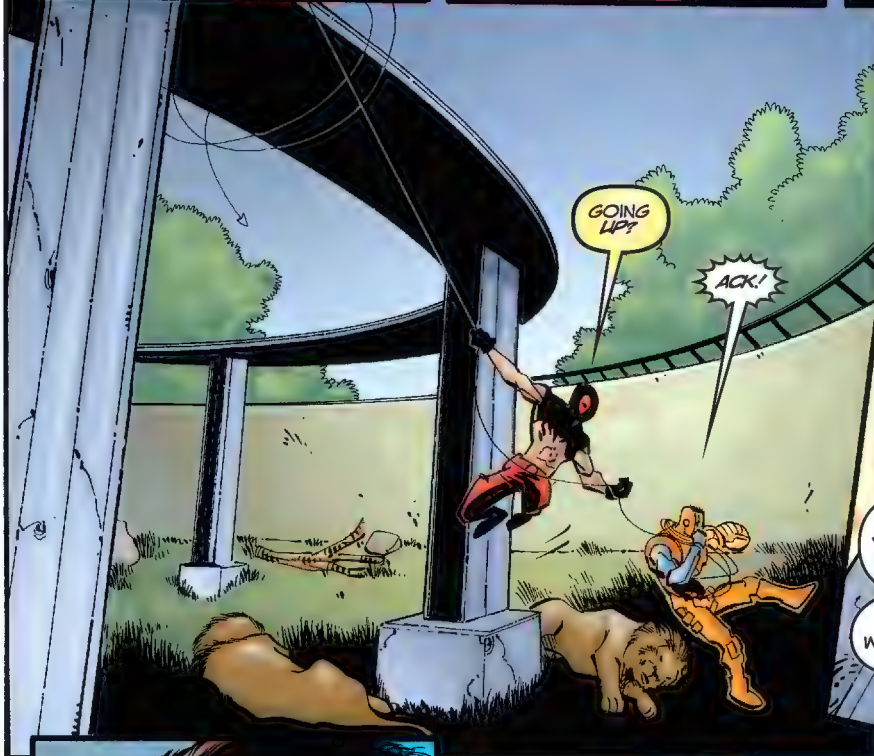


HEY--NO
FAIR!

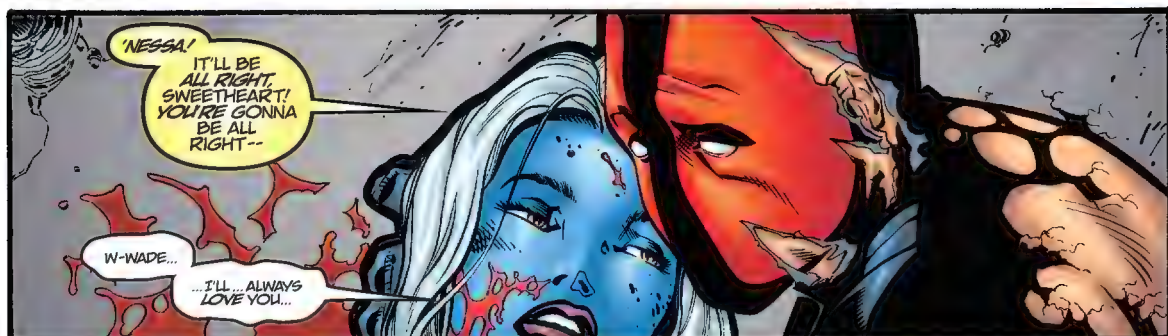
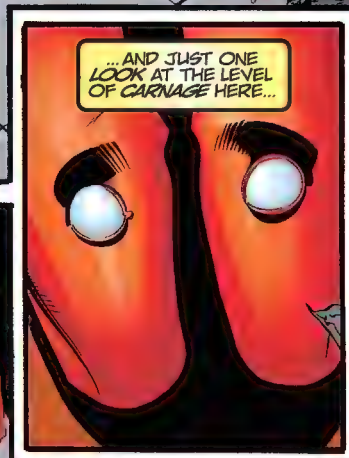
AIN'T THOSE
TRADEMARKED OR
SOMETHING?

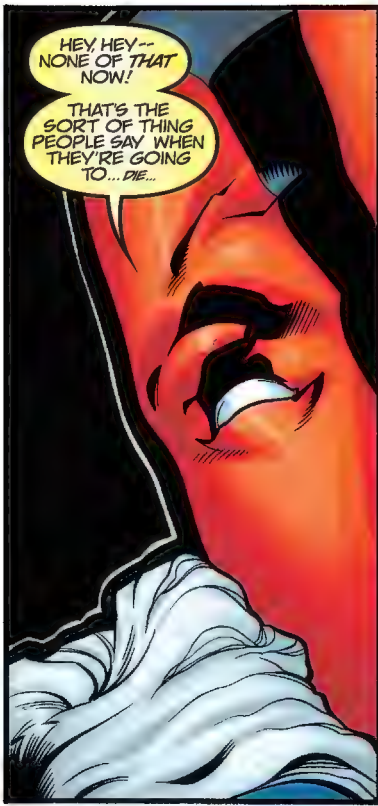


WHAT THEY
ARE IS JUST ABOUT
AS DEADLY AS THE
REAL MCCOY.









continued...

MARVEL® COMICS

DEADPOOL: AGENT OF WEAPON X

MARVEL
PG M 4
60





1
A SAFE HOUSE
IN BROOKLYN.

OKAY,
WADE...



...THIS IS IT.
NO TURNING
BACK NOW...

...NOT AFTER
THOSE WEAPON X
MONSTERS HAD
SABRETOOTH
MURDER VANESSA
THERE ISN'T.



YOU
KNOW WHAT
YOU HAVE TO
DO...

...SO SAY
GOODBYE AND
LET'S GET ON WITH
IT ALREADY.



GOODBYE,
OLD FACE... IT WAS
NICE TO SEE YA
AGAIN, IF ONLY FOR
A LITTLE WHILE.

CHANCES ARE,
THOUGH, THEY'LL
FIND SOME WAY TO
MAKE YOU GO
BYE-BYE BY THE
TIME THE CURTAIN
DROPS ON THIS
FINAL ACT.



GOODBYE,
JUICED-UP HEALING
FACTOR THAT LETS
ME CARVE A HOLE IN
MY HEAD THE SIZE
OF AN OLSEN
TWIN...

...SAME
APPLIES FOR
YOU--BUT WE HAD
SOME GOOD TIMES,
DIDN'T WE?



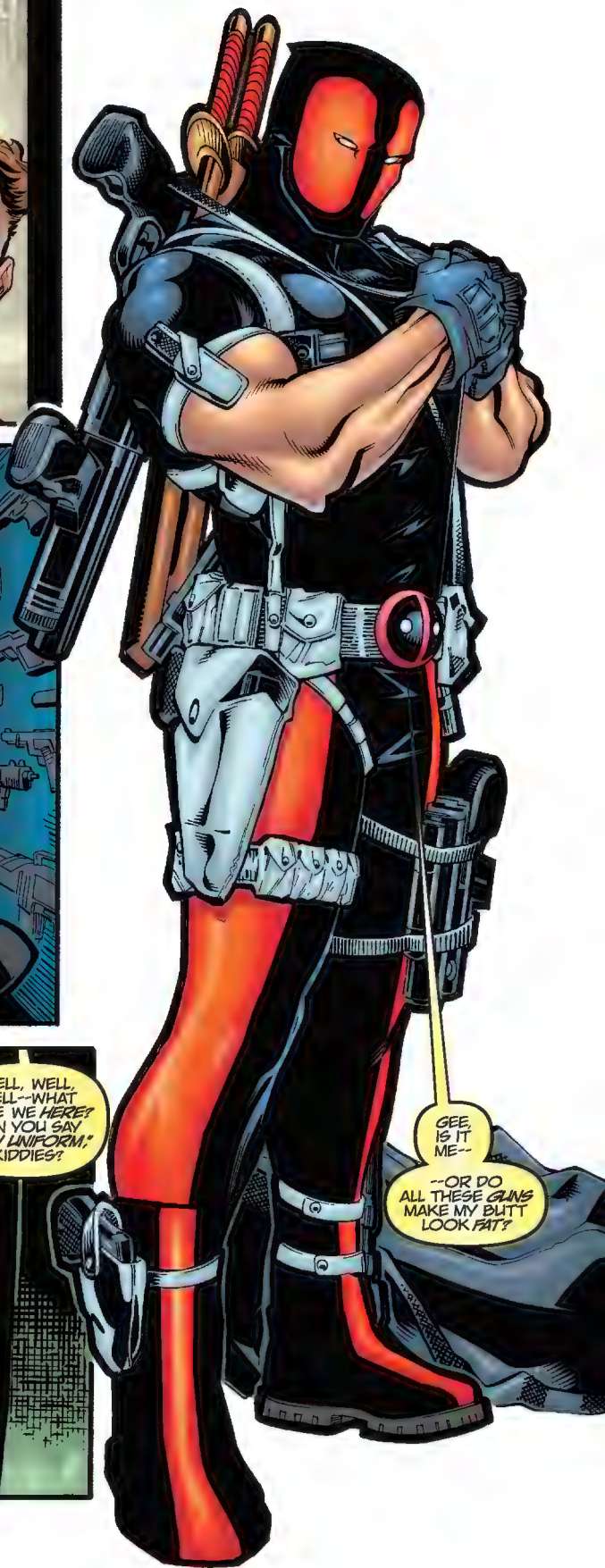
GOODBYE
WEAPON X THINGAMAJIG
THAT WON'T LET ME CUT
UP MY SUPERIORS INTO
FATE...

...GOTTA TELL
YA, CHIEF--YOU
I'M NOT GONNA
MISS SO MUCH.



GOODBYE,
SCARECROW...

...I THINK
I'LL MISS YOU
MOST OF ALL.



LATER.

WELL, THIS SURE AS HELL HASN'T GONE ACCORDING TO PLAN.

**GEEZ,
FELLAS..**

... I HAVEN'T
SEEN THIS MUCH
GUNPLAY SINCE
THE SOURCE
AWARDS!

DIDN'T FIGURE
THEY'D TRACK
ME DOWN SO
QUICKLY...





SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEADPOOL AGENT OF WEAPONX

FRANK TIERI: WRITER
GEORGES JEANTY: PENCILER
HOLDREDGE & WONG: INKERS
BARRY WINDSOR-SMITH: COVER
COLOR DOJO: COLORIST
SHARPEFONT'S DAVE: LETTERER
MIKE RAIGHT: ASSISTANT EDITOR
MIKE MARTS: EDITOR
JOE QUESADA: CHIEF
BILL JEMAS: PRESIDENT

PT FOUR:

FLASHLINE

...OR THAT THEY'D SEND A
FREAKIN' ARMY AFTER ME!

YOU'RE
MAKING THIS
WAAAAAY MORE
DIFFICULT THAN
IT HAS TO BE,
MR. FUNNY
MAN--

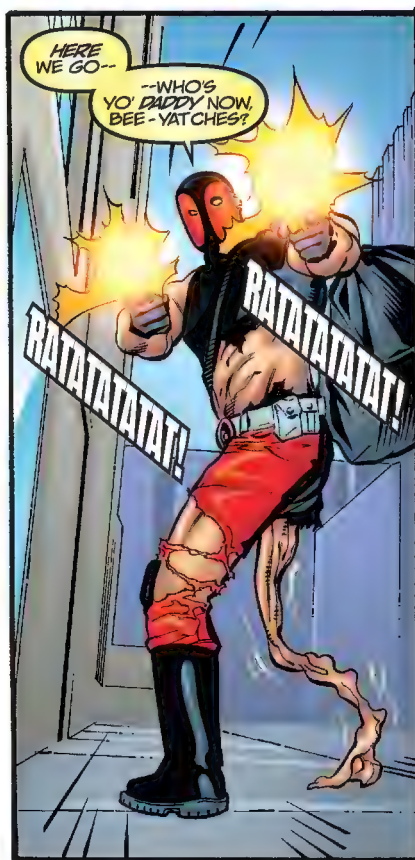
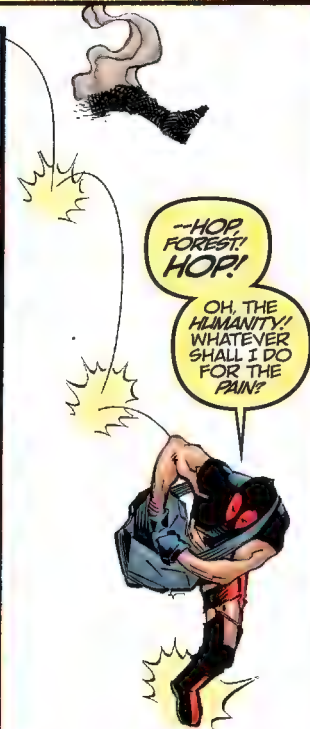
--THE
DIRECTOR
JUST WANTS
TO TALK.

OH YEAH,
POOCHIE? THEN
TELL YOUR LOYAL
FUGLINESS TO CALL
BARBARA WALTERS
IF HE WANTS TO
CHEW THE FAT WITH
SOMEBODY!

ALTHOUGH...
HE'S NOT SOME
CRAZY ACTRESS WHO
SPEAKS IN A SECRET
ALIEN LANGUAGE,
IS HE?

I THINK
THEY COVERED
THAT ALREADY...







DAGNABIT! NAILED ME A FEW GRUNTS, BUT SAURON BLOCKED MOST OF IT.

AND HERE COMES...



...WILD CHILD.

WHY, IF IT ISN'T MY OLD FRIEND DILBY? HOW YA BEEN, DILLNEED-- STILL CHASING CARS AND STRADDLING PEOPLE'S LEGS?



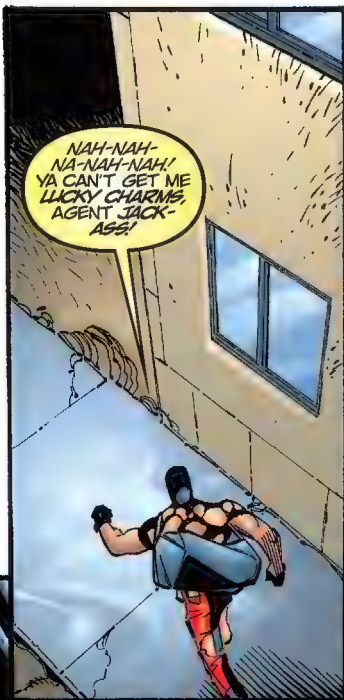
YEE-OUCH!

WELL, YA DON'T SAY...



...QUITE THE STIMULATING CONVERSATION WE HAD THERE, DILLSTAIN--

--WE SIMPLY MUST DO THIS AGAIN SOMETIME.





Hmm...
NOWHERE
TO BE FOUND...
BUT WILD CHILD'S
SNOOT SHOULD
TELL US OTHER-
WISE...

SIR! I THINK
WILD CHILD'S
PICKED UP HIS
SCENT!



EXCELLENT...
SO IS THAT...?

**SNIF!
SNIF!**



YEP... MY
BVD'S.

THAT IS
THE SCENT
ROVER'S
PICKING
UP...

...PARDON
MOI IF THEY'RE
A LITTLE RIPE,
BUT I JUST HAD
MEXICAN AND
WELL, YA KNOW...

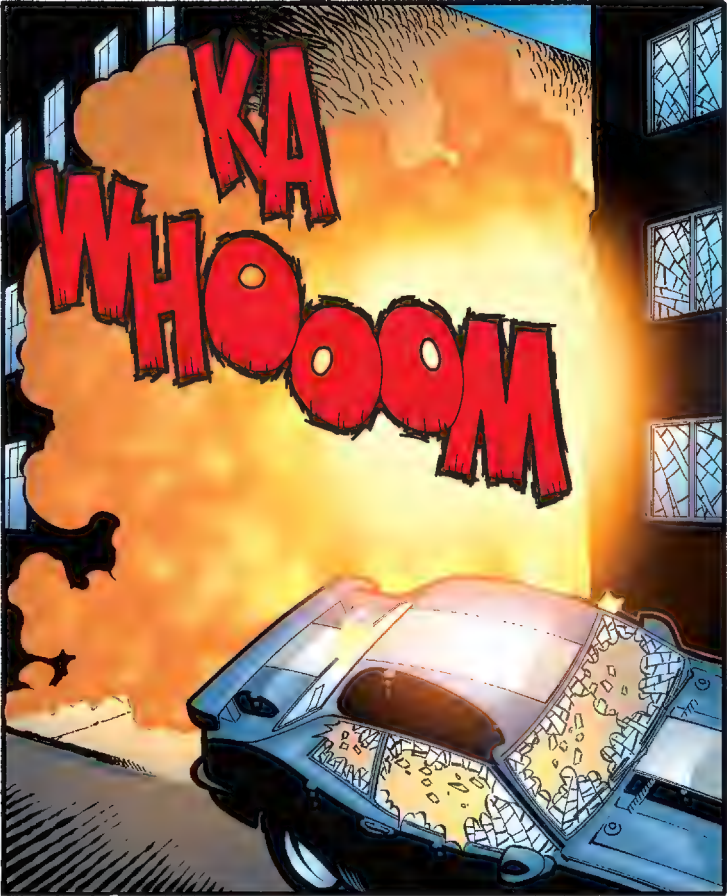
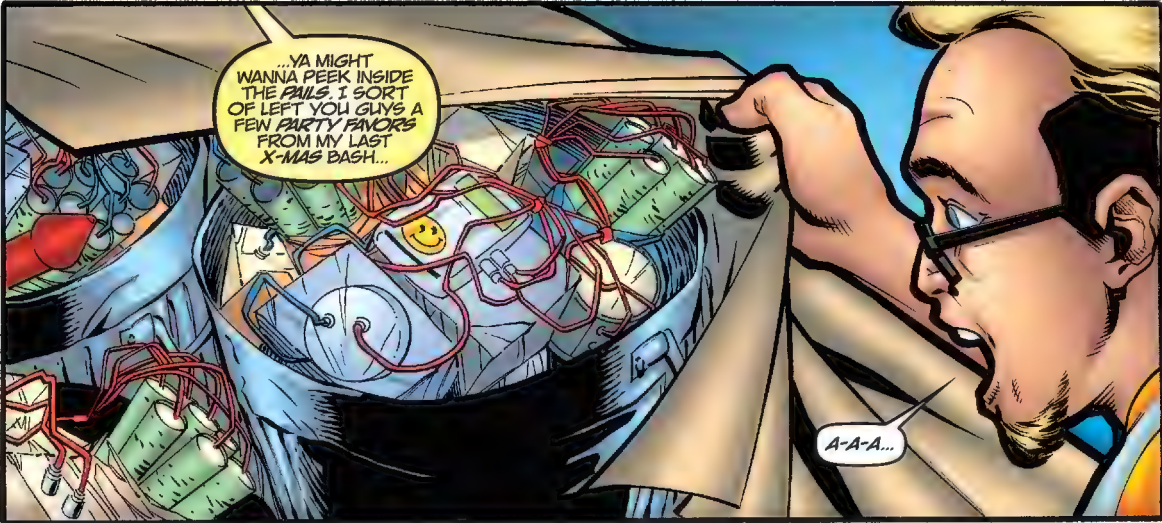
...ACCIDENTS
WILL
HAPPEN.

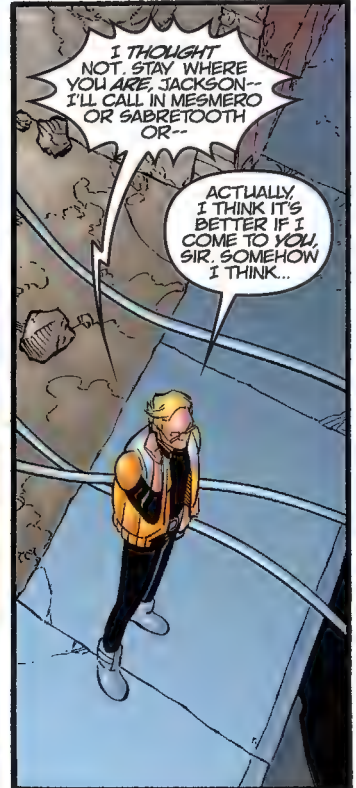
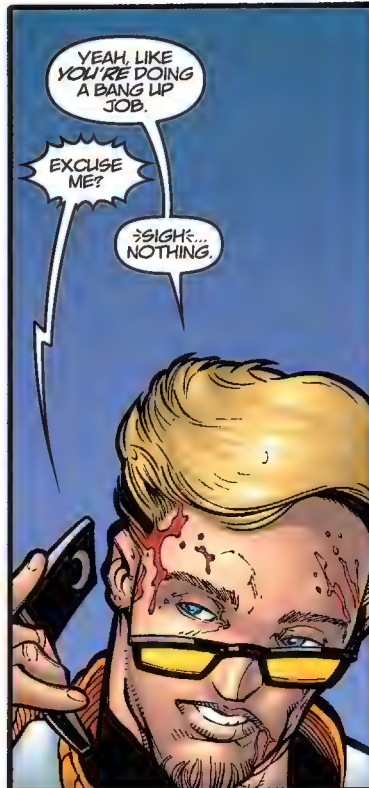
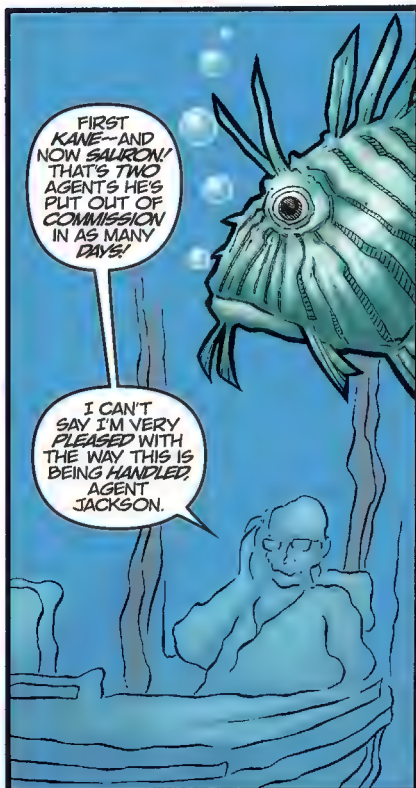
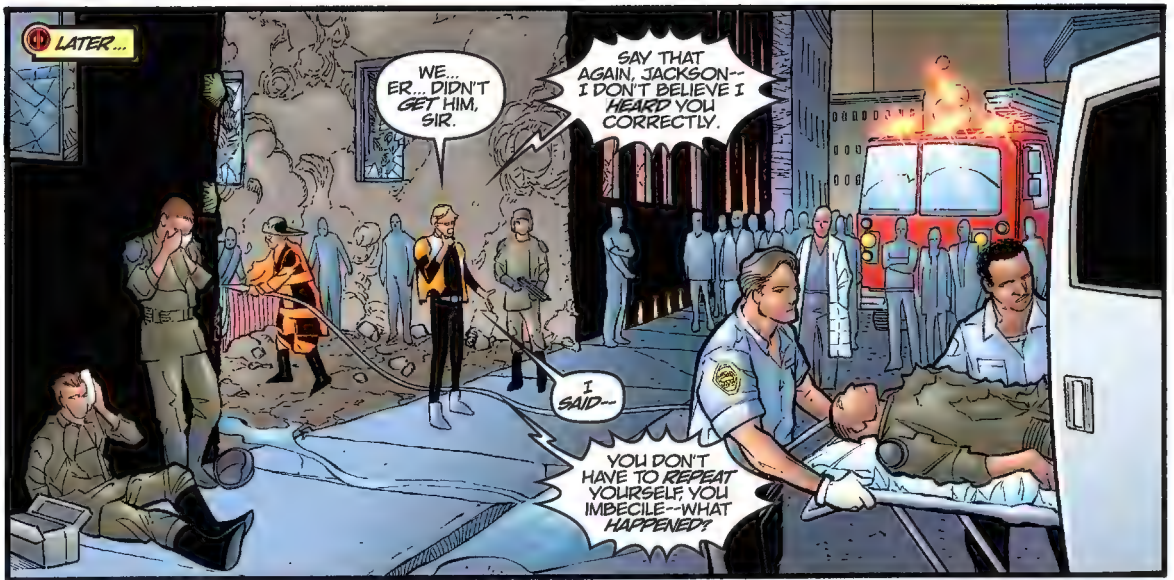


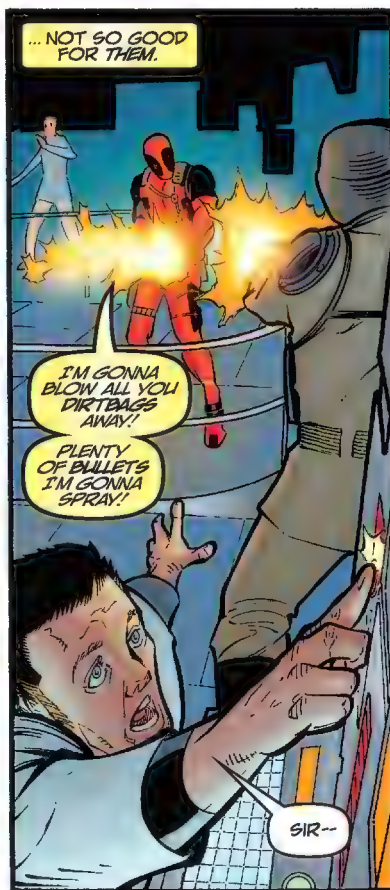
SAURON--

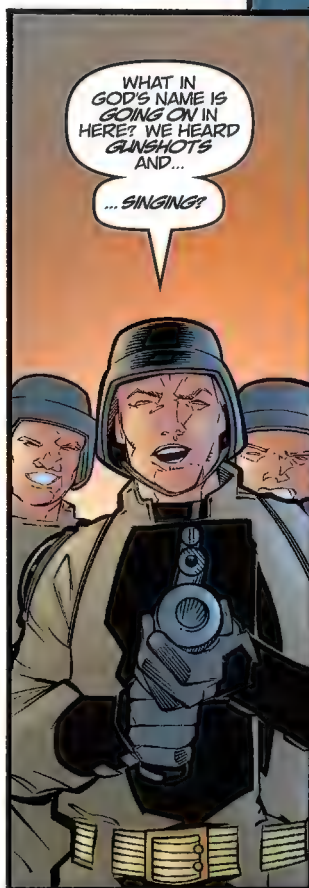
--FLY UP
THERE AND BRING
ME THE HEAD OF
THAT PIECE OF
GARBAGE, WON'T
YOU?

HEY,
WHILE WE'RE
ON THE SUBJECT
OF GARBAGE,
POOCHIE...









WHAT IN GOD'S NAME IS GOING ON IN HERE? WE HEARD GUNSHOTS AND...

...SINGING?



WELL, ALL THE DEAD BODIES CERTAINLY EXPLAIN THE GUNSHOTS, BUT WHO~



THAT WOULD BE ME, MUSIC LOVERS!

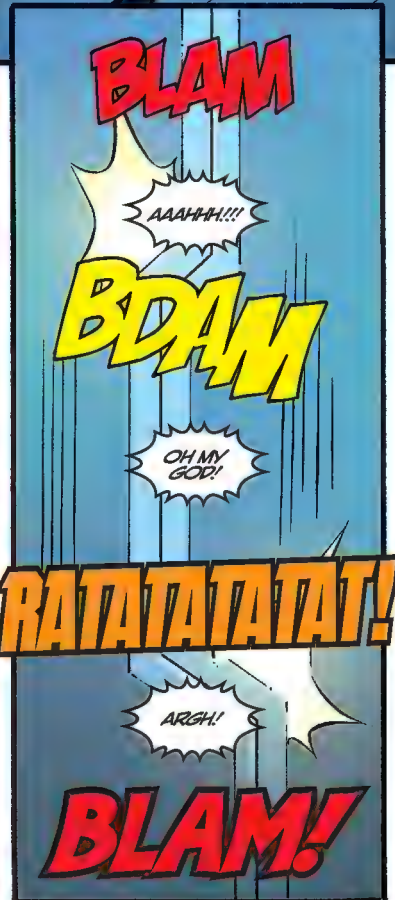
OH, I KNOW I'M NO MARIAH CAREY--HELL, I'M NOT EVEN HARRY CAREY, TO BE HONEST--BUT I TRY.

IN FACT, I'VE BEEN WORKING ON A LITTLE ALBUMER I'D LIKE TO RUN BY YOU GUYS...



...IT'S CALLED "I'M LOCKING THIS DOOR NOW AND NOT LEAVING 'TIL EVERY LAST ONE OF YOU WEAPON X PUSHBUCKETS IS DEAD."

MAESTRO, IF YOU PLEASE!



BLAM

AAAAHH!!!

BDAM

OH MY GOD!

RATATATATAT!

ARGH!

BLAM!



ANYBODY
WANNA SEE WHAT
I DO FOR AN
ENCORE?

AS A
MATTER
OF FACT, I
WOULD.

HERR
DIRECTOR--
IS THAT YOU?
HEY, I'M READY
FOR THAT TALK
YOU WANTED
NOW...

NOT MUCH
CHIT-CHAT DOWN
HERE ALL OF A
SUDDEN, FOR SOME
REASON.

YES,
APPARENTLY
YOU WERE QUITE
EFFICIENT IN
DISPENSING WITH
OUR NON-POWERED
SOLDIERS...

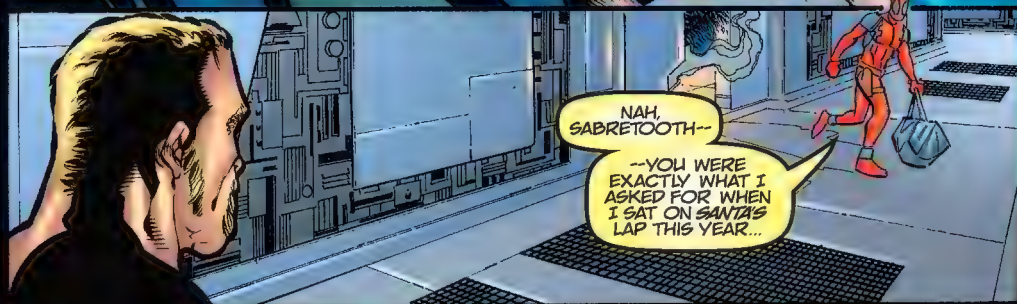


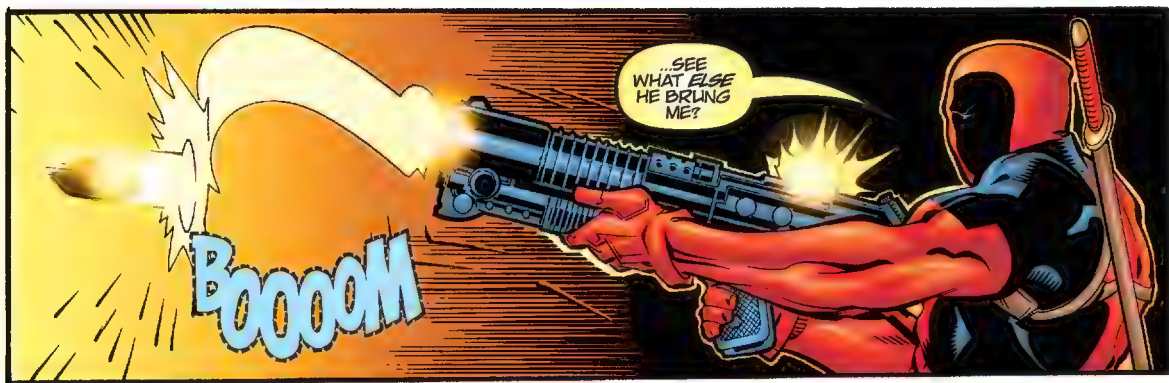
...PERHAPS YOU'LL
FIND WHAT AWAITS YOU
OUTSIDE A BIT MORE
CHALLENGING.

Ooooh--
A SURPRISE!
YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE YOU OLD
DOG!

WHO IS IT?
MORE TROOPS?
MY AUNT LOU WITH
THE IDENTITY CRISIS?
AL SHARPTON?

THE
SUSPENSE
IS KILLING
ME!







--SHIT
YOUR STINKING
TRAP!

ACK!

AIN'T SO
EASY TO TRASH
TALK WITH A PIG-
STICKER IN YOUR
TONSILS, HUH?

NAH,
I'LL BE
FINE...



...IT'S
YOU I AIN'T
SO SURE
ABOUT.

FXXX

YA KNOW
WHAT THEY
SAY...



...WEAPON X
GIVETH...

...WEAPON X
TAKETH AWAY!
Heh heh
heh...

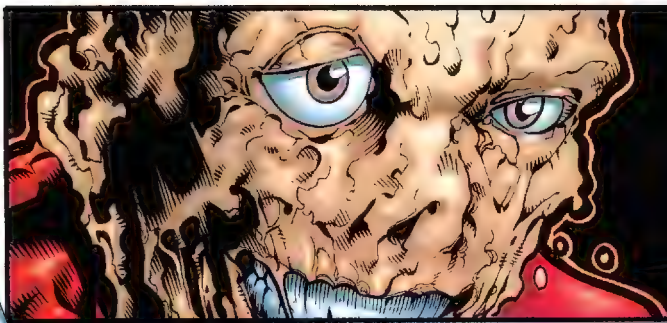
I'M
MELTING--!
WHAT A
WORLD...



GADZOOKS! I
FIGURED WEAPON X
WOULD FIND A WAY TO
TAKE AWAY THEIR
HEALING FACTOR--

--BUT I DIDN'T
THINK THEY'D TURN
ME INTO PUDDING!

THIS IS
JUST GREAT--
ALL I NEED NOW IS
BILL COSBY TO
SLAP A POPSICLE
STICK ON MY BUTT
AND TRY TO
SELL ME!



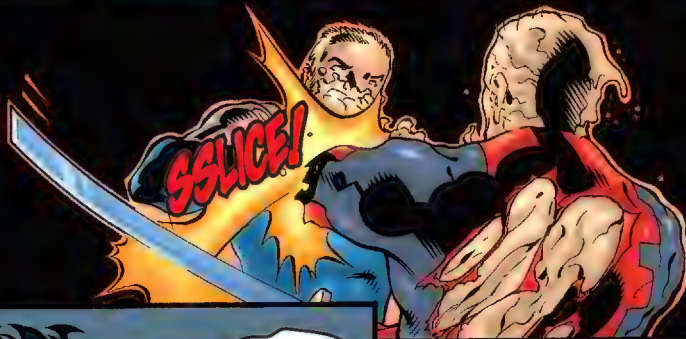
WOW...
LOOK AT MR.
DEVILS
HERE...

... GOT IT
ALL FIGURED
OUT--DON'T
YOU, CREED?

IN FACT,
MAYBE YOU'LL
FIGURE OUT HOW
TO BREATHE--



--AFTER I
RAM MY GOOPY
FIST DOWN YOUR
THROAT!



SSSLICE!



LUUURKKK!



I'M SORRY--
DID YOU SAY
SOMETHING?

GULUHHK!

HARD TO
UNDERSTAND YOU,
VIC--WHAT WITH MY
FINGERS TICKLING
YOUR LUNGS THE
WAY THEY ARE!

>AHEM<



I'VE COME TO INFORM YOU WE'LL NO LONGER BE REQUIRING YOUR SERVICES, AGENT DEADPOOL...

... I'M AFRAID YOU'RE BEING TERMINATED.



TERMINATED? I'LL SHOW YOU TERMINATED YOU LOSEY SCUM-SUCKING, YAK-MOLESTING...



RATATATATAT!



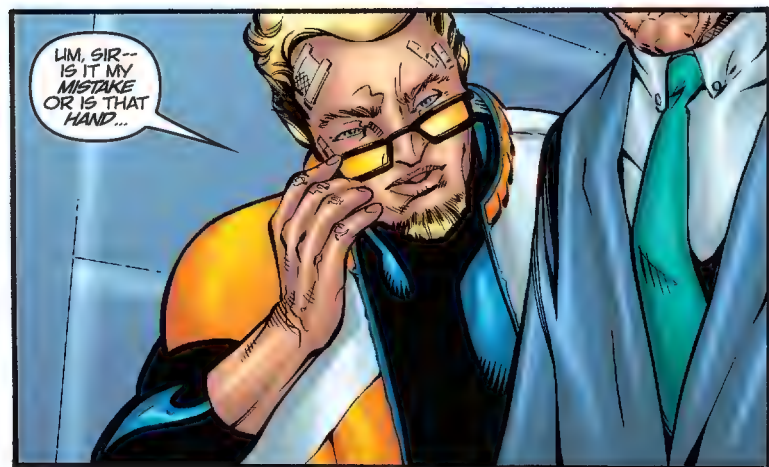
... BACKSTREET BOY LOVING...

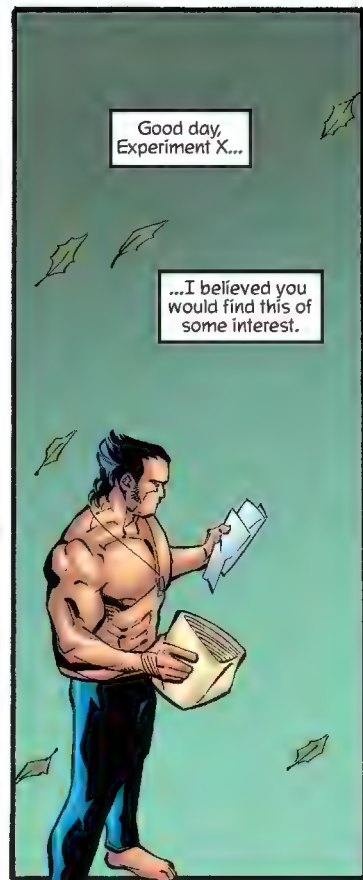
RATATATATAT!

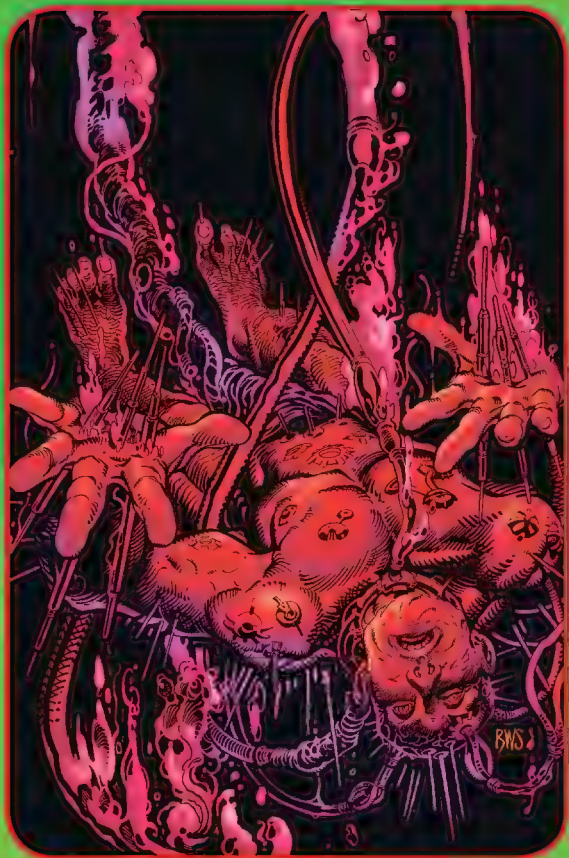


... "TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL" WATCHING...

RATATATATAT!







MARVEL® COMICS

DEADPOOL®: FUNERAL FOR A FREAK

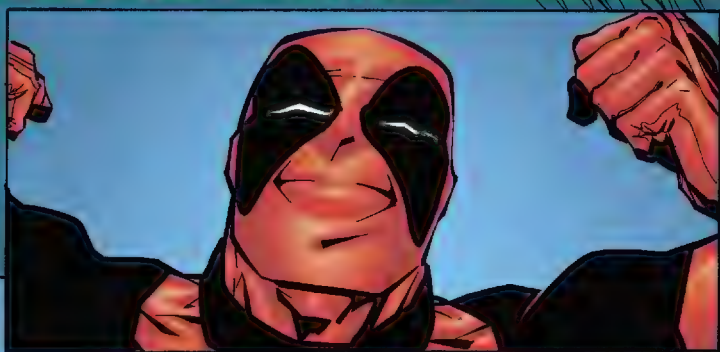
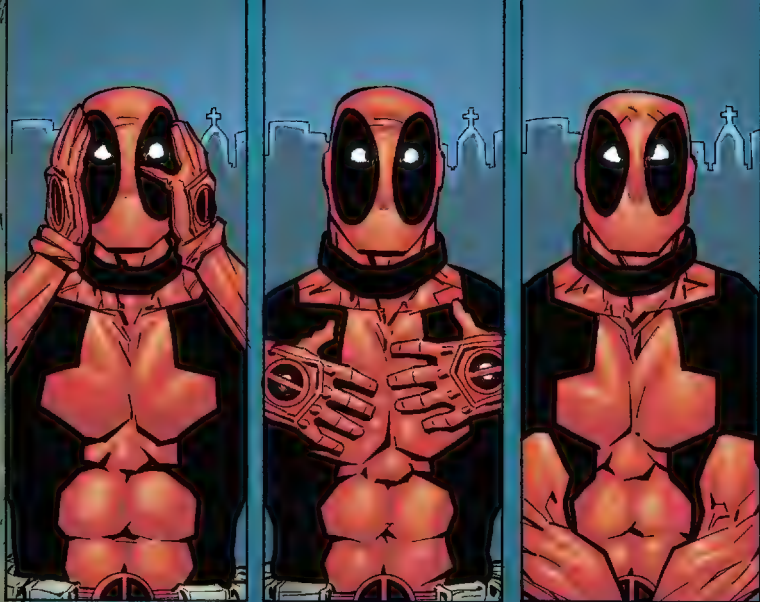


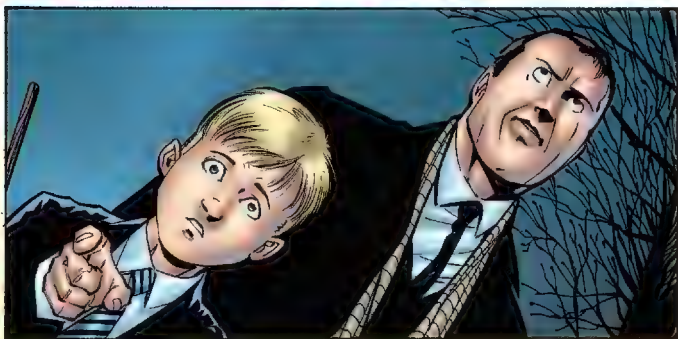
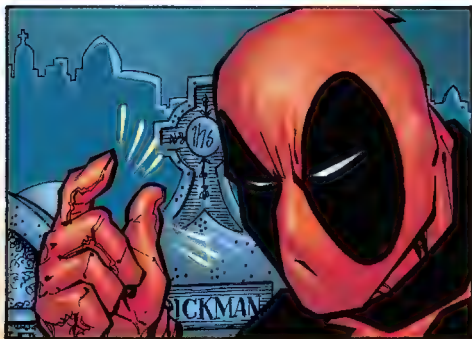
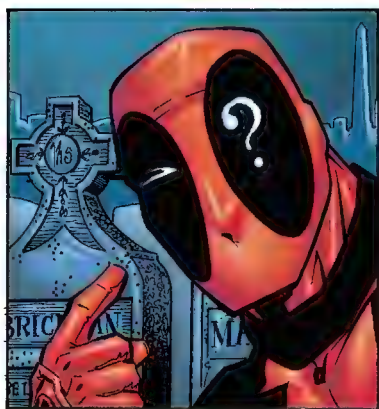
'NUFF SAID

TIERI

CALAFIORE

HOLDREDGE





Stan Lee PRESENTS:

DEADPOOL ^{IN}

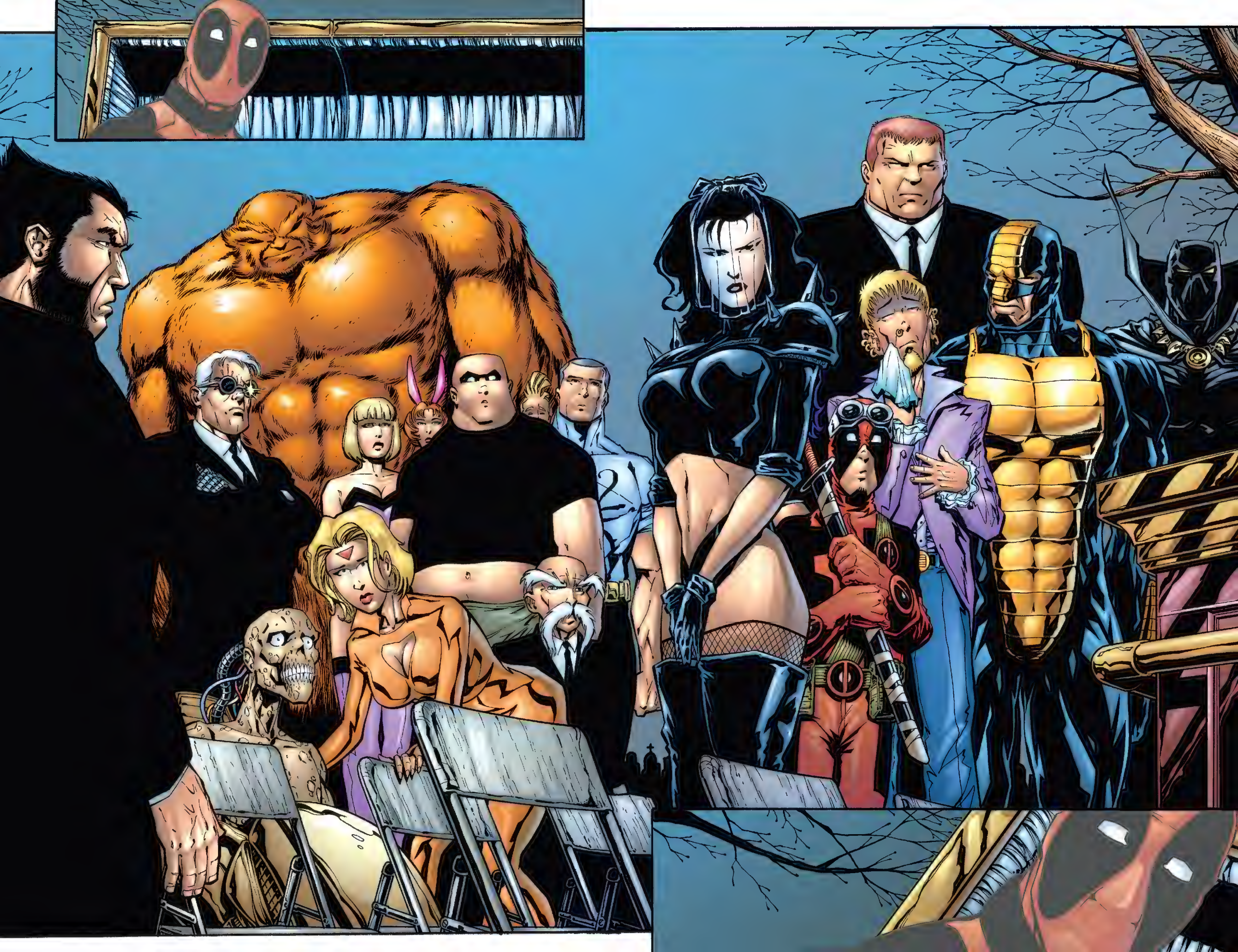
'NUFF SAID!

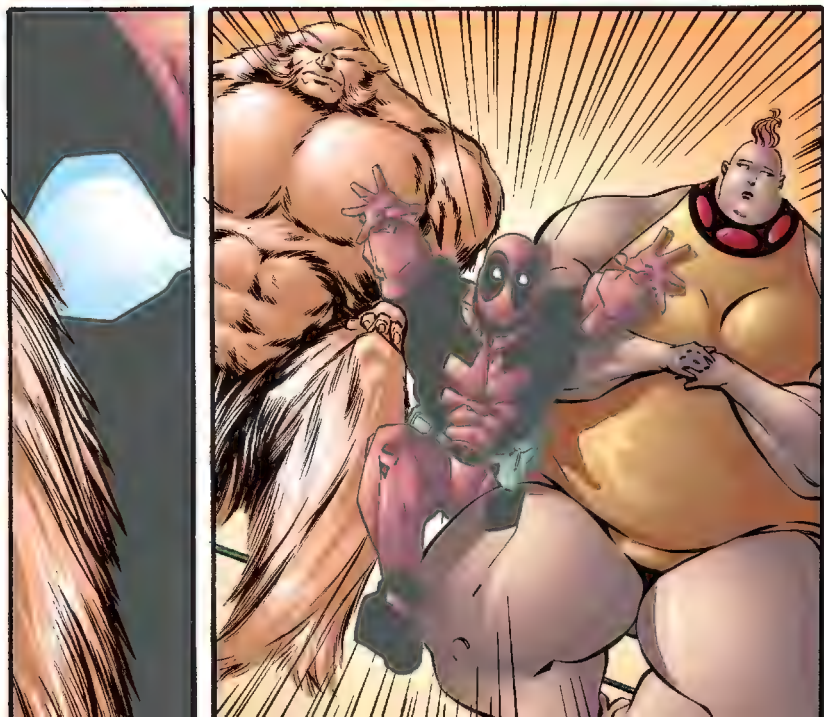
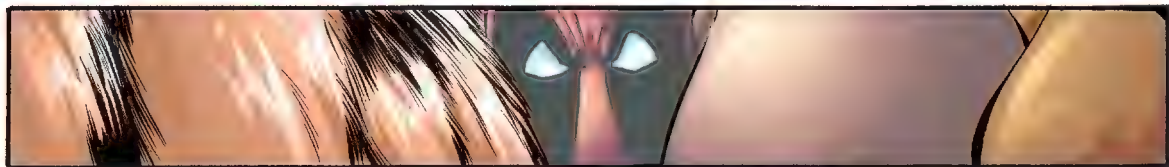
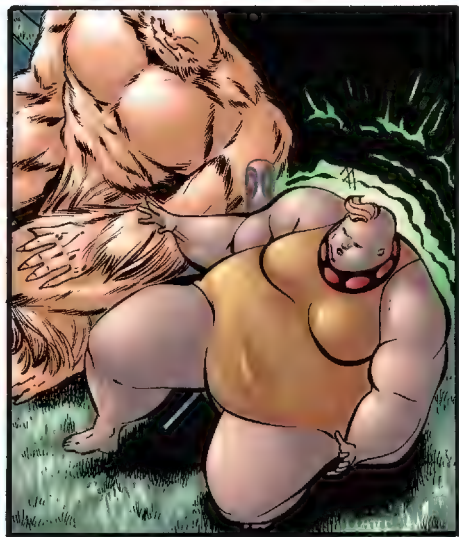
FUNERAL FOR A FREAK

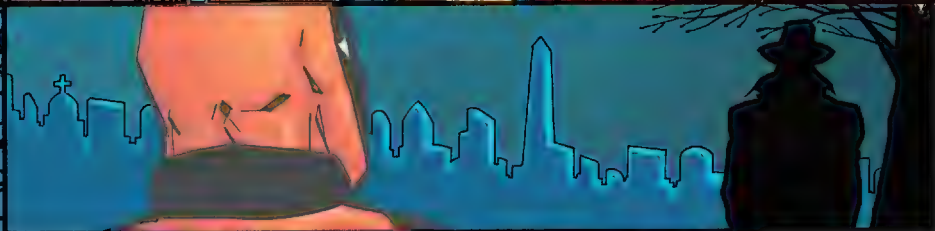
PART 1 of 4

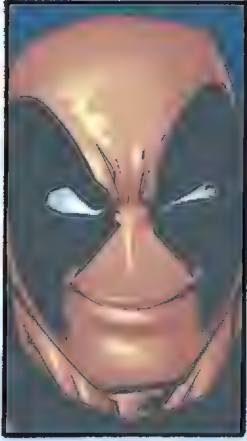


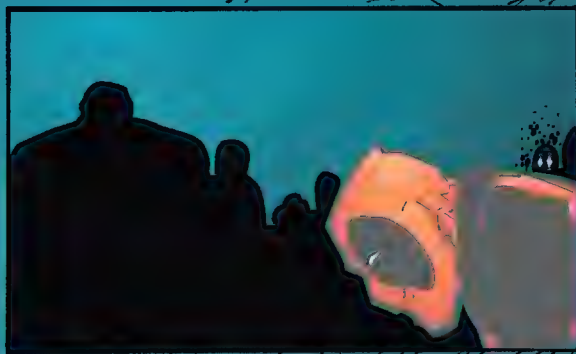
FRANK TIERI: WRITER
J. CALAFIORE: PENCILER
JON HOLDREDGE: INKER
TOM CHIL'S COLOR DOJO: COLORS
DAVE SHARPE: LETTERS
MIKE RAICHT: ASSISTANT EDITOR
MIKE MARTS: EDITOR
JOE GUESADA: EDITOR IN CHIEF
BILL JEMAS: PRESIDENT

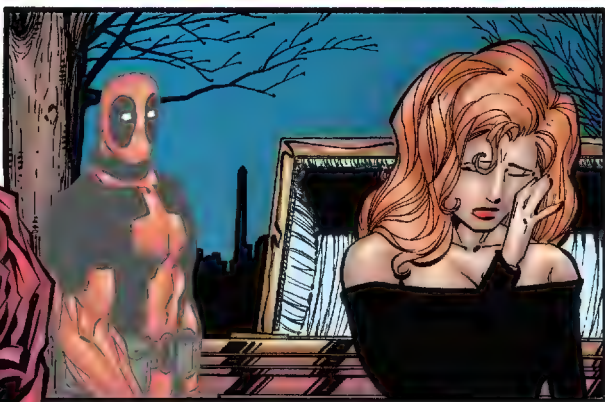
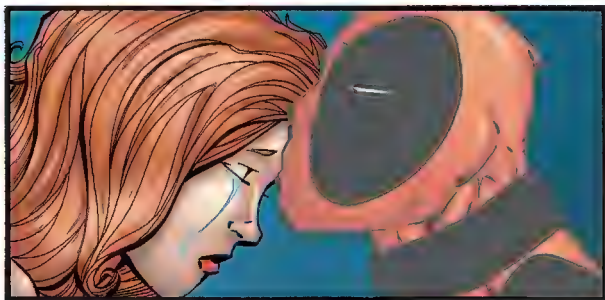
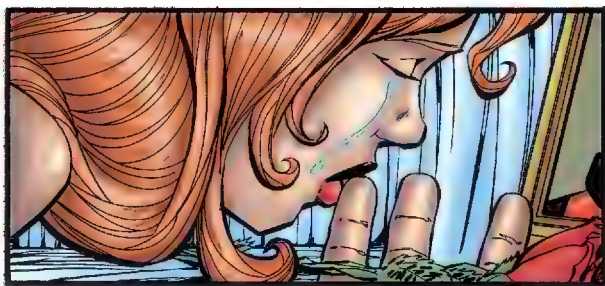
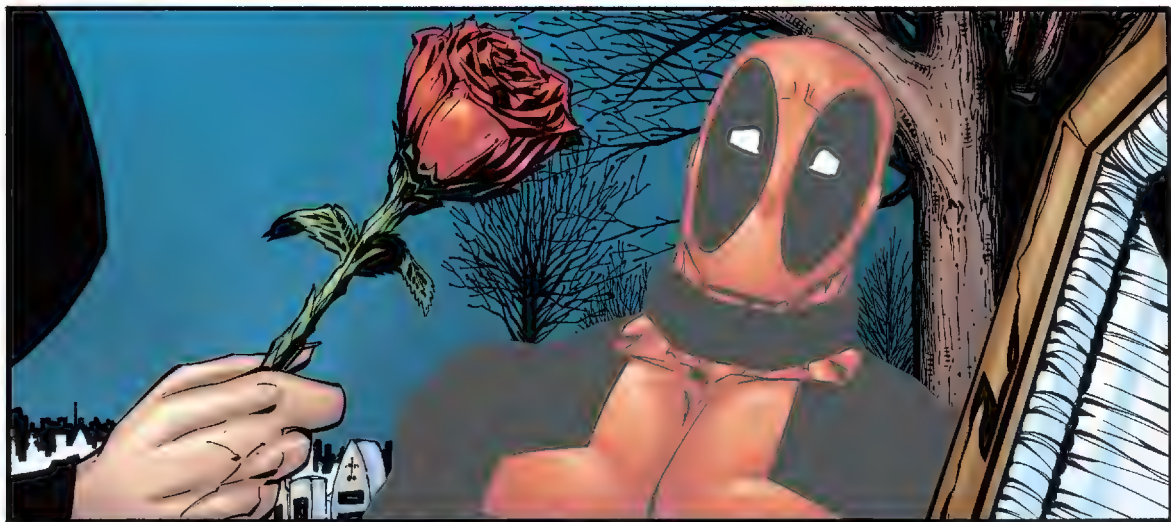
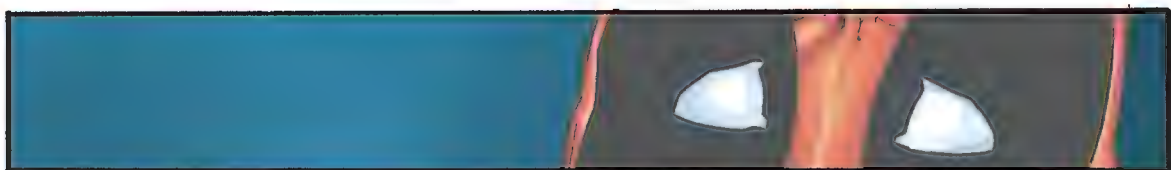


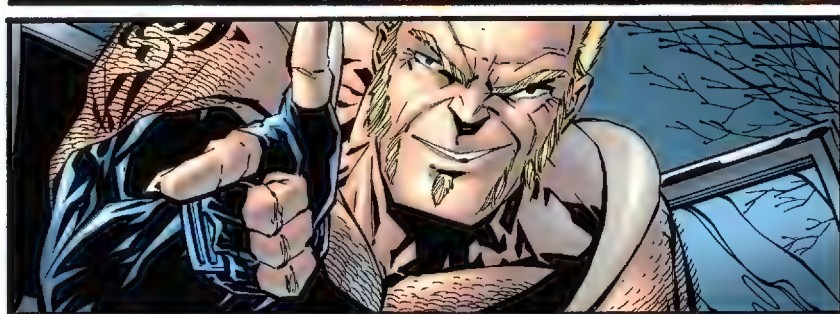


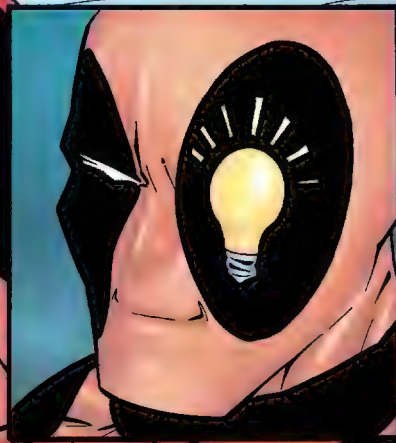
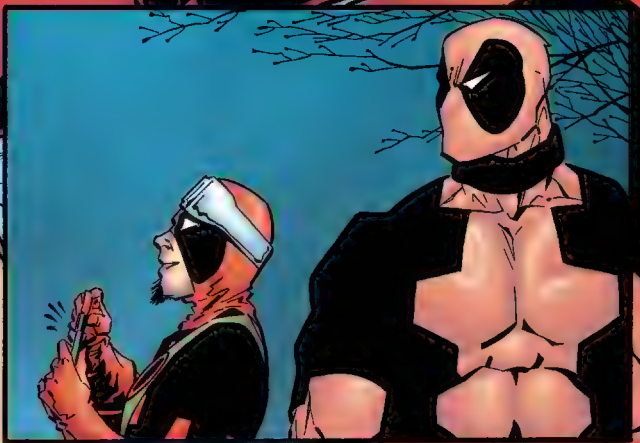
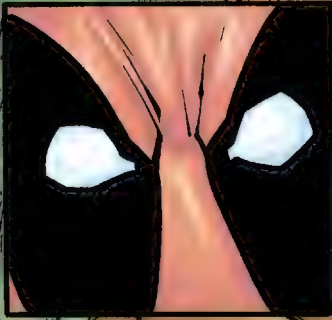
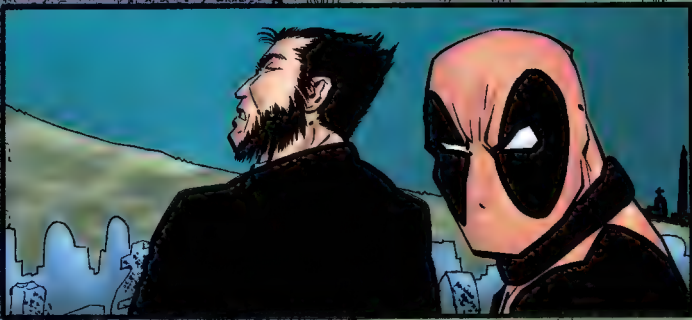


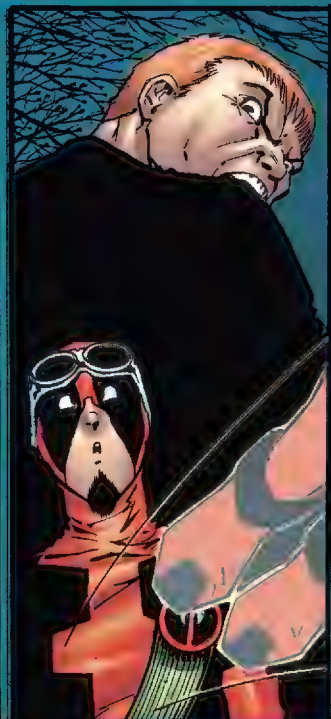
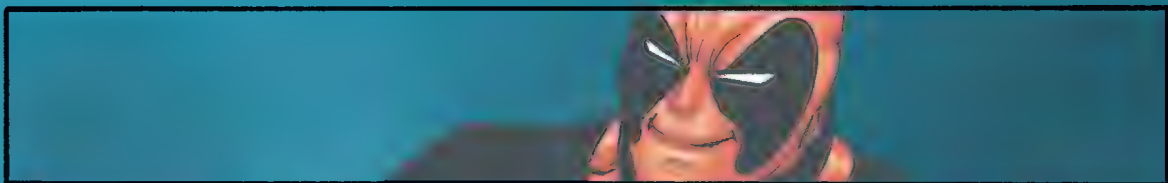


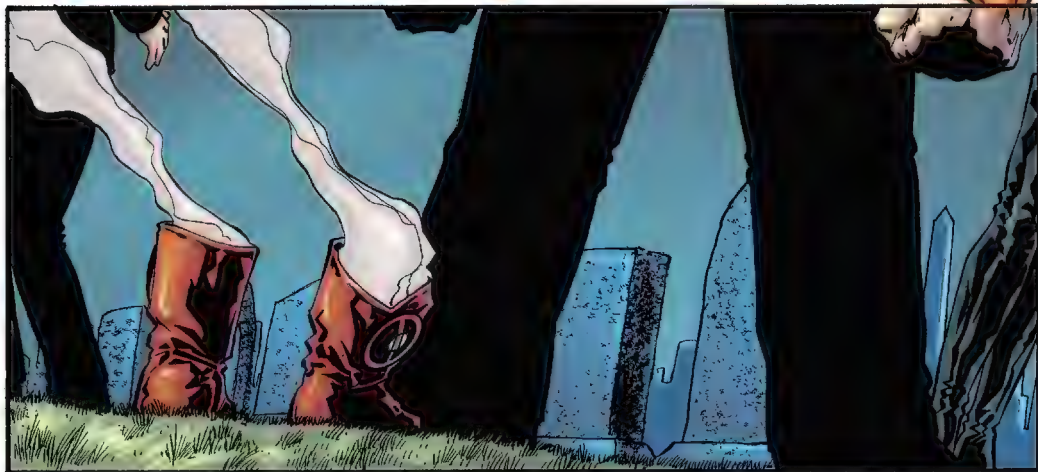




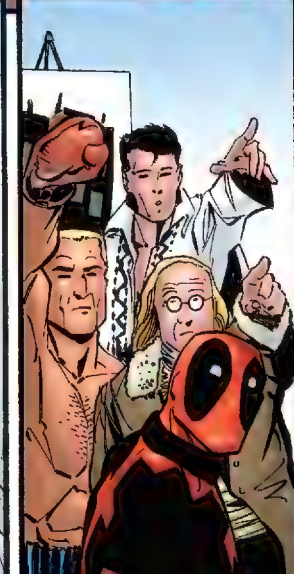
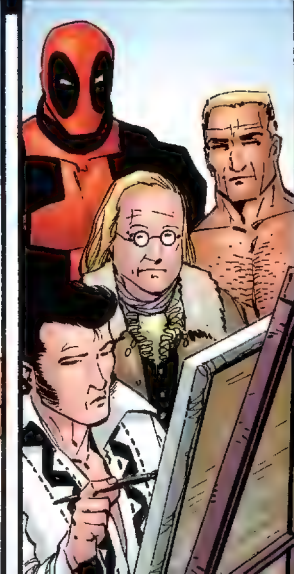


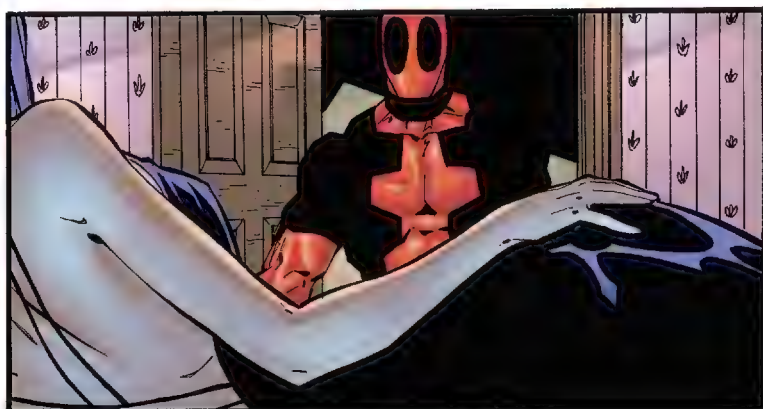
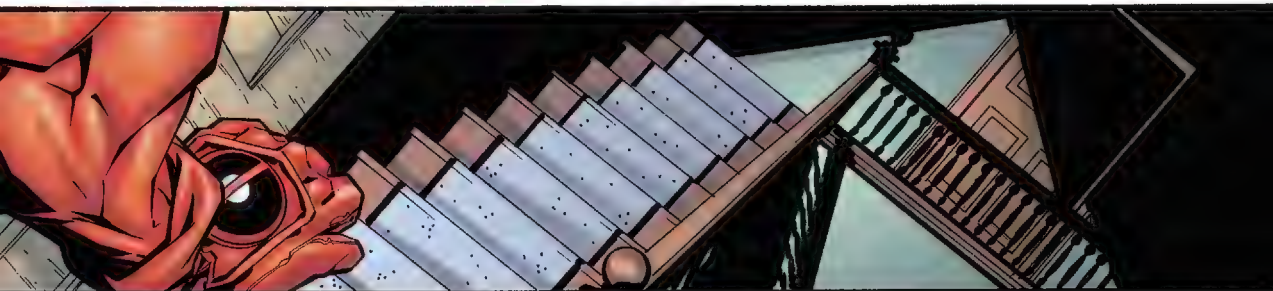
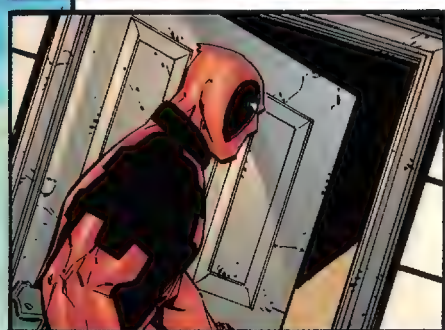


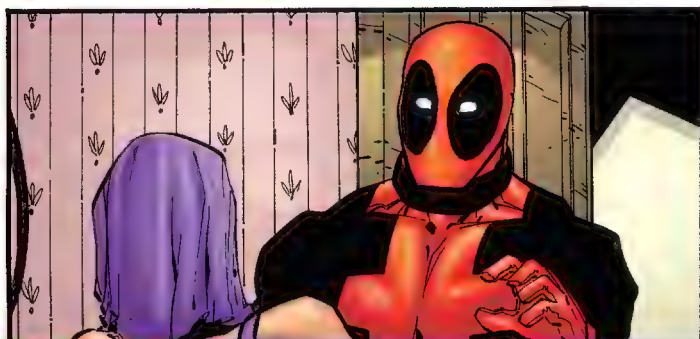
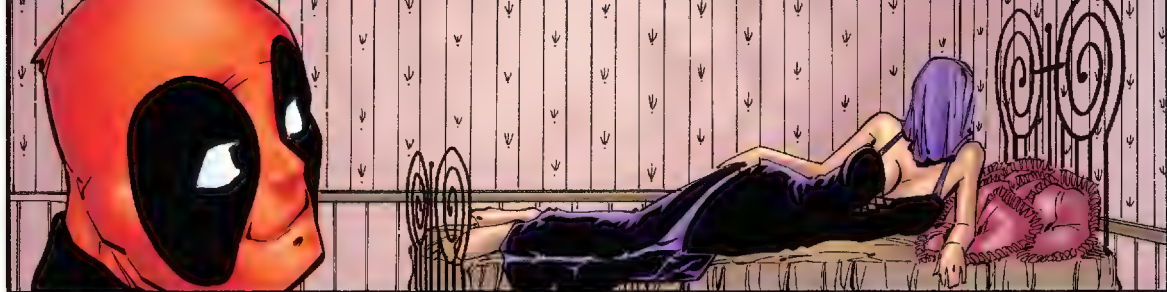




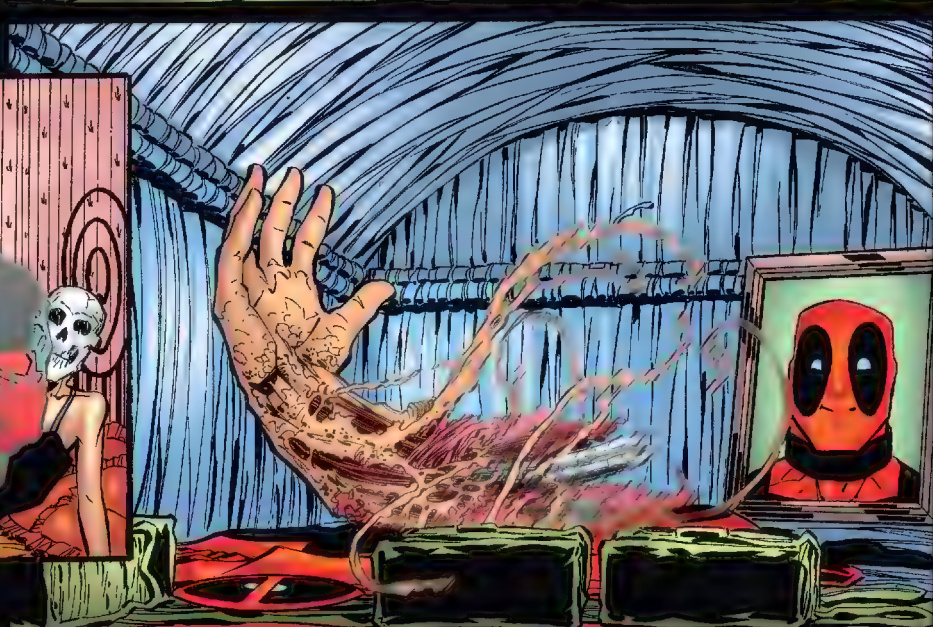
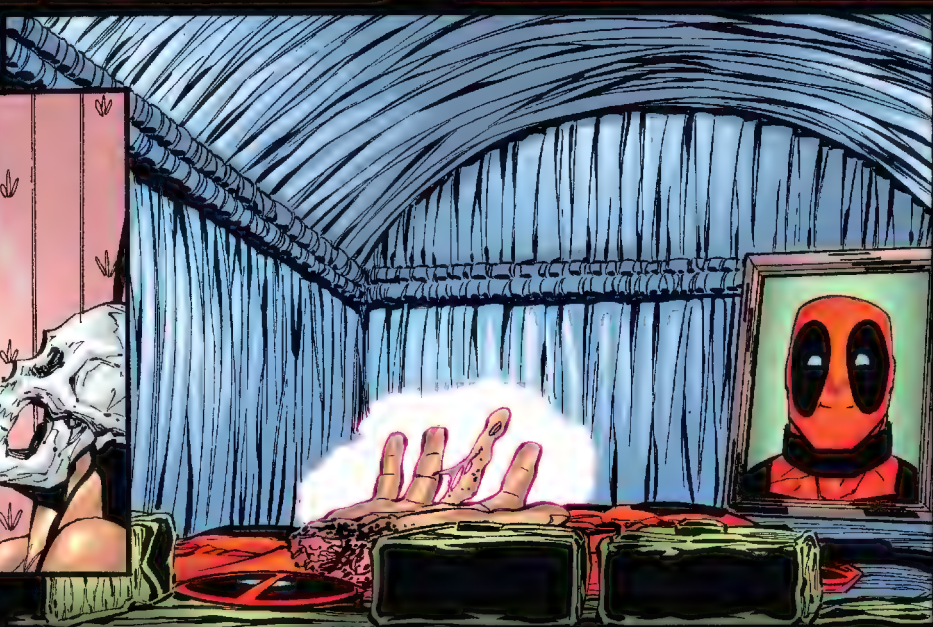
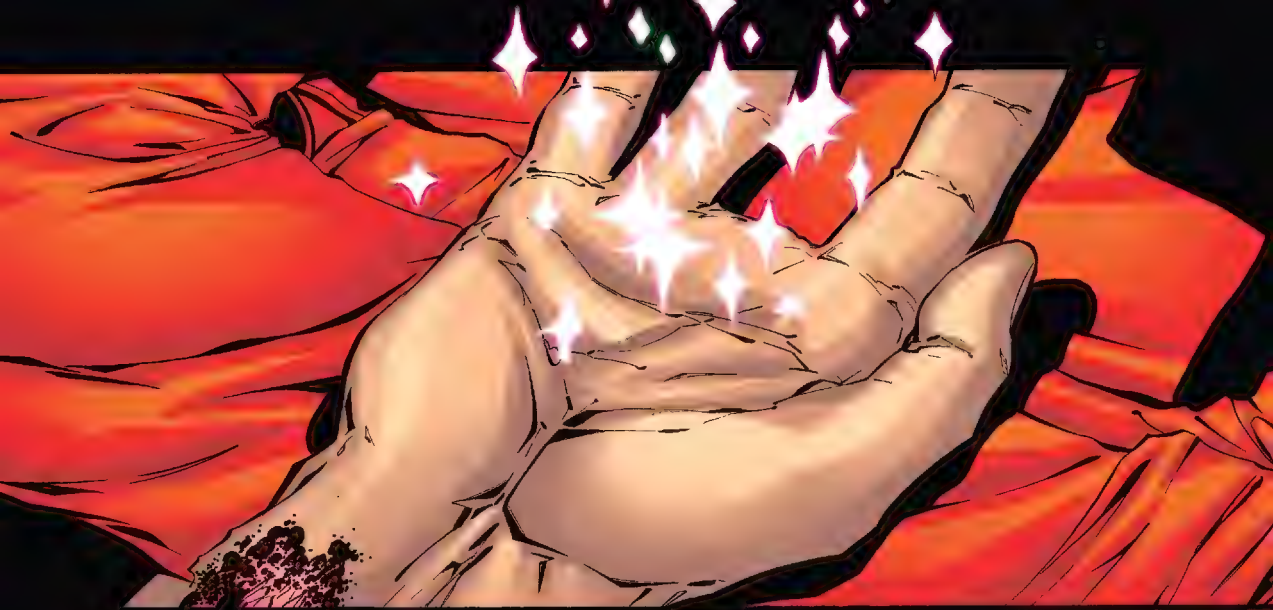


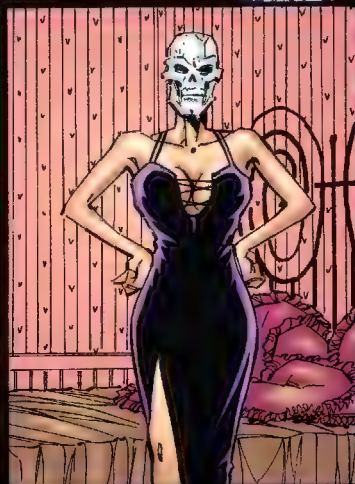
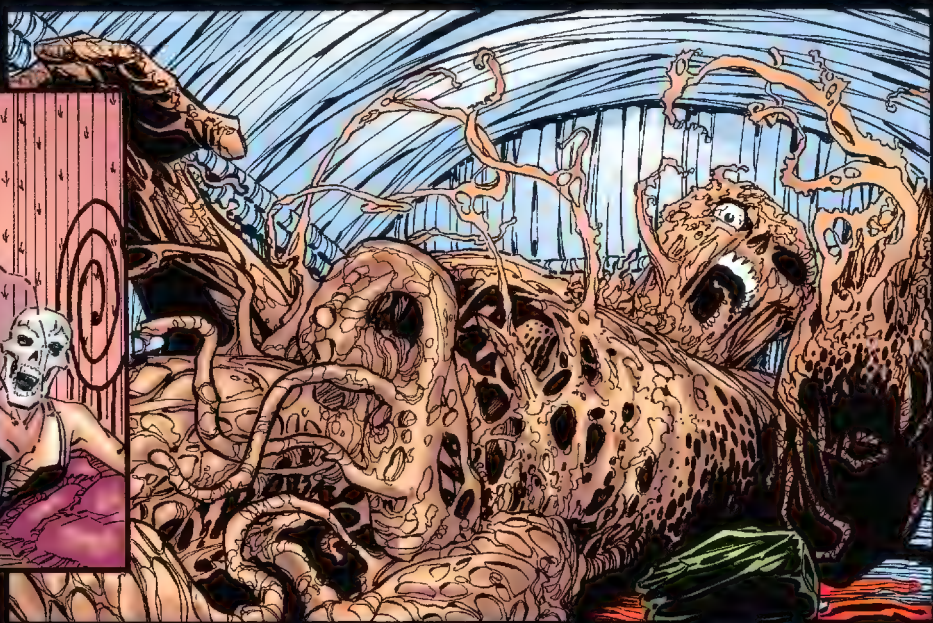














MARVEL® COMICS

DEADPOOL®: FUNERAL FOR A FREAK

MARVEL
PG 2
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TIERI
JEANTY
HOLDREDGE





IT'S GOOD TO
BE THE KING.

MORE
WINE, MY
LORD?

KEEP
POURIN'...

MORE
FAN, MY
LORD?

...KEEP
FLAPPIN'...

MORE "YOU
KNOW WHAT"
MY LORD?

KEEP
YOUR PANTS
ON-- GOD YOU
GIRLS ARE WEARING
ME OUT! OH, VERY
WELL... YA TALKED
ME INTO IT...



LET ME ASK YOU... DOES
IT GET ANY BETTER THAN
THIS? MEGA-HOT BABES AT
MY BECK AND CALL 24-7...

...HEF AIN'T GOT NOTHIN'
ON ME, LET ME TELL YA.



BESIDES THE COUNTLESS
"YOU KNOW WHAT" SESSIONS,
IF I WANT FOOD THEY BRING
ME FOOD. IF I WANT WINE...



...HMMMM, WINE TASTES
SORTA FLAKY.

COME TO THINK
OF IT IT DON'T TASTE
LIKE WINE AT ALL!



IT KINDA
TASTES LIKE--

PTTUK!



SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEADPOOL

FUNERAL FOR A FREAK

PART 2 of 4

REIGN OF THE DEADPOOLS

FRANK TIERI WRITER
GEORGES JEANTY PENCILER
JON HOLDREDGE INKER
W/ WALDEN HONG
COLOR DOJO COLORIST
SHARPEFONT'S DAVE LETTERER
MIKE RAICHT ASSISTANT EDITOR
MIKE MARTS EDITOR
JOE QUESADA EDITOR IN CHIEF
BILL JEMAS PRESIDENT

PTTUT!

AWW,
MAN...

...FREAKIN'
MANGY
MUTT!

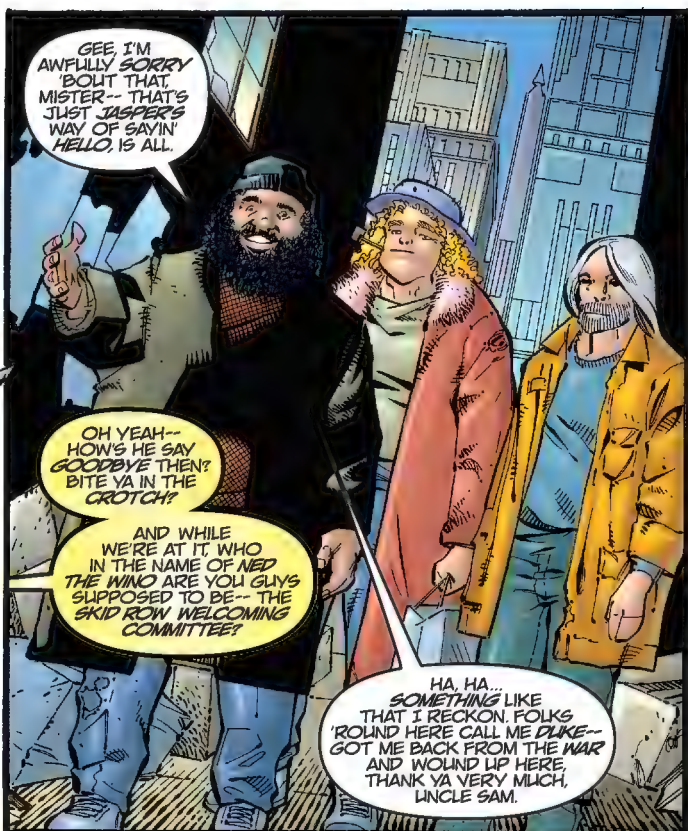




WAKE ME UP FROM THE GREATEST DREAM OF MY LIFE TO USE MY MOUTH FOR A FIRE HYDRANT, Huh?

GO 'HEAD BENJY-- GO PLAY IN TRAFFIC, WHY DON'T YA--!

YIPE
YIPE
YIPE



GEE I'M AWFULLY SORRY BOUT THAT, MISTER-- THAT'S JUST JASPER'S WAY OF SAYIN' HELLO, IS ALL.

OH YEAH-- HOW'S HE SAY GOODBYE THEN? BITE YA IN THE CROTCH?

AND WHILE WE'RE AT IT WHO IN THE NAME OF NED THE WINO ARE YOU GUYS SUPPOSED TO BE-- THE SKID ROW WELCOMING COMMITTEE?

HA, HA... SOMETHING LIKE THAT I RECKON. FOLKS 'ROUND HERE CALL ME DUKE-- GOT ME BACK FROM THE WAR AND WOUND UP HERE, THANK YA VERY MUCH, UNCLE SAM.

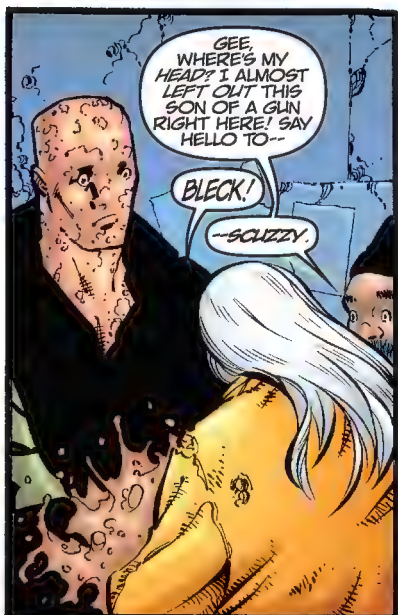


THIS LOVELY GAL HERE'S POPEYE-- SHE USED TO BE ONE A' THEM, WHAT YA CALL 'EM, BURLESQUE DANCERS.

BACK IN THE DAY, Huh?

WHAT "BACK IN THE DAY"? I ONLY QUIT LAST MONTH.

I... UH... I HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO RESPONSE TO THAT.



GEE, WHERE'S MY HEAD? I ALMOST LEFT OUT THIS SON OF A GUN RIGHT HERE! SAY HELLO TO--

BLECK!

--SQUZZY.



Um, I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO EXCUSE SQUZZY MISTER. HE'S WHAT YOU'D CALL AN ALCOHOLIC'S WORST NIGHTMARE-- A DRUNK WHO CAN'T HANDLE HIS OWN LIQUOR.

VOMITS LIKE EVERY 8 MINUTES, SO WE'VE FIGURED.

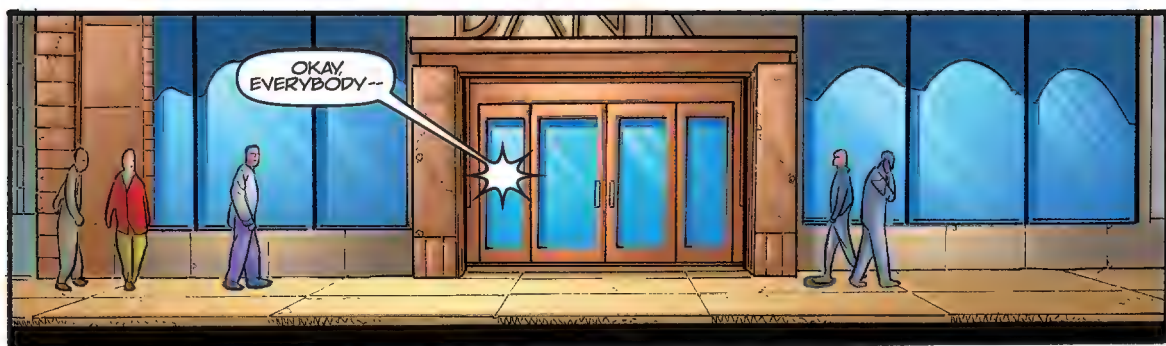
OKAY SINCE I MET YOU GUYS I'VE BEEN PEEED ON AND VOMITED ON... ANY OTHER BODILY FUNCTIONS I CAN EXPECT BEFORE THE DAY'S THROUGH?

CAN'T SAY I BLAME YA FOR BEIN' SORE, MIST-- SAY I CAN'T JUST KEEP CALLIN' YOU MISTER NOW, CAN I? YOU GOT A NAME, SON?



MY NAME? SURE, MY NAME'S... IT'S UH... GEEZ, NOW THAT I THINK OF IT...

I DON'T KNOW...







--THE DYNAMIC
DEADPOOL!

I TAKE MY
LEAVE OF YOU NOW,
GOOD CITIZENS--
FOR THE FIGHT FOR
TRUTH, JUSTICE AND
ALL THAT OTHER GOOD
STUFF IS A NEVER-
ENDING ONE!

UP, UP AND
AWAY!!!

Ahem...
AND
AWAY!

ER, UP
UP AND...
AND...

...AW, THE
HELL
WITH IT.

uh...

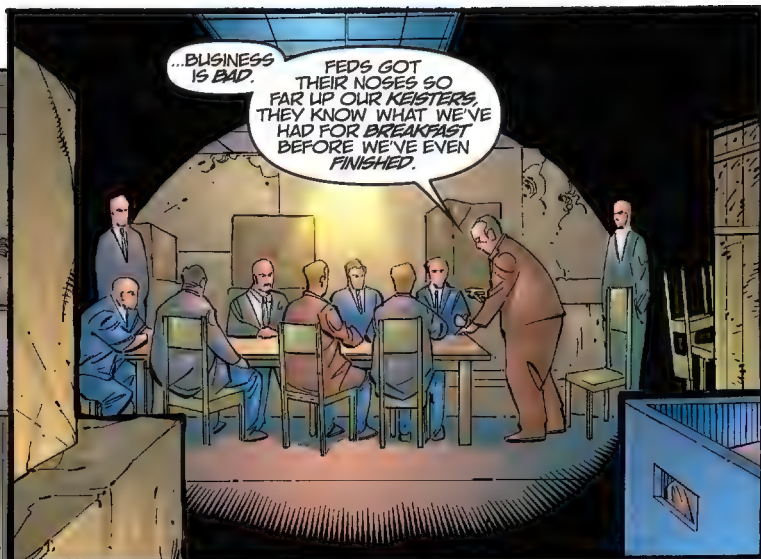
FERGET IT--
SOME THINGS YOU'RE
DEFINITELY BETTER OFF
NOT KNOWING...







GENTLEMEN,
I'VE CALLED YOU
ALL HERE TODAY
'CAUSE, TO PUT
IT MILDLY...



...BUSINESS
IS BAD.

FEDS GOT
THEIR NOSES SO
FAR UP OUR KEISTERS
THEY KNOW WHAT WE'VE
HAD FOR BREAKFAST
BEFORE WE'VE EVEN
FINISHED.

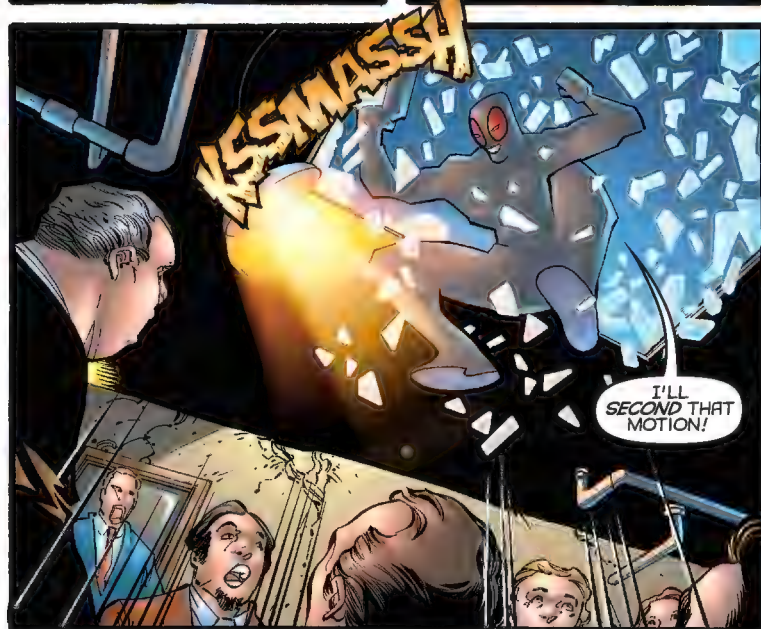


THEN YA GOT
WISEGUYS-- NOT JUST
THE SMALL-TIMERS ANYMORE.
MIND YA-- TURNIN' RAT AT THE
DROP OF A DIME YOU ALSO
GOT THESE CRAZY RUSSIAN
AND ASIAN TRIADS WITH NO
RESPECT FOR NOTHIN' TO
DEAL WITH NOW.



BOTTOM
LINE WE BETTER
GET OUR ACTS
TOGETHER--

--OR THE
MOB AS WE
KNOW IT IS
THROUGH.



I'LL
SECOND THAT
MOTION!



POOR BABIES-- THINK YA GOT IT BAD NOW?

WHO THE HELL--?!

YOU DON'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT.

GET THAT SONOFA--



RATATATATATAT!

BOOM

BLAM

DAMN BULLETS--!

GOIN' RIGHT THROUGH HIM-- AN' HE DON'T FEEL A THING!

EASIER SAID THAN DONE, BOYS.



YEAH, NICE THE WAY THAT WORKS OUT FOR ME-- AIN'T IT?

I'M LOOKING AT A DEAD MAN-- YA HEAR ME?

YA HAVE ANY IDEA WHO YOU'RE MESSIN' WITH?



OH, I KNOW FULL WELL WHO YA ARE, DON PARDO--

--BUT AS YOU CAN SEE, I AIN'T TOO IMPRESSED.

I-IT AIN'T JUST ME, PLUNK. YA WHACK ME, THERE'S OTHERS YOU'LL HAVE TO DEAL WITH--

LIKE?



LOWIE MUSTACHE...

ALREADY SHAVED HIM.

FRANKIE THE ANGEL?

BOY, DOES THAT NAME FIT.

JOHNNY CLOCKS?

ALL IN GOOD TIME.

A comic book panel showing Deadpool, a bald man with a red mask and a katana on his back, holding a handgun to the head of a man in a black suit. The background shows a city at night with a full moon.

SO NOW
THAT IT'S
ESTABLISHED
THAT I KNOW
YOU MOOKS--
BOTH THE LIVE
AND *DEAD*
ONES--

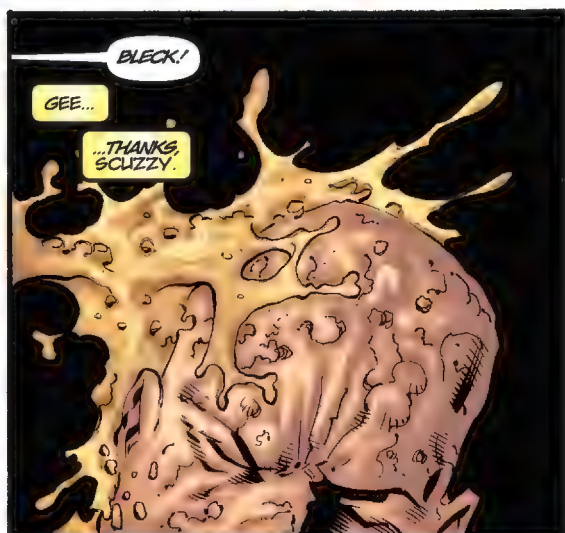
--YOU
GOT ANY
IDEA WHO
I AM?

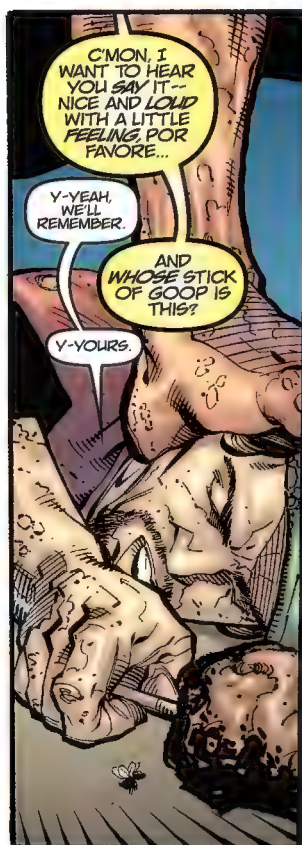
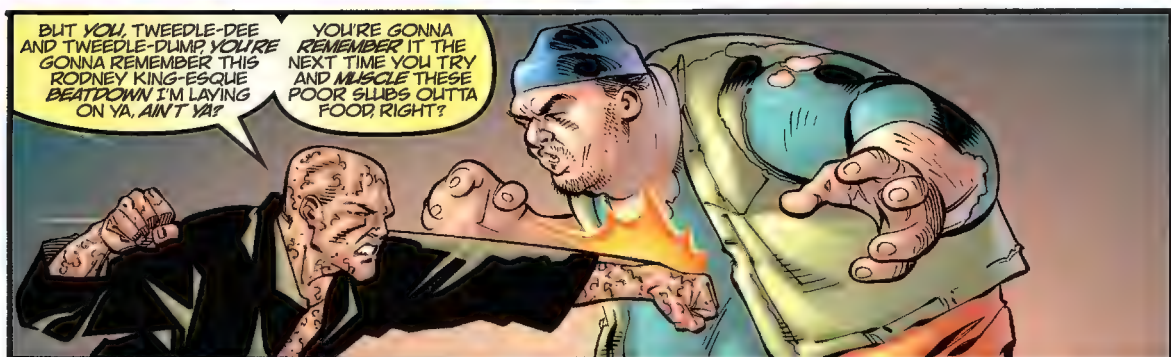
N-NO...

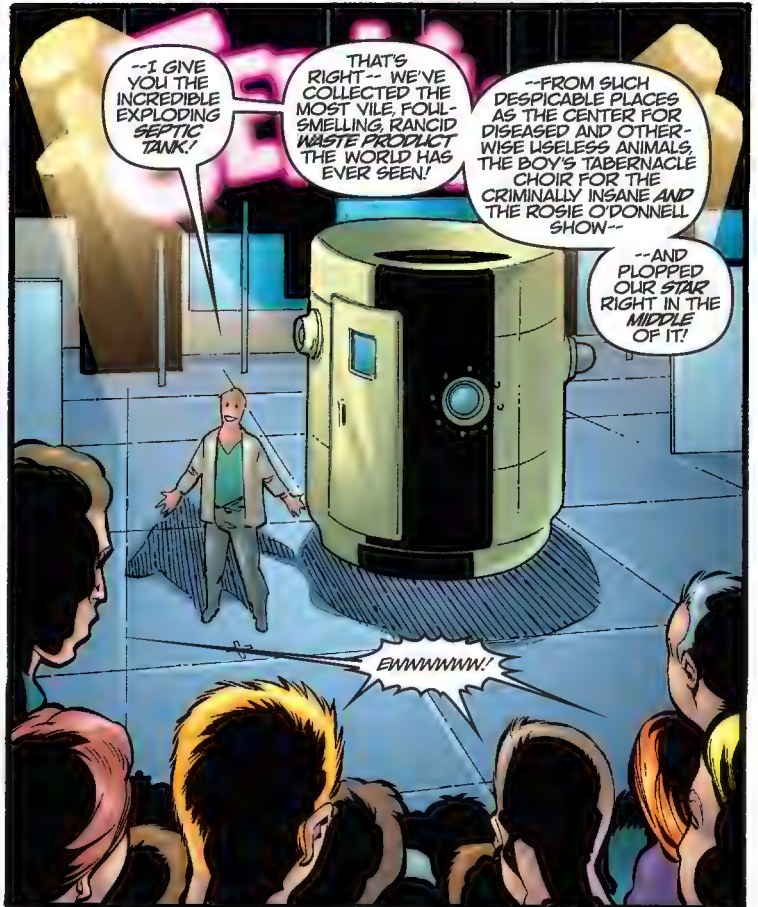
I'M THE
NEW KID IN TOWN--
I'M THE GUY WHO'S
TAKING OVER THE
UNDERWORLD--

--I'M
DEADPOOL.

BLAM!

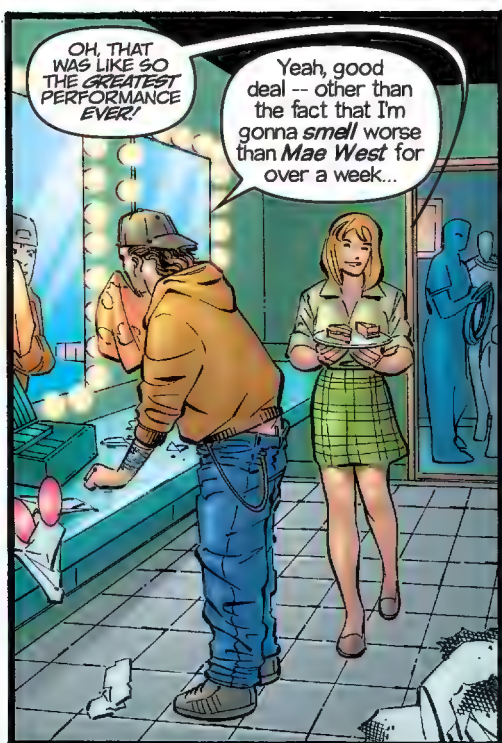






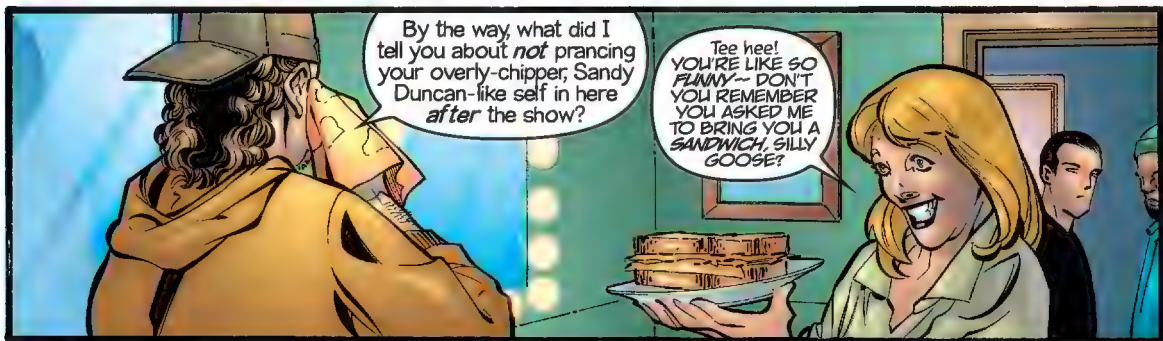


Yo--
--am I
a god or
what?



OH, THAT
WAS LIKE SO
THE **GREATEST**
PERFORMANCE
EVER!

Yeah, good
deal -- other than
the fact that I'm
gonna *smell* worse
than *Mae West* for
over a week...



By the way, what did I
tell you about *not* prancing
your overly-chipper, Sandy
Duncan-like self in here
after the show?

Tee hee!
YOU'RE LIKE SO
FUNNY-- DON'T
YOU REMEMBER
YOU ASKED ME
TO BRING YOU A
SANDWICH, SILLY
GOOSE?



Oh,
yeah...

...but I
also told ya
to cut off the
crust for me,
didn't I, bimbo?
With a *pickle*
on the
side?



And you
know what
else?

You're gonna wear this
stink towel over your
face for the rest of the
day-- so I don't have to
look at your incompetent,
personal assistant
face!

MPPPH!



Now
escort me to
the limo -- I wanna
shatter your *self-
esteem* a little
more...

...here's
a *tip*,
Clyde--

LUCK!

--and
here's *another*...
lose some *weight*,
ya fat slob! Hahahaha!

A comic book panel showing Deadpool in a crowd. He is wearing a brown hoodie with a red and black Deadpool mask logo, blue jeans, and a green cap. He has two pink heart-shaped sunglasses on his face. He is gesturing with his hands. In the background, there are other people, including a man in a blue cap and a woman in a green plaid skirt. A large yellow and red logo is visible in the top left corner.

B-BUT...
BUT... WE WERE
SUPPOSED TO LIKE
GO OVER THE
ARRANGEMENTS I
HAD TO MAKE--
YOU KNOW, FOR
YOU, LIKE, HOSTING
THE VTV AWARDS
TOMORROW!

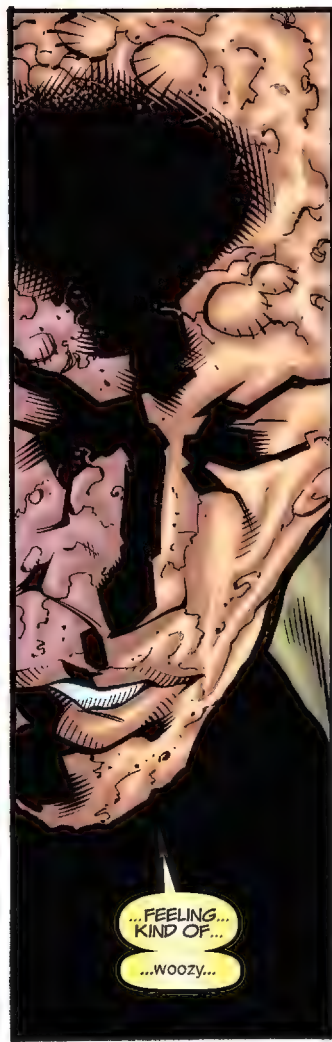
Blah, blah,
yada-yada, blah--
you talk an *awful*
lot for someone
who's crummy in
the sack, ya
know that?

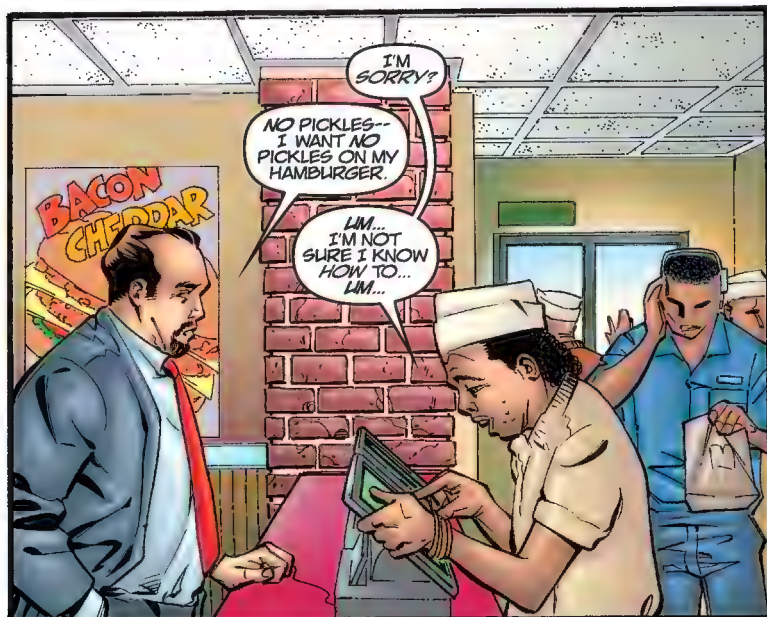
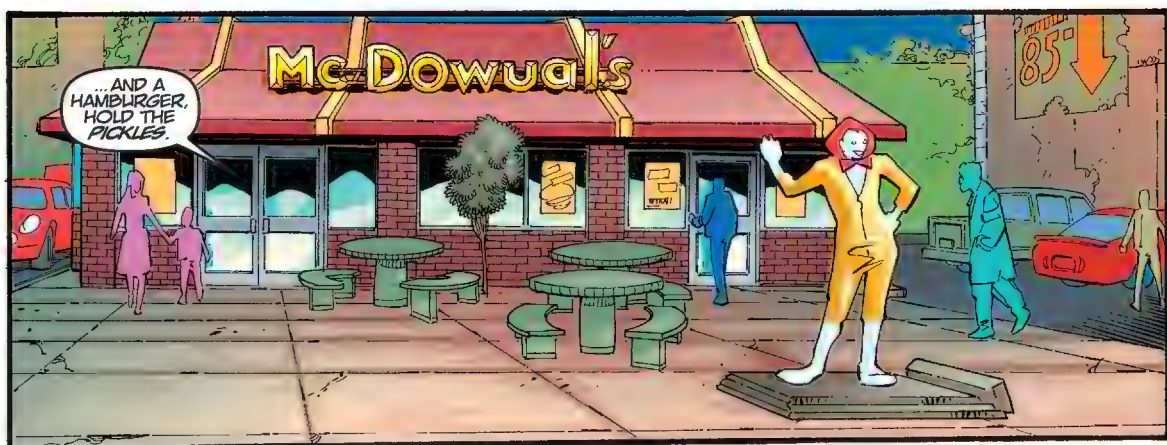
Make 'em
yourself--
even *you*
can't screw
that up.

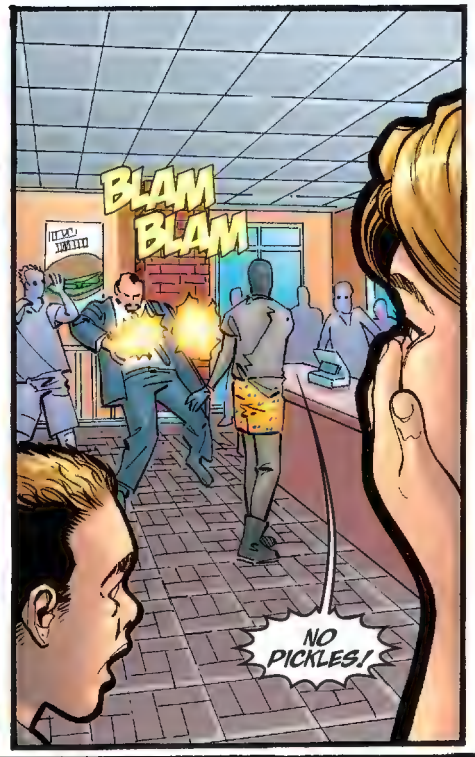
A close-up comic book panel of Deadpool's face. He is wearing the same brown hoodie and pink heart-shaped sunglasses. He has a wide, toothy grin.

It don't
matter--'cause
by this time
tomorrow
night--

--*everybody's*
gonna know the
name *Deadpool*
one way or the
other!







RATATATATATAT

HEH,
HEH... NOT
A NUT!

HEH...
NOT A... HEH...
NUT!

DEADPOOL!

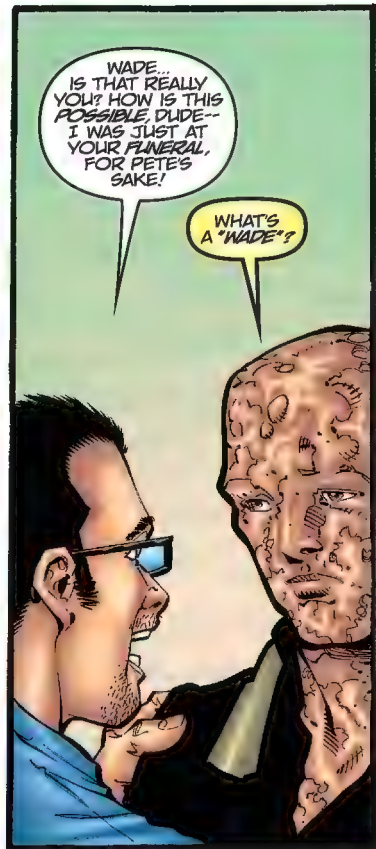
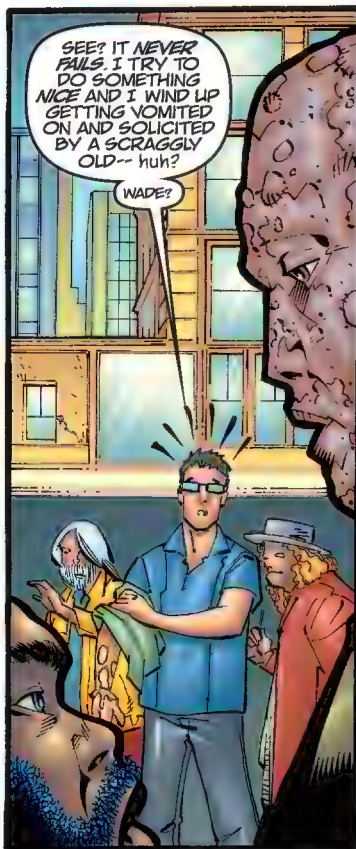
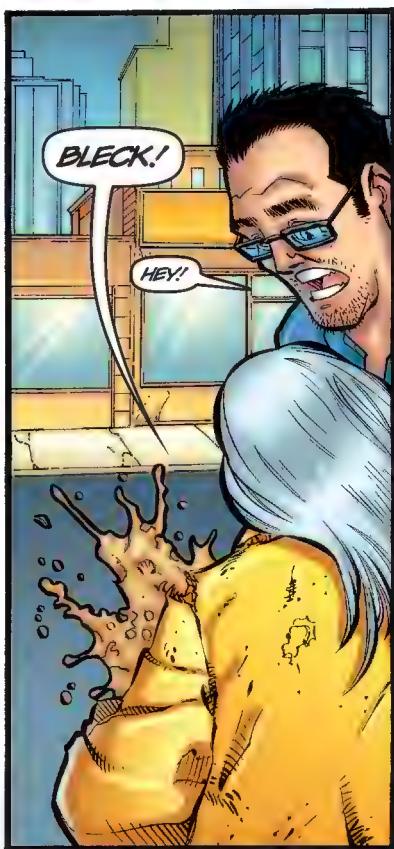
HEHEHEH...

PARK!
MONTHLY
\$35

DEADPOOL!

DEADPOOL!

DEADPOOL!





MARVEL COMICS

DEADPOOL: FUNERAL FOR A FREAK

MARVEL
PG **3**
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TIERI

JEANTY

HOLDREDGE



SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEADPOOL

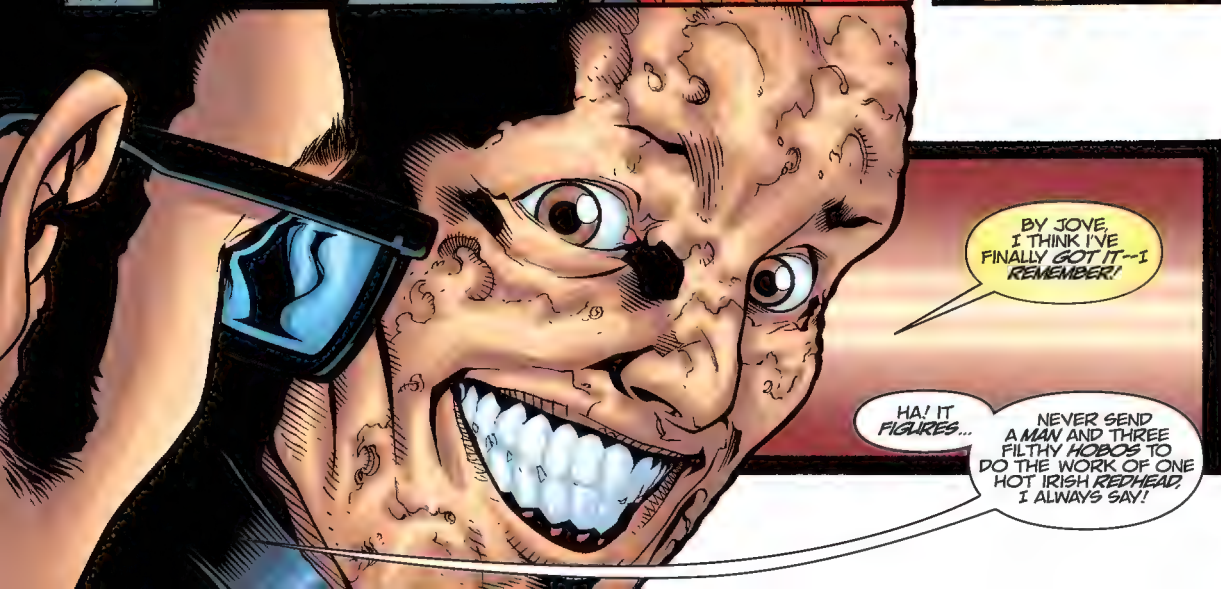
FUNERAL FOR A FREAK

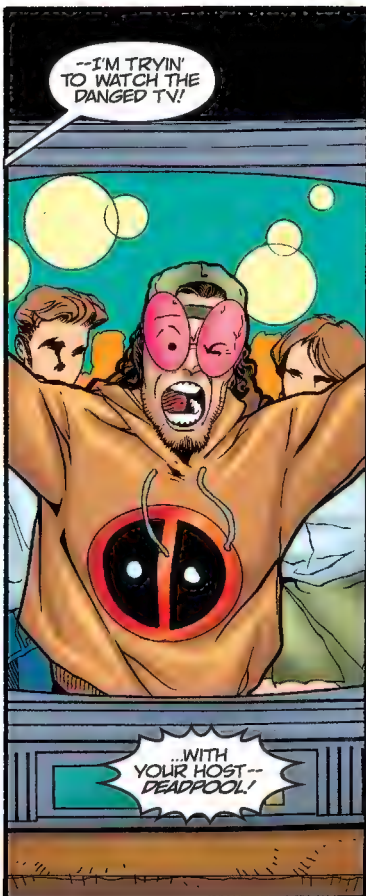
PART 3 OF 4

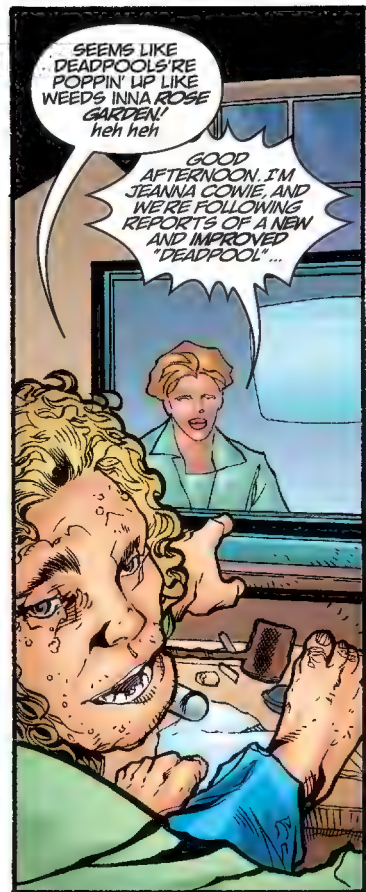
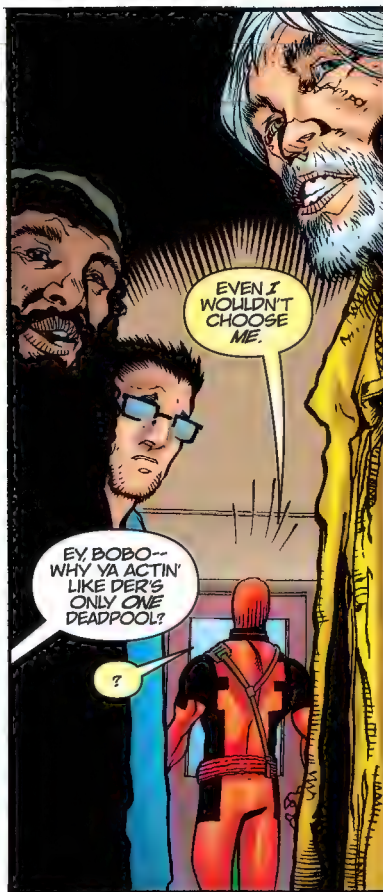
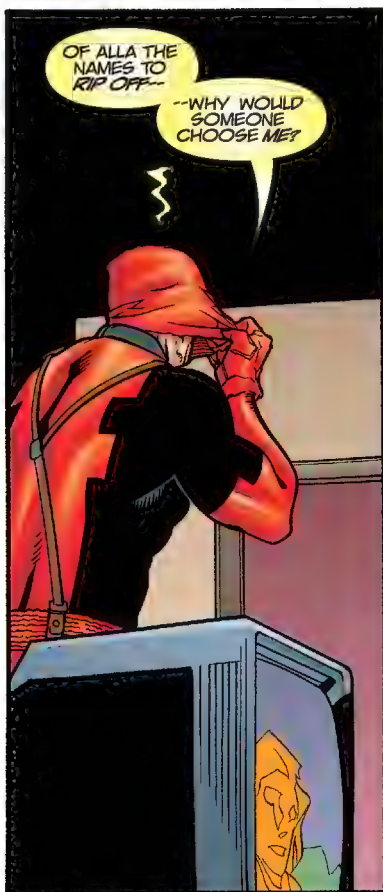
SHOWTIME!

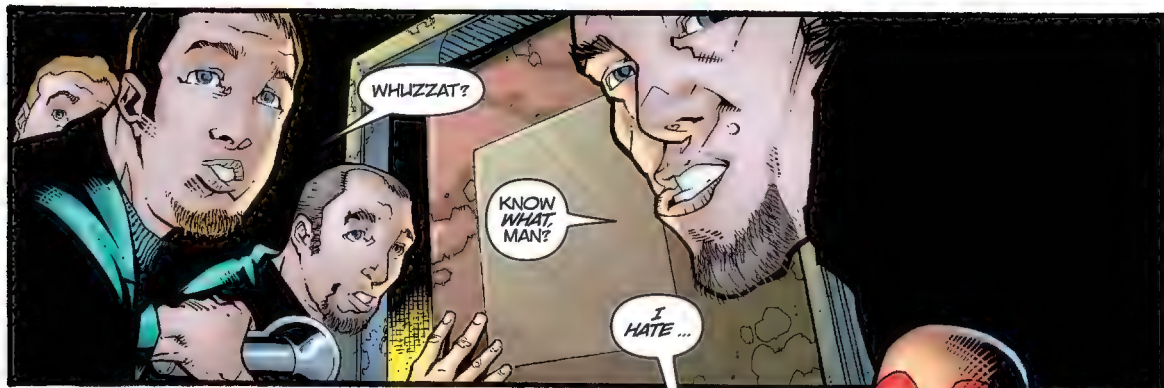
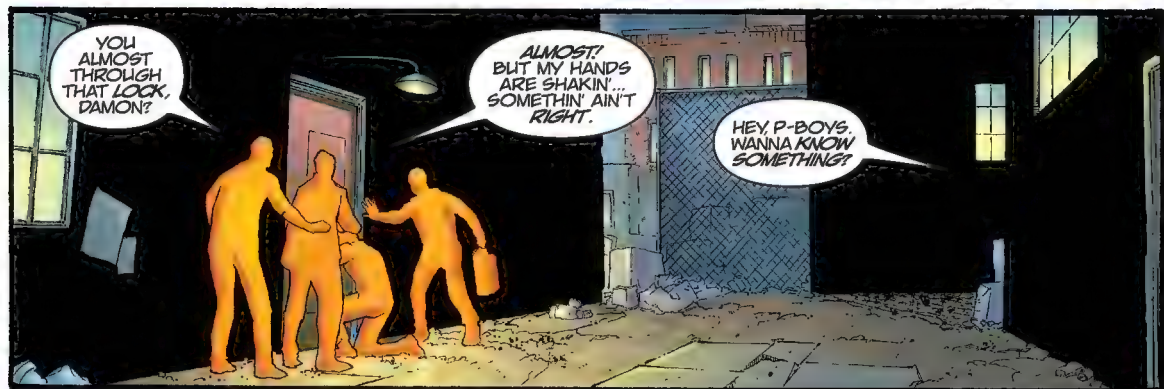
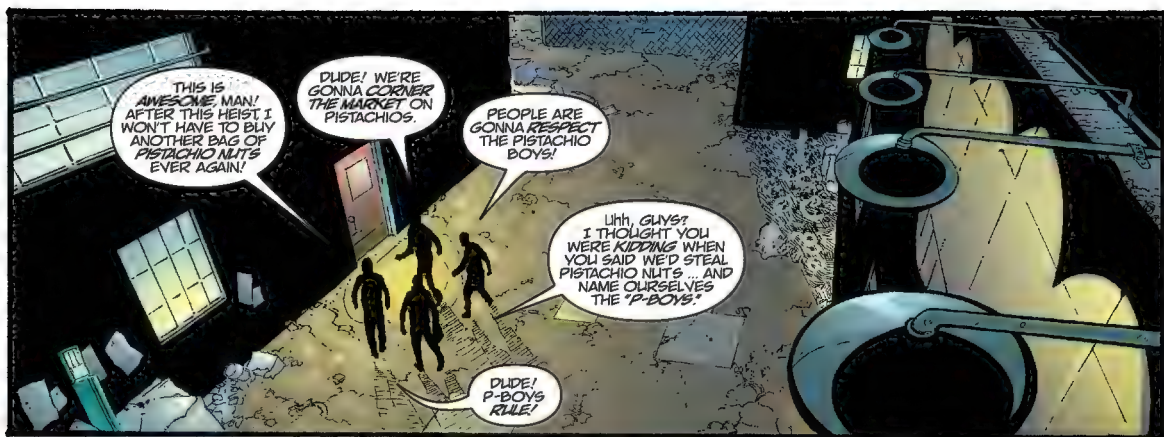
FRANK TIERI & BUDDY SCALERA writers
GEORGES JEANTY penciler
WONG VINES & NEWBOLD inkers
COLOR DOJO colorist DAVE SHARPE letterer
MIKE RAIGHT asst editor MIKE MARTS editor
JOE QUESADA editor-in-chief
BILL JEMAS president

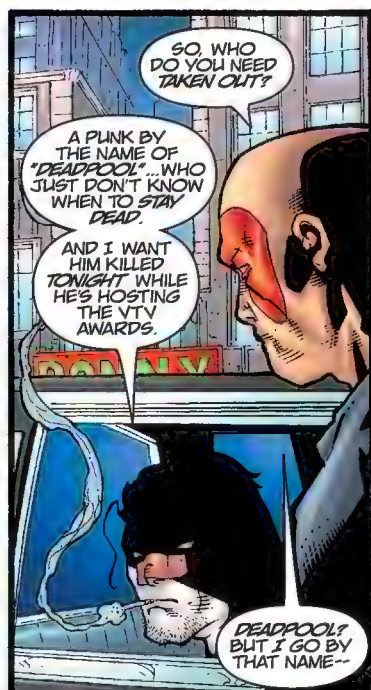
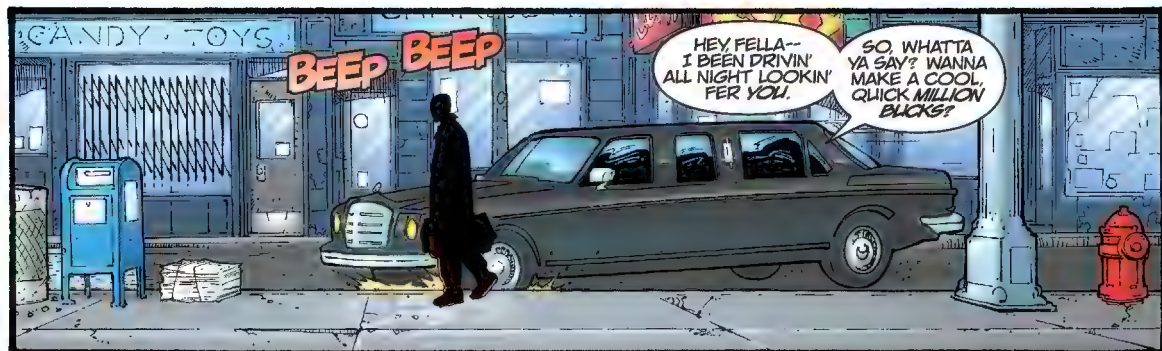


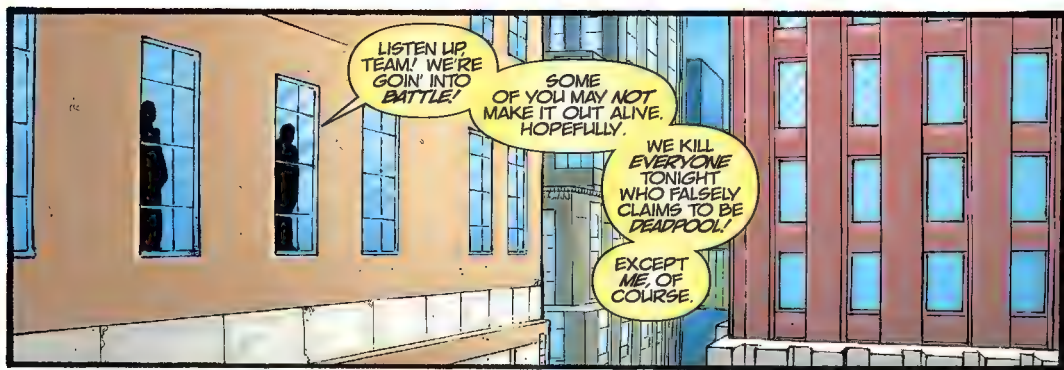














GOOD EVENING EVERYBODY! WE'RE LIIIIIVVVE AT THE VTY AWARDS!

MUSIC'S HOTTEST TALENTS ARE HERE, INCLUDING--

--THE "BACKSEAT BOYS." THEY'RE SWEET AND CUDDLY! BUT KEEP THEM AWAY FROM THE RADIATOR, BECAUSE THEY'RE MANUFACTURED PLASTIC!



WE'RE SHINY AND CLEAN.

WE'RE FULL OF GLEE.



AND THERE'S "ALOSTMI KEYS" WITH HER HIT SONG "I KEEP FLOPPING," BUT DON'T BLINK, BECAUSE SHE'LL BE GONE NEXT YEAR!

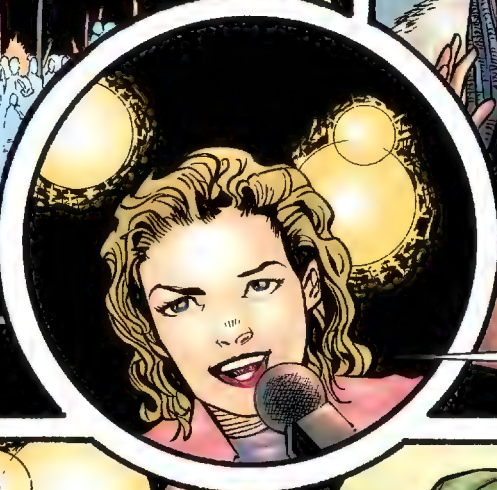
Tee hee, I'M FULL OF MYSELF.



AND THEN THERE'S THE ONLY RAP ACT STRAIGHT FROM THE PRIVILEGED UPPER-CLASS SUBURBS OF CONNECTICUT "SCARY, ANGRY FELLAZ."

WE SCARE PEOPLE.

WE FULL OF \$\$\$!



AND NOW PRESENTING OUR MASTER OF CEREMONIES-- A TRUE CLASS ACT--

--DEADPOOOOOOOOOOL!

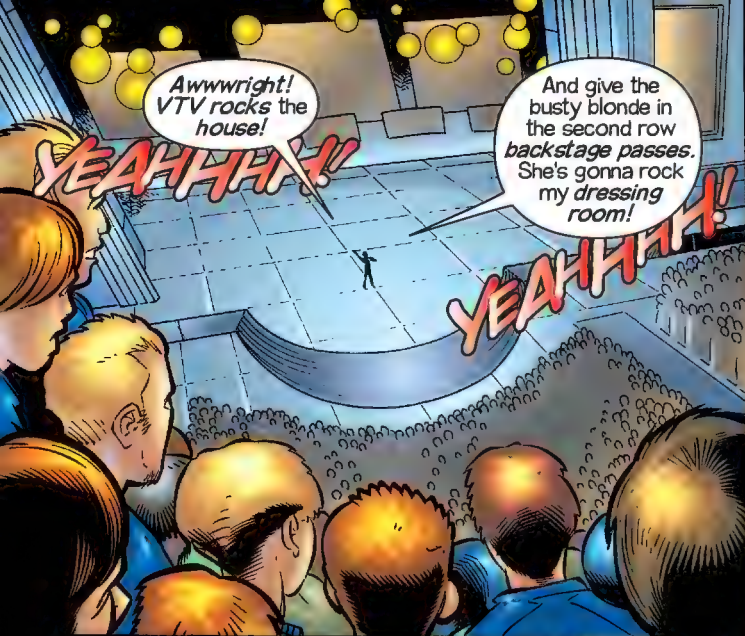


Righteous, babes! Throw me your underwear!

HE'S SO CUTE!

HE'S THE COOLEST!





Awwwright!
VTV rocks the
house!

YEAHHHHH!

And give the
busty blonde in
the second row
backstage passes.
She's gonna rock
my dressing
room!

YEAHHHHH!

Our next
act is *just that*.
one big, lame
act.

They're so
vanilla, even my
crusty grandmother
calls 'em wusses.

The blandest
band in America,
the *Backseat
Boys!*

YEAHHHHH!



YEAHHHHH! YEAHHHHH!



OO-WEE,
OOP-OOP-
OO-WEE!

OO-WEE,
OOP-OOP-
OO-WEE!

YEAHHHHH!



THAT
MUST BE
THE YUTZ I
GOTTA TAKE
OUT.

"ROAD
FOOLS" HERE
I COME.



COULD TAKE
'IM OUT *CLEAN*—BUT
MAYBE HE SHOULD
SUFFER A LITTLE FOR
THOSE RIDICULOUS
SUNGLASSES.

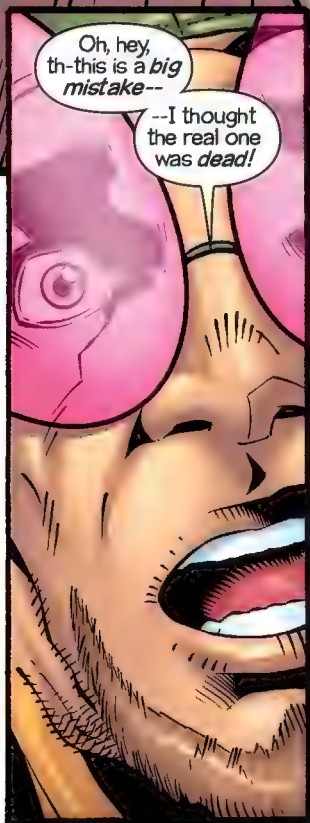
I LOVE
SUFFERING.



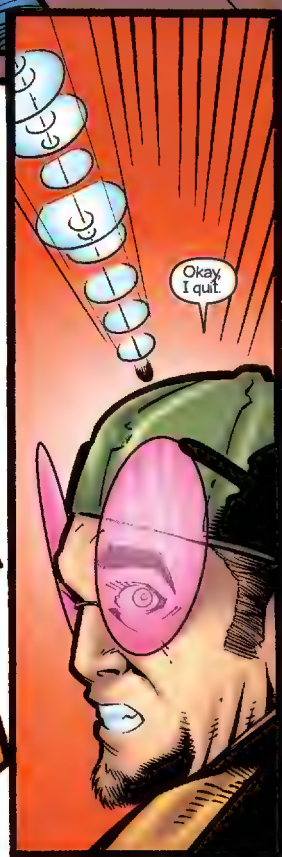
WHOO!
THE EAST
VILLAGE LOVES
THE BACKSEAT
BOYS!

YOU GO
GIRLS!

NO...
ZZZZNNORT!
PICKLES.

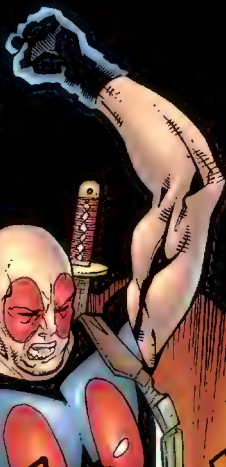


**B
L
A
M**





FINE! IF
BULLETS WON'T
STOP YA, I'LL
STOMP ON YOUR
SPINE!



WHOMP!

Ooofff!



EVILDOER,
CEASE THIS ACTION!
NO GOOD WILL RESULT
FROM THIS!

COME
ON! EVERY
PUNCH FEELS
GOOD!



I FEEL SO
GOOD, I'M GONNA
TAKE YOU ALL OUT FOR
HAMBURGERS!



NO
PICKLES?!

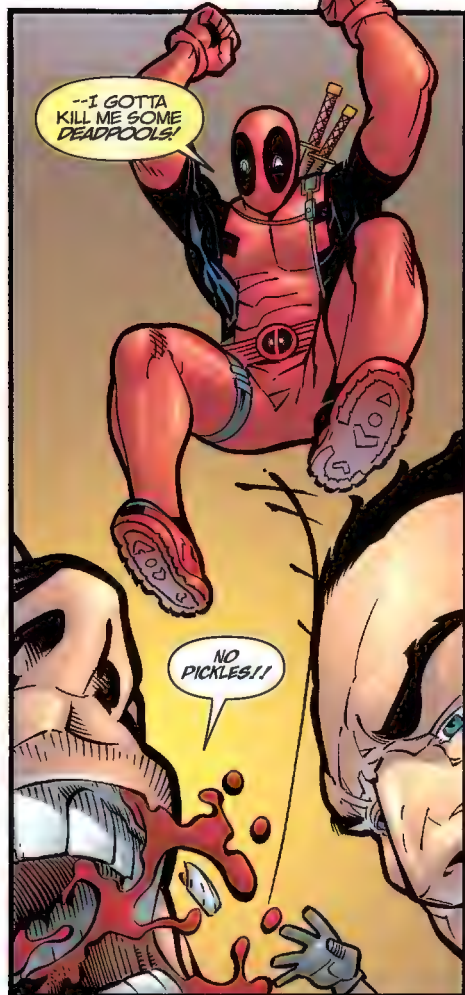
NO
PICKLES?!

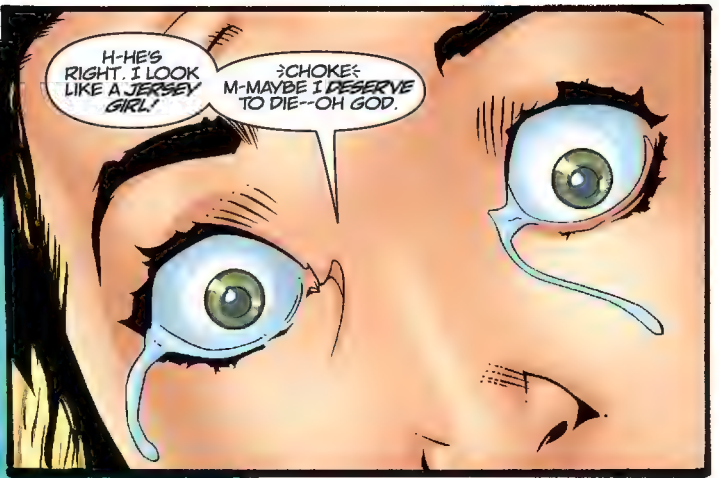
YOU KNOW,
WEAZE--IN A STRANGE
WAY I FEEL I'M KINDA
RESPONSIBLE FOR THE
PAIN AND SUFFERING
I SEE ON THAT
STAGE.



AND?







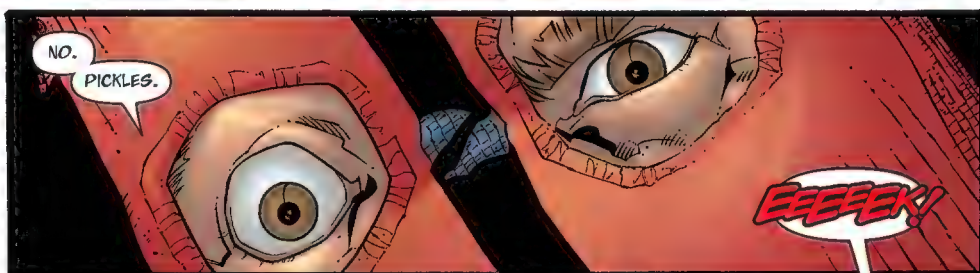
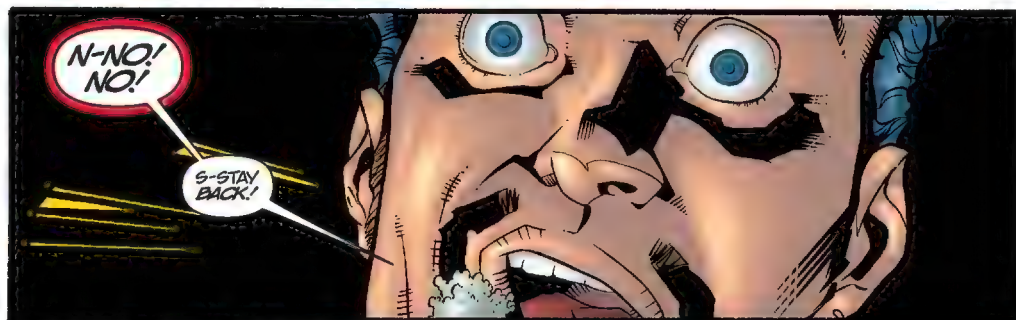
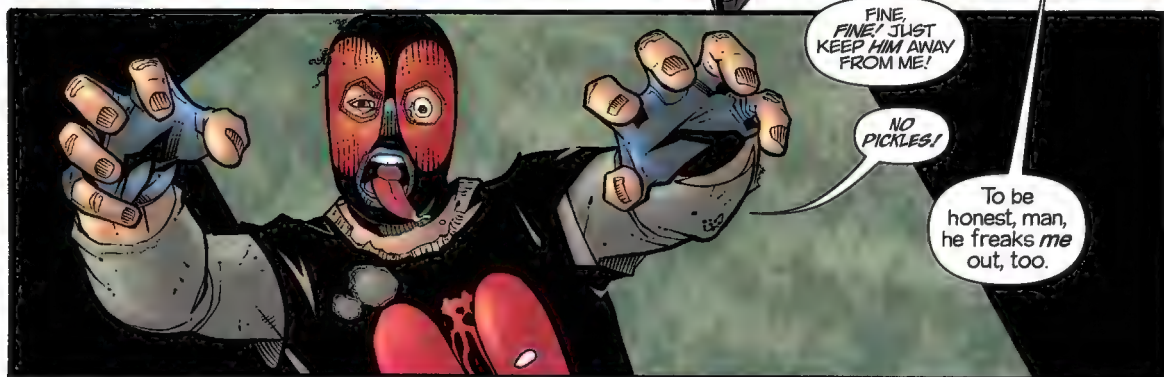
Y-YOU GOTTA HELP ME, DEADPOOL!

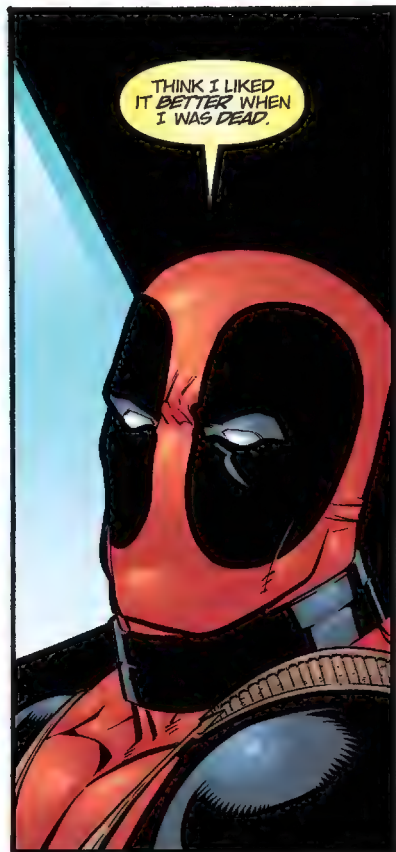
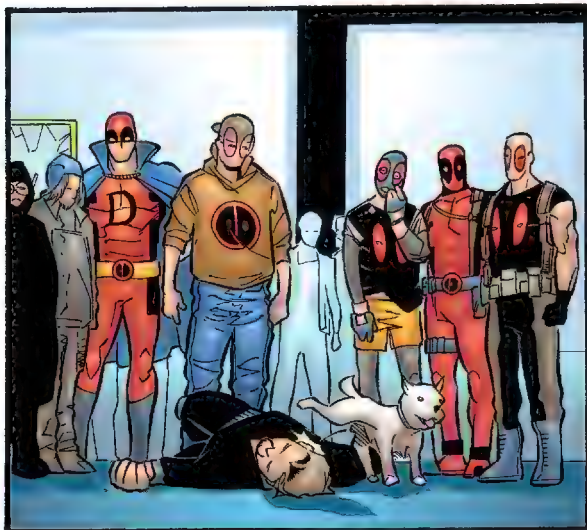
THE CAMERA IS NOT GETTING MY G-GOOD SIDE.

SHADDAP GIRLIE! YOU SHOULD BE ASHAMED OF THAT OUTFIT. IT'S SO LAST WEEK!

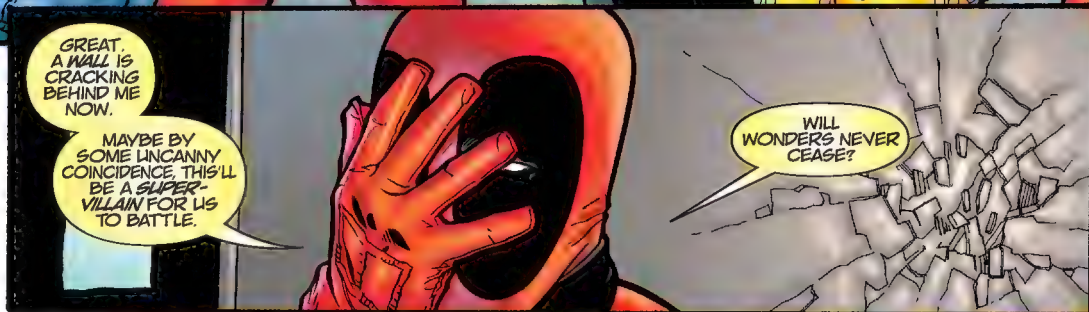














WELL, WELL, WELL. IF IT AIN'T THE MERC-WITH-THE-DEAD-MOUTH!

T-RAY!

HAPPY TO SEE ME, PAL? LAST TIME I SAW YA, I WAS DESECRATIN' YOUR TOMBSTONE!

WHATTYA SAY WE MAKE YA DEAD AGAIN, PAL?!

NEXT ISSUE:
FORGET WHAT
YOU KNOW ABOUT ?
DEADPOOL.
IT'S THE BIG
CONCLUSION AND
EVERYTHING
(WE MEAN
EVERYTHING)
CHANGES!



MARVEL® COMICS

DEADPOOL®: FUNERAL FOR A FREAK

MARVEL
PG

4
64





AHEM.
MAY I HAVE THE
ATTENTION OF
THE CLASS?

THANK YOU,
FOR THOSE OF
YOU WHO HAVEN'T
DONE THE READING
ASSIGNMENT... HERE'S
THE RECAP.

I AM
DEADPOOL.

BUT
ABOUT A WEEK
AGO...

... I WAS
JUST PLAIN
DEAD.



AND TO FILL
THAT GREAT VOID
OF HONOR AND
HEROISM, LIKE THE
REIGN OF THE
STUPIDMEN...

...THIS
MYSTERIOUS
FOURSOME
SPONTANEOUSLY
FORMED "TEAM
DEADPOOL".

WHEN IT
REIGNS IT
POURS. HEH.

LEAVE
THE JOKES
TO THE PROS,
MORON.

Is it
time for my
closeup?

NO
PICKLES?



BUT IT'S
THE HANDSOME
BLUNCH OVER
HERE THAT
DESERVES THE
REAL CREDIT...

... FOR HELPING
ME REMEMBER
MY TRUE IDENTITY
AFTER MY AMAZING
REBIRTH.

YOU
TELL 'IM,
BOBO!

BUT ALL OF
THAT MEANS NOTHIN'.
NOT WHEN YA
COMPARE IT TO THE REAL
FUN THAT'S ABOUT
TO START.

THE REAL FUN
BEGINS WHEN I START
WHACK-SLAPPIN' AND
PRE-SCHOOLIN' MY ONE-
TIME NEMESIS AND PERENNIAL
PAIN-IN-THE-POSTERIOR,
THE MANIACALLY EVIL...



SHROUDED IN STOLEN IDENTITIES AND CLANDESTINE SECRETS, THE MERC-WITH-A-MOUTH IS A MAN OF MYSTERY. HERO? VILLAIN? SOCIOPATH? DEADPOOL MAKES HIS OWN RULES AND PLAYS BY NOBODY'S GAME. HE IS AN AGENT OF CHAOS CONFINED TO A WORLD OF CONSTRICTING ORDER!

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

DEADPOOL

FUNERAL FOR A FREAK

PART 4 OF 4

DEADPOOLALOOZA!

T-RAY!

GEEZ, DEADPOOL, WAS THAT LONGWINDED INTRODUCTION JUST FOR ME?

MAYBE I COULD RETURN THE FAVOR AND PASS SOME LOVE ALONG TO YOU!

Uhh... YA KNOW WHAT? SAVE THE LOVE, T-RAY. I'M NOT INTERESTED IN YOU OR THAT GLOWING FIST.

THE VILLAIN HAS ARRIVED!

SHUT UP, YOU POMPUS IDIOT.

PARDON?

YOU SHOULD BE INTERESTED YOU WASTE, I'M THE REASON YOU'RE ALIVE.

WAIT, YOU MEAN YOU AND MY DAD--?

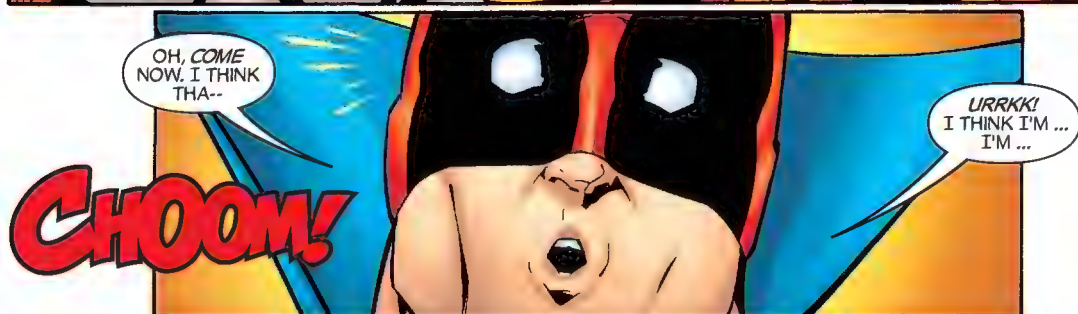
MOM? IS THAT YOU?

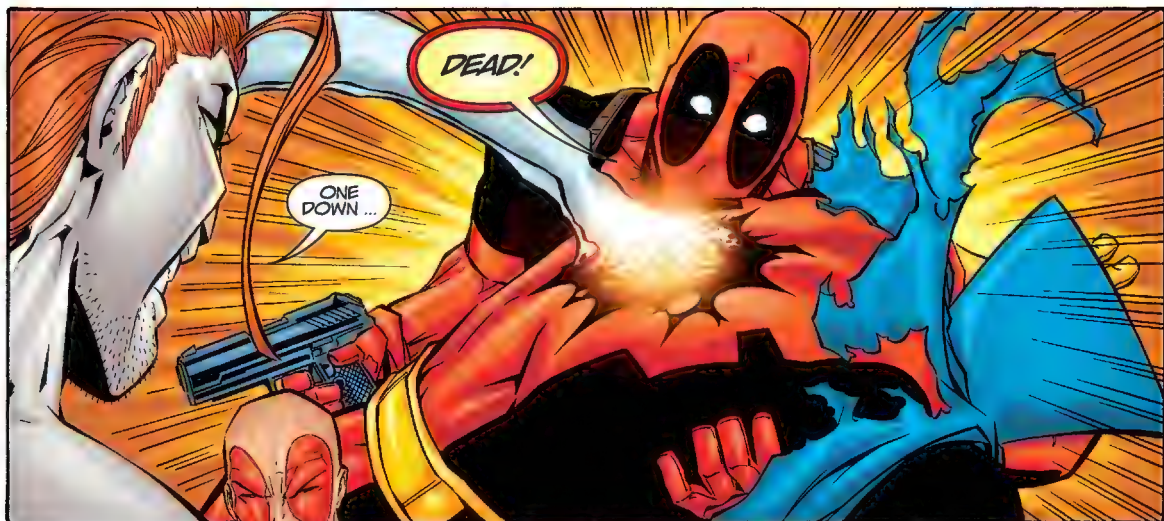
ALWAYS THE IDIOT. SO PREDICTABLE.

ACTUALLY, WHILE I WAS DEAD, I LEARNED A NEW TRICK WITH MY SWORD.

BEND OVER, I'LL SHOW YA.

FRANK TIERI & BUDDY SCALERA writers
JIM CALAFIORE penciler
WONG & MCKENNA inkers
COLOR DOJO colorist DAVE SHARPE letterer
MIKE RAICHT asst editor MIKE MARTS editor
JOE QUESADA editor-in-chief
BILL JEMAS president







NOT THAT I EVER WANTED TO BE ON A TEAM ...

... BUT YOU KILLED MY TEAMMATES, YOU TRAITOR!

BLAM
BLAM
BLAM



HEH. YOU CAN'T KILL ME WITH BULLETS.

PING!

SPING!

POINK!



YA NEED ONE OF THESE!

WALLGGH!

CHOOOM!



FOR THE LUVVA BLOB! WHAT WAS IN THAT GUN?!

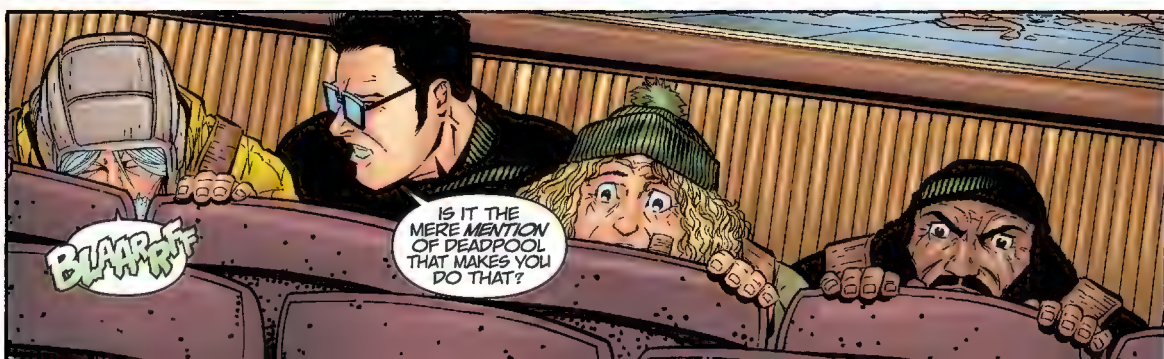
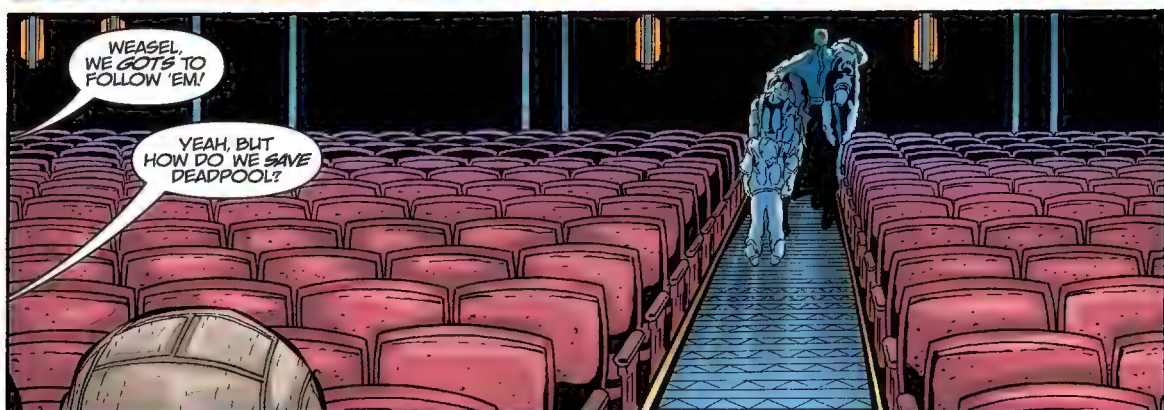
AND CAN I GET ONE?

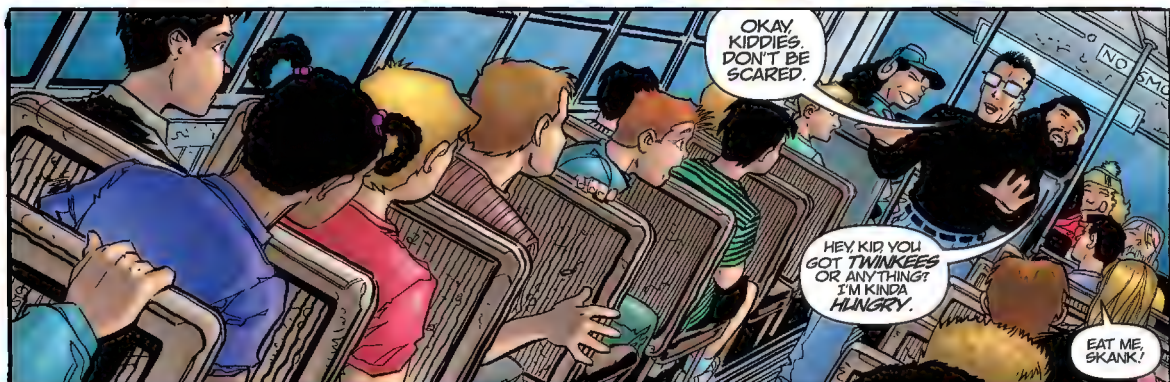
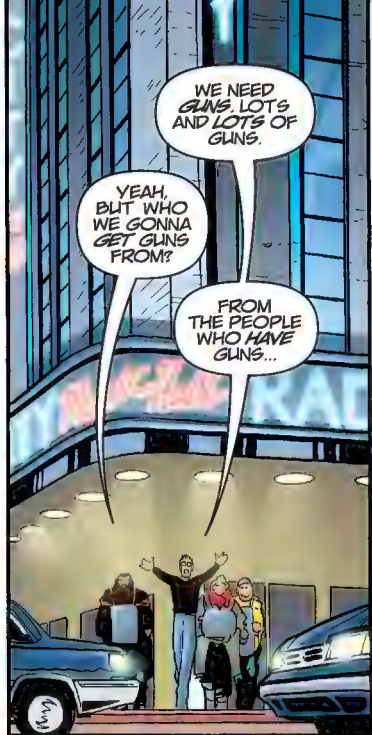


THAT WAS ALMOST TOO EASY.

... NOT FROM MY PERSPECTIVE...

BA-DUMP!







ARE WE THERE YET?

NO.

ARE WE THERE YET?

NO! SHUT UP!



I HAVEN'T HAD A VIEW *THIS* BAD SINCE I SAW THE THING STEP OUT OF THE SHOWER.

WILSON, I'M GOING TO CHANGE YOUR VIEW OF LIFE PERMANENTLY.

WHEN IT STINKS BACK HERE!



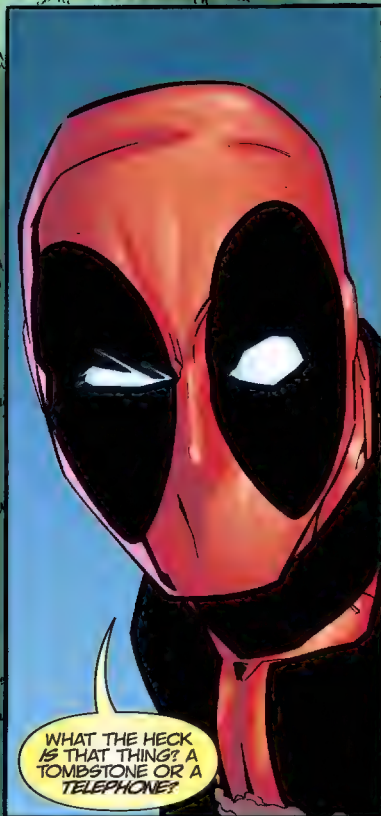
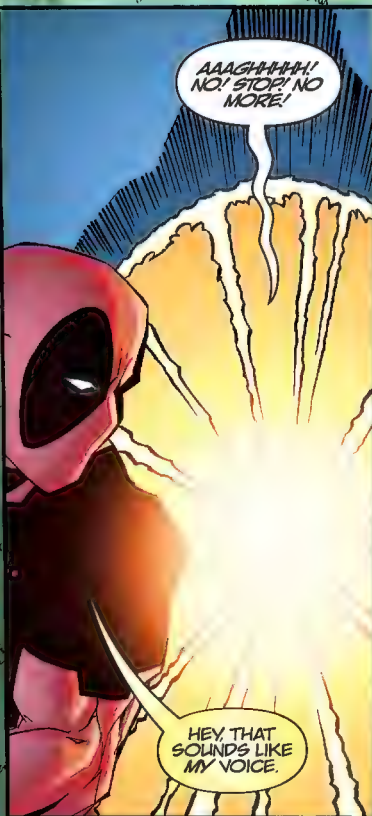
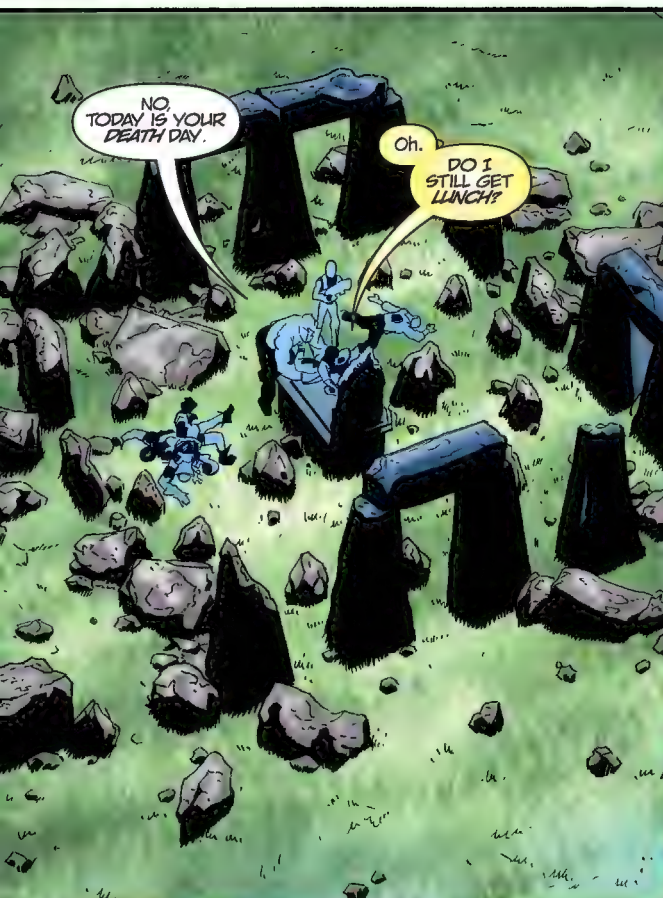
THIS IS IT. WE'RE HERE.

WHERE'S *HERE*? PLAYBOY MANSION? DENNY'S?

IF IT'S DENNY'S, LET'S SAY IT'S MY BIRTHDAY, AND I'LL GET A FREE LUNCH.

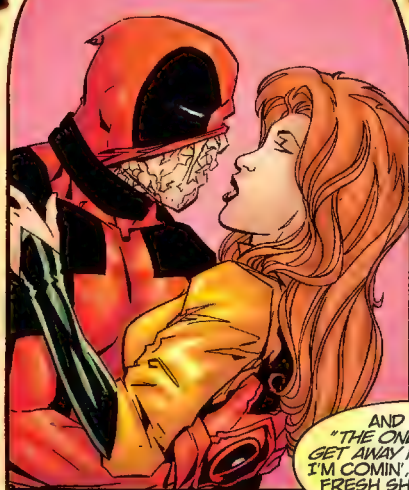
IF NOT, LET'S GO SOMEWHERE ELSE.

LIKE HOME. HOME IS GOOD.



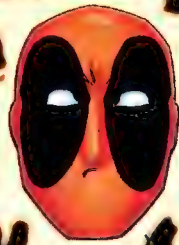
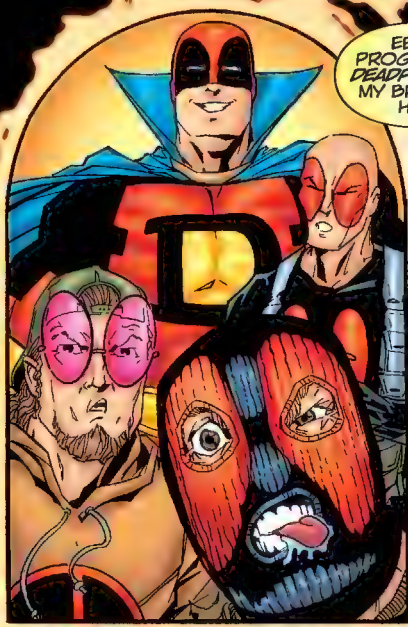
OH, I GET IT NOW...THIS IS LIKE SOME TWISTED VERSION OF "THIS IS YOUR LIFE"!

MAN, IF THERE WAS EVER "THE ONE THAT GOT AWAY," IT WAS SIRYX.



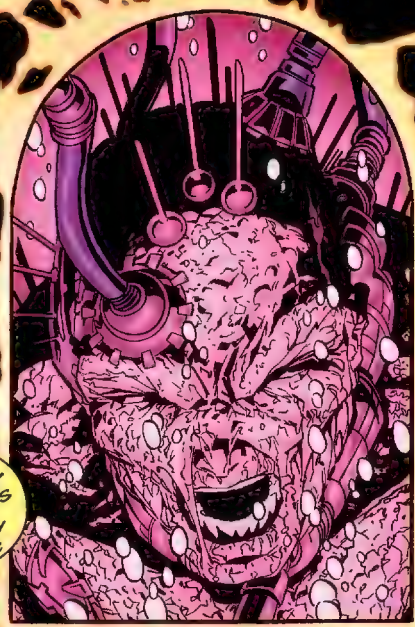
AND THERE'S "THE ONE YOU CAN'T GET AWAY FROM," DEATH! I'M COMIN', BABY! THROW FRESH SHEETS ON THE DEATHBED!

EEK, MY PROGENY, TEAM DEADPOOL. NOT MY BRIGHTEST HOUR.

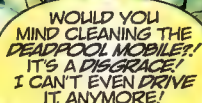


Ooh, AND THERE'S WEAPON X! THE PAIN-LOVIN' FOLKS WHO MADE ME THE LOVABLE SOCIOPATH I AM TODAY! THANKS, FELLAS!

AND OF COURSE, YOU-- MY NEMESIS.



HEY, MR. T-- ALWAYS MEANT TO ASK, WHAT'S WITH THAT TAPE OVER YOUR NOSE?





WHO IS THAT?

THAT'S YOU.

OR PART OF YOU. THOSE OTHER DEADPOOLS ARE YOU, TOO.

SEE, THE BOSS WANTED YOUR WHOLE PERSONALITY EXTINGUISHED...

...TO LEAVE YOU NOTHING BUT A BORING SHELL.

UNAPPEALING TO A WOMAN WHO, APPARENTLY, YOU BOTH LOVE.



HAH! THERE'S MORE TO ME THAN JUST FOUR GEEKS AND A NERD!

I THINK.



BUT IF IT'S UNATTRACTIVE YOU WANT, YOU CAME TO THE RIGHT GUY!

EEK!

goo!

UGH! WRONG WAY.



SEE, WHO SAID I'M NOT IN TOUCH WITH MY FEMININE SIDE?

MRRROWW.

GOLLY.



Gah!
Goo!

Uh... THIS
MUST BE MY
INNER CHILD...

...THINK WE CAN
SWAP THE BABY
FOR ANOTHER
HOT CHICK?



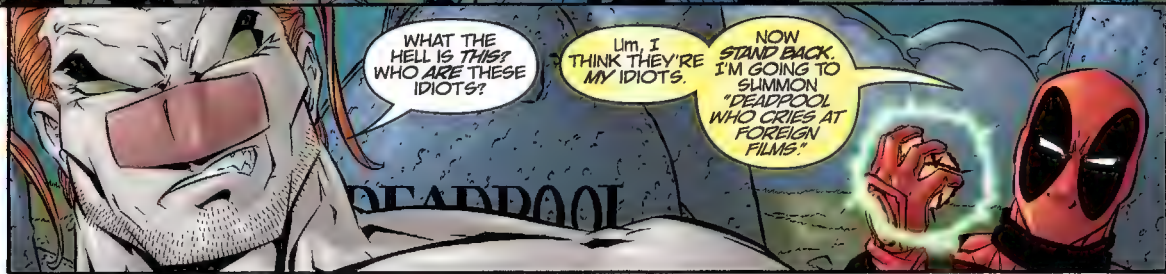
I GET
NO RESPECT
AT ALL.

SEND
HIM BACK,
TOO.



ALL RIGHT,
EVERYBODY
FREEZE!

WE GOT AN
ARMY OF ANGRY
SEVENTH GRADERS
HERE, AND WE AIN'T
AFRAID TO USE
'EM!



WHAT THE
HELL IS THIS?
WHO ARE THESE
IDIOTS?

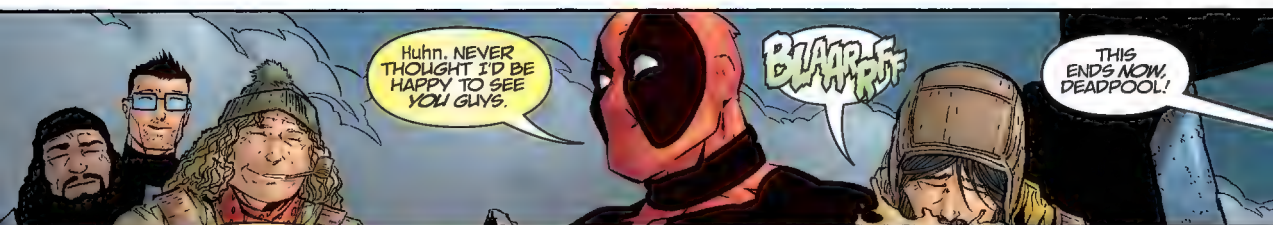
Um, I
THINK THEY'RE
MY IDIOTS.

NOW
STAND BACK.
I'M GOING TO
SUMMON
"DEADPOOL
WHO CRIES AT
FOREIGN FILMS."



WEASEL TOLD
US YOU WERE GIVING
AWAY FREE GAMEBOYS. I'M
HERE TO COLLECT.

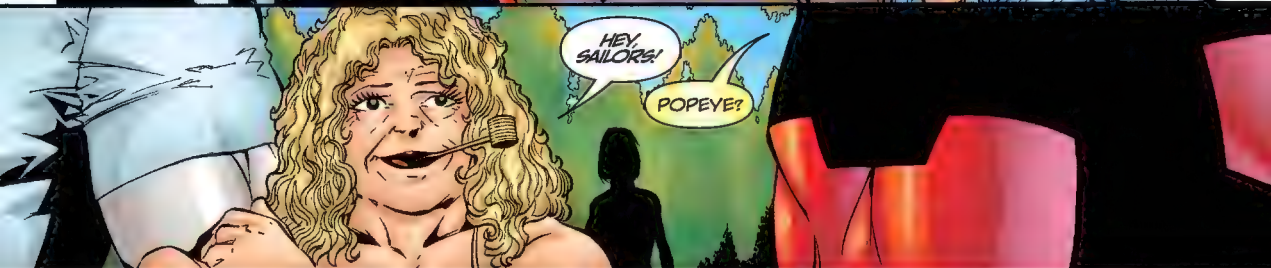
AIN'T KIDS
WITH GUNS JUST
THE CUTEST?

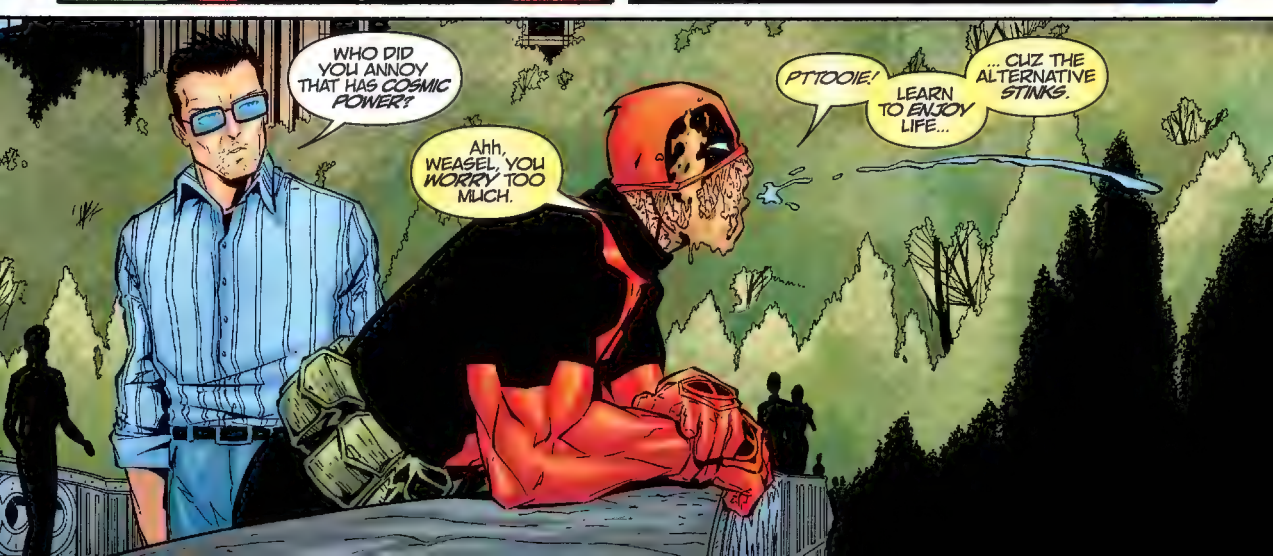
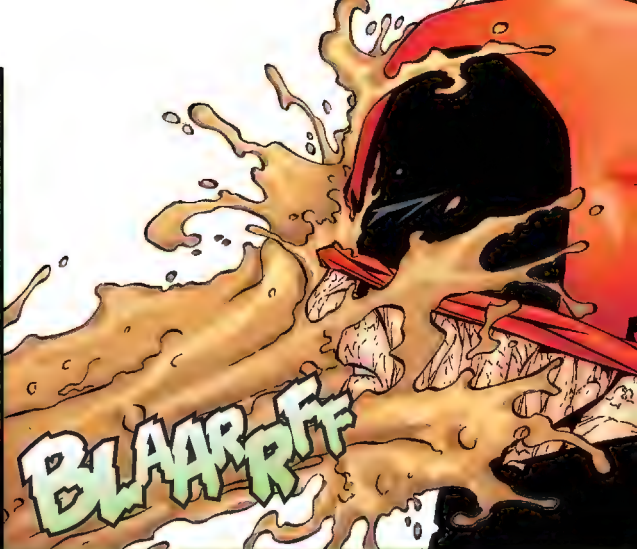














I AM WATCHING YOU, DEADPOOL...

...CLIZ THE ALTERNATIVE STARS.



... AND I DO NOT LIKE YOUR ATTITUDE.

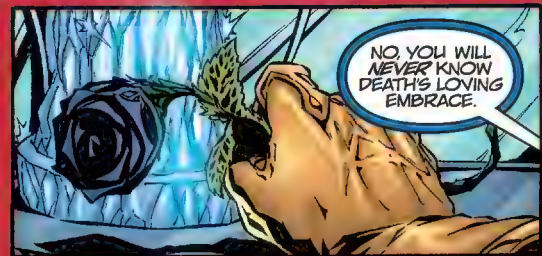


THE WOMAN I LOVE SEEMS TO LOVE YOU.



YOU SEE, I HAVE BUILT A SHRINE TO HER.

SO I WILL NOT LET YOU DIE AND GET BETWEEN US.



NO, YOU WILL NEVER KNOW DEATH'S LOVING EMBRACE.



HEAR ME WELL, DEADPOOL...



... YOU WILL
FIND THAT THERE
IS A FATE WORSE
THAN DEATH ...

WHICH IS
NOT BEING ABLE
TO DIE!

CONSIDER
YOURSELF CURSED,
MY ADVERSARY.

CURSED
WITH LIFE!

THE END?

BIG THANKS TO
FRANK, GEORGES,
BUDDY, JIM, JON, TOM
AND ALL THOSE WHO HELPED
OUT ON DEADPOOL OVER THE
LAST FEW MONTHS! STAY TUNED
FOR DEADPOOL'S NEW CREATIVE
TEAM OF GAIL SIMONE AND
UDON STUDIOS IN JUST TWO
SHORT WEEKS!



We dared them.

That's right, almost a year ago, Marvel Prez Bill Jemas and EIC Joe Quesada hatched a test for the Mighty Marvel Maestros: Since you are the best artists and writers in the biz, we challenge you to tell a story using

visuals only. After all, if a picture is worth a thousand words, then a comic book filled with images only would be worth... well, more words than the Collector could count!

And if you think creating a story with no words is half the work, think again, True Believer! The writer has to craft a story using no dialogue or caption boxes to communicate information — and pencilers have to make sure their storytelling is so clear that text isn't needed to explain what's going on.

Just to show you how our Mighty Marvel Maestros met the challenge, and to give you a unique peek behind the curtain, here's the plot to the very story you just read! Just compare it to the art and you'll see how the dare was done!

PAGE 1

DP (in full classic costume) lying on the floor, just coming to.

He gets up, he's touching his chest in disbelief ... he can't believe he's still alive.

He lets out a "woo hoo!", thinking he's alive.

Suddenly, he gets tapped on the shoulder.

He turns to see Bruce Willis from the Sixth Sense.

PAGE 2

DP, quizzically points to himself ...

Then makes the slashing "I'm dead" sign with his finger across his neck—he also tilts his head back, closes his eyes and sticks his tongue out the side of his mouth as he does this.

Bruce Willis nods "yes".

DP makes snaps his fingers, saying "drats!".

Then he notices Halley Joel Osmet is pointing at him—Bruce Willis is rolling his eyes like “here we go again”.

DP gets mad—kicks Osmet in the butt and shoves Willis from behind away from him.

PAGE 3

Walks over to his coffin

Splash—we see the full view of the coffin. There’s a hand in there (all that was left of him), his classic costume (it’s draped in the coffin with the hand on top of it) and a picture of DP smirking (with costume). There’s also a tombstone that says “here lies Wade Wilson ... at least what’s left of him”.

PAGE 4 and 5

This should act like a Double Page spread of panels: 12 panels, either 4 down and three across or 3 down and 4 across.

DP turns (Jim, at this point I’m thinking maybe we should have DP appear somewhat ghostly for the rest of the issue. But maybe this is more of a colorist thing. --Mike)

The people have started to arrive (everyone’s pretty much in suits and appropriate funeral garb), Wolverine first ...

Then Sasquatch ...

Typhoid Mary (wearing a veil, but we can see she has that two face painted thing underneath) ...

Constrictor and that flamboyant landlord (you drew him in issue 44-45, Jim) ...

The gang from the Hellhouse ...

Zoe Culloden and Monty ...

Poolboy (in costume) ...

Juggernaut ...

Black Panther ...

Cable ...

DP forces a smile—seeing all these people show up sort of gets to him.

PAGE 6

A priest stands by the coffin, overseeing the ceremony. There are rows of chairs in front of the coffin where the people have seated (Typhoid Mary is hitting on Cable, who's not interested. In fact, everytime we see her in the background, she should be hitting on a different man, Wolvie, Juggernaut, Constrictor, Sasquatch) others have remained standing. DP, smiling nodding in approval as if to say it's a good turn out for his funeral, sits down in an empty seat next to Sasquatch.

Shot of the Great Lakes Avengers arriving

Big Bertha comes and sits in Wade's seat, squashing him up against Sasquatch.

Close on Wade—his left cheek is covered in Sasquatch's fur, his right in Bertha's fat.

DP jumps up from in between them like a swimmer coming up for air.

Suddenly, something whizzes by his head ...

PAGE 7

... ricochets off a nearby tree ...

... bounces off the open lid of the coffin ...

... and flops into the hand in the coffin—we now see it's the ace of spades.

DP looks to see a man standing several feet behind all the people and chairs—he's wearing an overcoat and hat.

Closer on him, and we see it's Bullseye—he's tipping his hat.

He turns to walk off—DP tips his "hat" to him, too (he makes the motion as if he had a hat).

Page 8

Now Blind Al and Weasel arrive, Weasel is holding her arm, helping her along.

DP smiles as he sees them.

And then smirks an evil smile as he gets a mischievous idea.

He jumps into Weasel's body.

And has Weasel lead Blind Al into the open grave. He jumps out of Weasel's body right when the old lady's on the edge of the grave.

She falls in—all we can see is her feet as the rest of her is in the grave. Weasel is in a state of disbelief at what he's done. But DP's spirit is laughing hysterically.

Page 9

The tone of the next two pages will get decidedly serious. The crowd suddenly begins to part ...

DP looks over, wondering why—in the background, Weasel should be helping the annoyed Blind Al out of the grave.

Big panel as we see it's Siryn, being helped by her teammate, Thunderbird (James Proudstar)—she's deeply sad, and holds a rose in her hand.

PAGE 10

DP 's face suddenly gets sad, too, as he sees her

She walks towards the coffin. DP, with much emotion in his face, looks on (I wouldn't make him actually cry though—it just ain't his thing).

Shot of her crying, she's putting the rose in the coffin on top of the hand—DP looks on, right behind her.

She kisses the hand.

He kisses her forehead ...

... and watches her lovingly as she goes to sit down.

PAGE 11

Shot of everyone, they're all together, talking by the gravesite—it's almost like a party (but obviously not as festive).

Suddenly, Wolvie turns his attention from the crowd, but only DP has noticed.

He starts to sniff in the air—still only DP notices.

He looks in the distance to a hill overlooking the funeral—we see the shadowy figures of the Weapon X gang—Sabes, the Director, Agent Jackson, Sauron, Mesmero, Wildchild, and Kane.

Closer on them—they’ve noticed Wolvie has seen them, they’re all got a sinister smile on as they get into a nearby limo—Sabes even winks at Wolvie and does the gun sign with his hand.

Shot of Wolvie and DP—they’ve got the same exact angry look on their faces.

PAGE 12

DP still angry, but his eyes have turned the other way as if something else has caught his attention.

Then suddenly, he has a look of disbelief on his face.

We now see what it is—unnoticed by anyone, Poolboy stands snickering near the coffin, having defaced DP’s picture with a magic marker—he’s drawn in some missing teeth, put a mustache on him, stuff like that.

DP is steaming as he watches Poolboy nonchalantly walk back into the crowd.

Suddenly, an idea comes to him (lightbulb! above his head).

PAGE 13

Shot of DP with a sinister smile on his face—he’ll get revenge on that kid.

He jumps into Poolboy’s body.

And grabs the Juggernaut’s rear—(Juggie was in the midst of a conversation with someone).

DP then jumps out of Poolboy’s body—Poolboy is disoriented.

Shot of Poolboy, frightened as he looks up at the enraged Juggernaut.

PAGE 14

Poolboy shrugs and points to himself, like “what did I do?”

Shot of Juggie’s fist slugging Poolboy—Poolboy’s knocked out of his shoes.

Now everyone in the crowd turns their attention to this—Wolvie pops his claws.

All hell breaks loose. There's some pushing and shoving, some people trying to break things up.

Big Shot as it all erupts.

PAGE 15

Shot of DP laughing to himself as he walks away from the melee—in the background the fight rages on.

He's still walking, laughing and doesn't notice everything starting to fade away.

Now he does—everything around him is blank.

He turns behind him—everything behind him is blank, too.

He turns back again and there's a surprised look on his face.

PAGE 16

Big panel—only this time there's a very surreal scene, with dead celebrities and famous dead people all around doing things (everything else though is still white, blank space). There's a card game going on between Archie Bunker, Bucky, Babe Ruth and Abe Lincoln. Fred Astaire is waltzing with Gwen Stacy. Ghandi is playing ping-pong with Baron Zemo. Elvis is painting a picture, Ben Franklin and Battlin' Jack Murdock look on. Humphrey Bogart and Napoleon are at a table arm wrestling — looking on is Marilyn Monroe, Captain Marvel, Thunderbird and Einstein.

DP is walking through this scene looking at all these people in like a daze—where the hell is he?

Then he comes upon Elvis painting the picture with Ben Franklin and Battlin' Jack looking on.

We now see it's a picture of a house.

Everyone now stops what they're doing and points to something we can't see yet—DP looks at what they're all pointing at.

PAGE 17

Big panel as we see it's a big, white Norman Bates looking house—it's as if it appeared out of nowhere in this nothingness.

DP, like in a trance, starts to walk towards it.

He opens the door.

We see stairs leading upstairs and another door right at the top of the steps—the door is slightly open and a white light emanates from inside.

He slowly starts to walk upstairs.

He enters the door— a beautiful woman dressed in lingerie with a veil on lies seductively on the bed—the room is otherwise white, and fairly sterile.

PAGE 18

DP looks at the audience, smirks and raises his eyebrow as if to say “hubba-hubba”.

He approaches the woman on the bed.

He pulls back her veil.

Big panel—and we see the unmistakably skull face of Death.

Shot of DP about to kiss Death.

PAGE 19

Shot of the graveyard at night, particularly DP's grave.

We see a mysterious cloaked figure is there.

He approaches the grave, standing on it.

PAGE 20

Shot inside the casket.

Back to the house—DP's face jolts, like something happened. He was just about to kiss Death, too.

The grave—suddenly, the hand starts moving.

The house—DP's looking at his hands and body as he begins to fade—Death is sitting up, alarmed.

The grave—it begins to grow out as an arm starts to form.

PAGE 21

The house—DP's almost completely faded out—Death reaches up to grab him.

The grave—more now, a torso and a head and legs are beginning to form.

The house—there's dead space where DP used to be, Death is standing there, annoyed.

The grave—shot of DP.

He's looking around, confused at where he is.

He puts his two legs through the roof of the coffin.

PAGE 22

DP, from the waist up, emerges from his grave (remember he has no costume—so he should be all scaly and scarred again).

He sniffs around—something smells funny.

He sniffs himself.

He makes a face of “ewwww” as he realizes it's him.

END.

**HE'S THE MERC WITH A MOUTH, THE ASSASSIN WITH ELAN, THE WRYEST WISECRACKER
OF THE WEAPON X PROGRAM, NOW IN A COLLECTION OF HIS EARLIEST SAGAS!**

The new Weapon X Program has come knocking, and they won't take no for an answer! But Deadpool's okay with becoming a secret agent, even alongside this cutthroat band of villains and lunatics, because they've offered him the one thing he wants most in the world: a cure for his ravaged face! How far will Deadpool let the deranged Weapon X Program go to hold on to his good looks? And what happens when they start crossing lines even the Merc With a Mouth isn't comfortable crossing? The funeral of Deadpool, that's what! Plus: It's Deadpool times four as our hero returns again — and again and again!

When T-Ray arrives for a final showdown, how many Deadpools does it take to light up a screwball? Well, how many ya' got?



MARVEL

Collecting *Deadpool* (1997) #57-64 — written by Frank Tieri and Buddy Scalera, and illustrated by Georges Jeanty and Jim Calafiore.